Henry G. Abbot.

August 1931.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND!

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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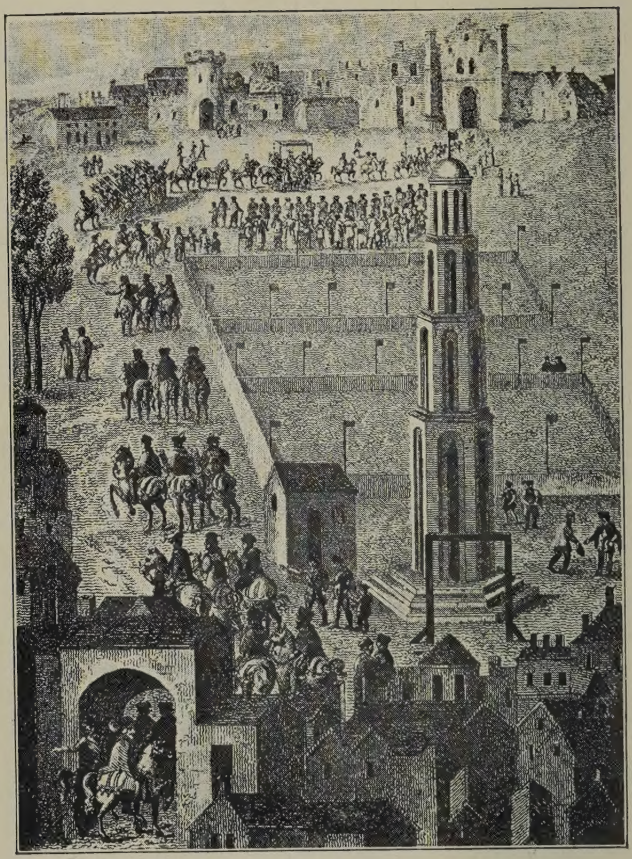

THE STRAND IN 1547

The procession of Edward VI on his way to his coronation at Westminster. Temple Bar in the foreground. From an engraving after an ancient painting

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND!

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION
WITH A NEW PREFACE

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TO
BONITA

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THIS is a new printing, rather than a new edition. No changes have been made in the text; but I am embodying, here, a few changes of address, and some suggestions for which you have asked. At a later time I may separate the London chapters from those on the other parts of England, amplifying both sections so as to make a volume of each—adding, perhaps, a bit of Scotland to the book on England, and a chapter or two on Ireland. Any suggestions you may be good enough to make will be most gratefully considered. That I shall act upon them I cannot promise; because it often happens that such suggestions come to me from readers with a special enthusiasm for some locality which is unlikely to become part of the itinerary of many travellers. And I have always to bear in mind that I am writing for persons (and this includes most of us, nowadays) with far too little time to be thorough, to specialize; that I am trying to serve those who must content themselves with glimpses of 'the high spots'; and that what I seek most of all, in these little books, is not to *satisfy* any traveller or reader, but to *stimulate* him —and to help him search and find more. England is not vast, but she is far too various to be comprehended by any one of us in one little lifetime; and too tremendous to be dealt with in a hundred books, or in a thousand. All that one tiny volume can do is to suggest how much England has to offer, and essay a bit of help in choosing from amongst her riches. So, if you are good enough to write me about your

discoveries and enthusiasms, and I don't incorporate them in the next edition, please don't think I don't appreciate them and realize their value; but in a book so small, with a circle of friends so large and various, it is possible to include only such things as may seem likely to serve a great many travellers nearly all of whom are pressed for time.

As I write this preface I am just back from England—not two weeks away from her shores—where there was an unusually great number of visitors this year. All of them that I saw (and I saw many!) were having a glorious time and promising themselves an early return.

England is not a land of frequent changes; but there are a few that I must note here—pending the time when we reset type and recast plates; which is what must be done to effect alterations in the body of the book.

First of all, perhaps, I should mention the change in the location of The English-Speaking Union which has left Trafalgar Square and settled in its own handsome house in Mayfair—Dartmouth House, at No. 37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Here it has dining-rooms and sleeping accommodations and is equipped to extend many more kinds of hospitality to its members.

Another change that I chronicle with some regret is the removal of the Foundling Hospital from Guilford Street out into the country. For the foundlings' sake, I am glad. But for your sake, I am sorry.

And now I come to real tragedy! 'Edgar' is no more! He was killed while I was in London last summer [1927], and the Tower was plunged in mourning. (Edgar was the pet raven of the Tower Green.)

I am glad to say that I found ' Jimmie,' the turtle, still flourishing at Salisbury, and become so much a personage that picture postcards of him and his feline friend are in great demand.

May I suggest that if you are to see but once the ceremony of changing the Royal Guard, I believe you will find it more interesting at Buckingham Palace when the King and Queen are in residence, or at Saint James's Palace when they are not in town, than at the Horse Guards in Whitehall.

Saint Paul's Cathedral will, I suppose, be filled with the scaffolding of the repairers, and practically closed to sightseers for some time to come. But I hope that no one who reveres the memory of Earl Kitchener will fail to see the beautiful and impressive new chapel built in memoriam of him close to the main portal of the Cathedral.

I can't help wondering if there might not be an hour now and then, however inconvenient to grant or to take advantage of, when Westminster Abbey could be seen in such solemnity as its memories demand. I was there, last summer, four times (with two young newcomers to England) before we got in ; and when we were at last successful, the jamming and shoving of sightseers made it impossible to think of anything but the circus. Could there not be a time when those who are willing to pay five or ten shillings toward the repair fund might be admitted in comparative quiet and permitted to study the monuments and muse at will in a place of which they have read longingly all their lives ?

I feel it a privilege to be able to mention here the ' Bobbies ' on duty in the Houses of Parliament on Saturdays. Never have I seen such courtesy, such

genuine enthusiasm for making the sightseers' visit not only satisfactory but memorable. Throngs of school-children pour through Westminster Palace on Saturdays. There is no lack of crowding. Yet I find it a delightful experience to shuffle through there in a Saturday morning jam, because the officers of the law are so beautifully bent upon making it educational. They obviously feel that it is important for the visitors to understand what they are seeing, and keep it illuminatingly in mind when they read about Parliament.

There is a very fine spirit throughout the British Museum where nearly every attendant seems to feel responsible for making the place liked and making it serve the public. Kensington Museum does not impress me in the same way. But at the Services Museum, in the banqueting hall of Whitehall Palace, there is an old soldier who makes Waterloo and Trafalgar live again. And in the basement of London Museum, where the Newgate cell is, and thereabouts, I found an officer of delightful sort.

When you go to the Tower of London, if you get a Special Warder ticket, ask for Yeoman Warder Drake, to whom I feel deeply indebted for making the Tower more than ever memorable.

And at Sulgrave Manor, Mr. Carter is still (I am glad to say) rendering distinguished service in the cause of international amity.

Let me say something, too, about the verger of Saint Mary's Church, Warwick, a finely informed and fine-spirited man who will give you a wonderful half-hour in the Beauchamp Chapel.

You like these little 'tips,' I know. And I delight in the letters you write me telling me that you found So-and-So as described in the book.

The more I travel the more impressed I become with the very great value of all those little touches of humanness and friendliness which do so much to make us feel akin. The travellers whose recollections are fullest of these touches are the happiest travellers I meet. One dear little American woman I met in London was treasuring, above all her other lovely experiences, the memory of an hour she had spent in a Stratford book-shop whose proprietor was an inspiration and an education. I care infinitely about all such things. A bit of lingering here and there, with an enthusiast, stays shining bright in our memory long after mere sight-seeing has become confused and dim.

And now for something you have asked me for: more about hotels in London. This is always one of the most difficult things we have to deal with in my offices; and I find myself hesitant to undertake it in a general way, because what some persons like very well, other persons do not like at all.

One thing I urge is that you do not land in London without a hotel reservation. I am always hearing tales of woe about travellers who have done that.

And I cannot too strongly exhort travellers to be more scrupulous, more conscientious, about keeping their word with hotel-keepers. If you have engaged rooms and find that you cannot or do not wish to use them, or that you will be delayed on arrival, I beg you to notify the hotel manager at the earliest possible moment. Not only is a great deal of injustice done to hotel-keepers by tying up rooms and not using them—and a great deal of ill-feeling engendered—but those who do this make it difficult for other and

better-intentioned travellers who come after them. Thus: You write for rooms, and they are promised you. Two or three or four persons who have done the same fail to 'show up' or to send any word, and importunate would-be patrons are turned away because the proprietor supposes his rooms to be engaged. If, on the day that you are due to arrive, the pressure on him for rooms is very great, and he decides that he won't be caught again with empty rooms held for some one who didn't turn up, you can't altogether blame him—can you? I've heard a very great deal about this difficulty, all summer, and have been repeatedly asked to do what I could to increase the number of travellers who do *not* contribute to this situation. If you make your reservation through a responsible travel bureau, it costs you not a whit more, and the hotel may collect from the bureau if you default, or have to reckon with the bureau if it fails to give you what you want. But you can't ask a bureau to make reservations for you unless you are its client for other things, or are known to it as a responsible person. For a great many of the hotels into which lots of travellers are most anxious to get, and where reservations are hardest to secure, pay no commissions. And it isn't fair to put upon some one the burden of scrambling to get you what you want, without recompense to him, and with the fair probability that you won't come to use it and he will be billed for it by the irate proprietor. Those who go through Europe without friction and without disappointments are those who 'know the ropes' or use the services of some one who knows them. I wouldn't take all this space, here, for this urging if I did not feel convinced that it is of the highest

importance to the happiness of travellers and the success of their journeying.

I have tried to think what could be done to facilitate the labours of those who prefer to make all their own hotel reservations after they get to Europe and as they journey along. The writing of letters is certainly a burden to the traveller. Sometimes he writes too few details when requesting reservations. Sometimes he scatters his details through a letter so they are hard to pick out.

To save labour and make things easy for the traveller and for the hotel proprietor or clerk (who may not read your handwriting too readily), I have prepared and printed some slips whereon you need only check off your requirements (one minute's work) and write your name and arrival-date. These are for any and all hotels, whichever you may choose; you write in the hotel name and your own. A dozen or a score of these slips will be supplied you, gratis, from my Chicago or New York office, and will take up little or no room in your purse or portfolio.

All I ask of you is that in using them you regard a hotel reservation for which you have applied as a sort of contract between you and the hotel, to the extent that, if you cannot use it, you will cancel it by letter or otherwise as far in advance of the time specified as is possible, and if you are delayed in your schedule you will promptly let the manager know. A great deal of difficulty arises out of reservations being carelessly treated by the persons who asked for them. Those who do this make travel harder for themselves and for others who come after them.

I believe this simple device will save travellers a great deal of labour and of annoyance; and that if it

is used, in the main, by responsible, considerate persons, who keep their word and 'play fair,' it will come—in time—to be a real help in securing for its users something of the same respect and assurance of good treatment which is accorded now to those whose reservations are made by a travel agency of prestige and perfect credit.

London has recently built some very fine new hotels: the Green Park and the Park Lane, in Piccadilly, and the Mayfair on ground that used to belong to the gardens of Devonshire House. They are all very smart and very popular and their rates for a double room and bath run from about £2 10s. ($12) a day up. No one needs to be told anything about the Ritz. The Berkeley, across Piccadilly, from the Ritz is very fashionable, famed for its food, and hard to get into, because so very popular; but well worth the effort. Claridge's is, I suppose, the most expensive of London hotels. It, the Berkeley and the Savoy are all in one company, but under separate managements. I have to own to a preference for the Savoy that does not swerve. I love its big, airy rooms, its marvellous bath-rooms, its quiet, and its superlative food. The Cecil, next door, is larger and much less expensive. The Strand Palace, across the Strand, is building a big, new addition. It is one of Lyons's hotels, of the no-tipping plan, and inexpensive; room and breakfast there for about 10/6 ($2.50). The Regent Palace, off Piccadilly Circus, is of the same sort and has a first-rate grill.

Between the Strand and the Thames Embankment, west of Somerset House, there are several nice quiet hotels where one may get rooms for from 10/6 to 12/6 ($2.50 to $3) a day. There is the Howard, in Arundel

Street, and the Norfolk and the London in Surrey Street, and the Arundel at the corner of Arundel Street and the Embankment.

Up in Bloomsbury, near the British Museum, there are a number of Temperance Hotels—the Thackeray, the Ivanhoe, the Kenilworth, and others—where one may get room, bath (not a bathroom, but use of one), and breakfast, for from 9/6 ($2.25) up.

I know people who have liked the Rubens, in Buckingham Palace Road, near Victoria Station, where the rates for rooms are from about 17/– ($4) up. The Rembrandt, opposite Kensington Museum, in Thurloe Place, is also well-liked, and is a little less expensive. The Imperial, at 122 Queen's Gate (also near Kensington Museum), is a modest kind of British family hotel where one may get full board for about 10/6 to 12/6 ($2.50 to $3) a day.

The Hyde Park Hotel is, of course, delightful ; and its rooms overlooking the park are lovely indeed. Not by any means inexpensive, though.

The Carlton, in Haymarket, is one of the *de luxe* hotels whose patrons swear by it and never seem tempted to try another.

I like the Langham very much. It is in Portland Place, a most convenient situation for the visitor, and is a fine, dignified, and not too-expensive hotel.

I am sending a great many people to Saint James's Palace Hotel, 15 Bury Street, close to Saint James's Street and to Piccadilly, and they all seem very pleased with it. The location is quiet, the rooms are pleasant and most comfortable, the management is attentive and courteous, and the food is good. There are a few single rooms with hot and cold running water as low as 15/6 or 17/– ($3.75 or $4) ; and a few

doubles of like sort at about 30/– ($7.50). Rooms with private bath run a bit higher; and little suites, with double and single bed-rooms, sitting-room, and bath-room, are about 3 to 4 guineas ($15 to $20) a day, depending on the season.

Brown's Hotel in Dover and Albemarle Streets is one of the most popular hotels in London, with rates perhaps a little lower than the Saint James's Palace. And in Dover Street is Batt's Hotel, belonging to Lady Honywood, who also owns and runs Carter's in Albemarle Street. Both these hotels are very well-liked and not expensive. Lady Honywood's larger hotel in London (she has eight in Great Britain) is the Washington, in Curzon Street, which is one of the nicest hotels in London for the visitor who wants a high grade of comfort at a price below that of the *de luxe* hotels. There is dignity and charm at the Washington. The same is true of the Stafford in Saint James's Place, close to the Ritz in Piccadilly, but in a situation of the greatest quietness. I send many people there and they all love it.

The Curzon, in Curzon Street, is well-liked, and only moderately expensive. Almond's, in Clifford Street, has its devoted clientèle. And Garland's, an old-fashioned house at 15 Suffolk Street, has many patrons who wouldn't consider any other hotel in London.

The Metropole and Victoria, in Northumberland Avenue, are most conveniently located and very popular. I know women travellers who find the Victoria especially to their liking.

The Waldorf, in Aldwych, is good and not too dear.

This isn't all, of course. But it ought to help.

Then, there are one or two country hotels I want to mention. One is Balmer Lawn at Brockenhurst in the New Forest—an ideal place in which to make head-quarters while becoming acquainted with all that lovely section of southern England. This is one of Lady Honywood's hotels. And another of hers that I am sure you'll be glad to know about is The Queen's Hotel at Cheltenham, where you may be supremely comfortable while you make day trips to the Shakespeare country, to the Wye Valley, to Bath and Wells and Glastonbury, and other glory spots near by. The Lilley Brook, two miles out of Cheltenham, is also a very pleasant place to stop. It stands in its own grounds and was formerly a private mansion.

When I wrote, in our last chapter, about your night stop en route from Lincoln to London, I overlooked the charms of the Old Bridge at Huntingdon which some of my friends rate very high among all the English inns they know.

Another recommendation I have to make is that of The Swan at Grasmere, as head-quarters in the English Lake district, for those who want pleasantness at moderate cost; though The Prince of Wales is generally reckoned the best hotel there.

I am told, by friends, that a very pleasant place to stay as 'paying guest' is at Bonheur, Dartmouth, Devon, with Miss Buchanan. Another beautiful place for 'paying guests' is Kenegie, overlooking St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall—a beautiful old Tudor mansion with fine grounds and gardens. The diet is vegetarian. Penzance is the railway station.

Then, when you go to Sevenoaks, or elsewhere, on the main road from London to Folkestone and

Dover, stop at The Manor House, Kingsdown, for something exceptional in the way of luncheon or tea.

In touring, most Americans choose only the best hotels in the smaller places. These vary in price, according to the popularity of the place and to the season; but at no time, I should say, are their rates quite so high as Americans would pay for a similar grade of accommodation at home.

Motoring in England is as near an unalloyed delight as any one (in my humble opinion) can hope to attain this side of Paradise. The roads are marvellous; the service for motorists leaves scarcely anything to be desired, and the delights by the way are inestimable.

I strongly advise for motorists membership in the Automobile Association (one guinea ($5) to foreigners) which is worth many times the price, even for a short stay in England. (Address: Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W. 1.) Even to those whose American automobile club memberships give them affiliation with the Royal Automobile Club of England, I should say that an A.A. membership was wellnigh indispensable; as, in my experience, the routing service of the latter is by far the more satisfactory. Excellent help in routing may also be had (and free!) of the Michelin Tyre Company at 81 Fulham Road, S.W. 3.

I will not take space here for the regulations about transporting foreign cars into England; since those regulations are accessible in so many places, and detailed information (constantly revised to date) is always available at the office of The Clara Laughlin Travel Services.

The service of companies hiring cars for touring is excellently organized, and addresses of these, with

recommendations, will be furnished on request. The plan of hiring a car to drive yourself has also gained favour in England; and most fortunately so, for driving one's car in England is a delight which no one who can drive would willingly forgo. (And here let me say that for one who really wants to become acquainted with *any* country, sitting in a back seat, without responsibilities as to the route, is a very poor way of doing it, compared with what he gets who either drives or minutely directs the driver.)

In writing the chapters of this little book, following certain journeys that may be taken in England, I am not pre-supposing that they will be motor journeys; for I know that the majority of travellers in England cover their principal distances by train, and motor out from and back to central points. But I am following roads rather than railroads because (after much consideration of the best way to handle the matter I want to present) it seems the most serviceable arrangement.

I have tried, in planning, to make each journey include a variety of the interests that England holds: historic sites and natural beauty; cottage homes and castles; ruined abbeys and magnificent estates; glorious cathedrals and gardens all-abloom; quaint old inns, and typical modern pleasure resorts.

Bearing in mind that of six journeys outlined, besides those out of London, many travellers will be able, on their first visit to England in company with my little book, to make but two or three, I have endeavoured to constitute each journey a cross-section of English history, English beauty, and English life.

Nature has been bountifully kind to most localities

in England; romance has been spread over nearly every foot of English soil; man has wrought marvels of architecture and charmful cottages and lovely gardens and quaint, 'story book-y' villages wherever he has found it expedient to live in England.

If any one were to ask me to name one or two possible journeys in England whose charms are so transcendent that they surpass all the rest, I couldn't do it.

As a matter of fact, any traveller who makes (as all travellers must) two journeys between London and his debarkation and embarkation ports covers ground as full of interest as any he could find in England. This he will not realize if he whisks through on a boat-train; but, if he will take a little more time for that necessary transit, he may, with a little more expense, see many things which will enrich him for ever after.

In London, some evening, take a sight-seeing auto-car to East London and under the river to Southwark. It is an excursion not beneath the most sophisticated. I took it, last summer, in company with two London friends of the sort whose experience in 'seeing things' is not only very wide but exceptionally distinguished; never before in their lives had they been in a sight-seeing car—and neither had I ever been—and we were all thoroughly interested and impressed, and resolved to tell everybody we knew not to miss it. There are, I believe, several companies operating this tour nightly.

Another London diversion I commend to you is a matinée or evening performance at Maskelyne's Theatre in Langham Place (which is at the top of Regent Street, north of Oxford Circus), where you may see a masterly exhibition of the conjuror's

art—sleight-of-hand, illusions, etc.—given by the third generation of Maskelynes, a family that has been entertaining Londoners and their visitors for more than half a century.

The aching void that was left in London by the burning of Madame Tussaud's Waxworks has now been filled.

And now, let me tell you what many of my readers have desired to know: where you can go in London to find some one fully equipped and specially prepared to give you such service as I would that you may have, for the kind of travel that I like to do and to stimulate. You can hire a car or buy a railroad ticket or engage hotel accommodations in any one of a dozen or a score of bustling, over-the-counter places in London. But you can't get aid in carrying out the unusual in travel. All 'quantity' dealers must sell standardized products and employ sales persons who 'handle' a commodity they have had no part in creating, and of whose creative processes they probably know very little.

If travel is a fine art to you (as it is to me) and you want to deal with artists in travel—with persons who talk to you from first-hand knowledge and many years' experience, instead of from road-maps and hotel guides—may I commend you, when you have plans to make while you are in London, to my special representatives there, Fraser, McLean and Company, 27 Cockspur Street, in the Cunard Building. They have executed so many of my itineraries and we have so often discussed travel and worked out plans together, that if you will simply say, on entering upon a statement of your desires, 'I am here because Clara Laughlin told me to come,' I'm sure they'll know at once just how to proceed to serve you. There'll be

no waste of your time or of theirs ; and you'll get exactly what you want. (No ! it won't add to your costs to say so—and it may well save them. For they will try to keep a record for me of how they have served my readers. And if you and I are not satisfied, we must try elsewhere.)

They have over twenty years of notable experience behind them, most of it in high-grade motor touring. Only since the War have they taken on general travel business. I don't suggest that you go there for an excursion to Windsor nor a ticket to Canterbury. There are easier ways for you to get those. But if you want counsel of the sort we give in my offices in America, an itinerary such as we make, and connections, introductions, and other such things as we put at the service of our clients, you may expect to find these in the office of Major Fraser and his partner Major Wellings.

Or, if you want my personal planning, before you leave the United States, you know (I hope !) that you may have it by writing to me at Chicago, or requesting it if you deal with my New York office. Also, it is necessary for you to make your arrangements in one or the other of these offices (Chicago or New York) if you wish a car to meet you at your port of landing to cover one of the ' to-London ' routes described in our first chapters. Rates for these will be furnished on application.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

1928

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SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND!

PART I
EN ROUTE FROM PORTS OF ENTRY

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND!

* * *

PART I

EN ROUTE FROM PORTS OF ENTRY

I

SOUTHAMPTON AND VICINITY

More travellers to and from England use Southampton than use any other English port; it is her principal gateway for her colonial subjects, the principal destination or point of call for trans-Atlantic ships, and several services ply between French Channel ports and Southampton.

How many of all these scores of thousands who pass through Southampton each year do so otherwise than by boat-trains to and from the docks, I have no means of knowing. But I am sure that a very great number of those who think of Southampton only as a transfer-place would be delighted, and richly rewarded, if they would make it a place of sojourn for several days after debarking or before sailing.

I have stopped as long as a week at a time in Southampton, making daily trips out to points of interest in the vicinity, without anywhere near coming to the end of the great attractions thereabouts, to say nothing of beginning on the lesser ones.

I do not vaunt Southampton itself as the pleasantest place in the world to spend a week. But it is the most convenient centre for a region extraordinarily rich in varied

interests; and one can be very comfortable making headquarters there, and find at his disposal many means of conveyance to the places he wants to visit.

The traveller who can hire a motor for two full days can do very fair justice to this vicinity in three days. Those who use trains between points cannot make so inclusive a survey in that time, but can see a great deal in three days; and many of them would, I think, be well repaid for a week spent hereabouts.

Bearing in mind the strict limitations on the average traveller's time abroad, I am outlining the chief possibilities of this locality in a three-day programme, with a suggestion here and there as to its extension by the more leisurely.

To approach Southampton without some sense of its natural eminence as a harbor is, I think, to miss a great thrill.

Here we are, drawing close to that 'tight little island' of Great Britain which has so marvellously received the world's influences and the world's products, and assimilated them, and — isolated though she is; unproductive of anything considerable that her people need for their barest sustenance — has made herself a World Power, the centre of an Empire the greatest ever known.

And this port by which we're entering is probably the second, on all her coastline, through which those influences and products of the outside world began to flow.

I'm not ignoring the theory (probably uncontested, now) that the separation of Britain from the mainland of the Continent is a comparatively recent matter, dating back no farther than a few thousand years; previous to which there was no 'English Channel' to cross. But during all those centuries of English history which most interest us, she has been water-girt; and access to her has been none too easy, by reason of currents, winds, tides, and a coastline that cannot be said to invite landing in many places.

Hilaire Belloc has written a book called 'The Old Road' in which I have found much which interprets and illumines travel in this part of England. And in this book he advances good arguments for the theory that Dover was the first English port, and Southampton the second.

'Conscious human design,' he thinks, 'could hardly have improved the conditions afforded by the Wight' for a great harbor. Behind the Isle of Wight lies 'a vast sheltered sheet of water, in shape a tripod, one of the arms of which, five miles in length by nearly one in breadth, is absolutely landlocked and safe in all weathers, while the other two are so commonly smooth and so well provided with refuge as to form a kind of large harbor with subsidiary harbors attached. To this great refuge two entries are provided, each aided by a strong tide, each narrow enough to break the outer sea, but not so narrow as to present grave dangers to small craft.'

The landmark by day and beacon by night which guided early mariners toward this perfect harbor was Saint Catherine's Point on the southernmost tip of the Isle of Wight.

If wind or tide drove a bark west of this point, it could round the Needles and in the shelter of that projection make for the Solent. But on an ordinary course from the mouth of the Seine, the mariner would steer to eastward when he saw Saint Catherine's (visible some thirty miles or so from the south) and enter Southampton Water by Spithead.

About the earliest explorers who came hither and found this harbor, you probably don't care a lot; and if you did care, I couldn't help you — because my reading doesn't often take me back of the Trojan War, or thereabouts. I'm hoping it may suffice you, as it does me, to wonder which of the Roman commanders first found this access. We know

it wasn't Julius Cæsar (who landed in Kent), but it may have been Vespasian's discovery, or it may have been a humbler Roman navigator who was buffeted out of his course to a Kentish landing (at or near Dover) and driven hither.

At any rate, Vespasian came here, and saw and conquered. And we may imagine his legion sailing across Spithead after he had subdued the Isle of Wight.

Those of us who love naval reviews (of which these waters have witnessed and still witness so many) may like to see a long succession of craft afloat here, from the galleys of Rome to the latest thing in battleships. Others of us will be content to see only a few: Cœur-de-Lion's Crusaders setting forth to fight Saladin; Edward III's army embarking for France to press his claim to the throne of his grandfather, on the battlefield of Crécy; and Henry V's army en route to Agincourt, seventy years later, with the French throne all but won.

Most Americans, however, will scarce be able to see other ships than two: the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell;* the latter sailing into Spithead, from Delfshaven, bringing those of the to-be Pilgrim Fathers who had survived twelve years of exile in Holland; and then, the two vessels (the *Speedwell* of sixty tons burden, and the *Mayflower* of a hundred and eighty tons) pointing their prows westward, on that August day of 1620, and disappearing from view in the Solent. One, at least, of the outward-bound must have strained his gaze landward for the last glimpse of familiar shore before passing through the Needles into the English Channel: John Alden, the young Southampton cooper who had been hired by the Pilgrims because they needed a man of his trade.

The old Saxon name of Alden's birthplace was Hamtun, or 'Home-town'; and when another place chose the same

SOUTHAMPTON

From a print published in 1790

name, this Hamtun (in 962) altered its appellation to Suthamtun, or South-home-town.

The Saxon and Danish kings seem to have liked it well; in old charters it is designated as 'the Royal town called Hamtun.' Alfred the Great had shipyards here. Harold, the last of the pre-Norman kings, was lord of a manor at 'Suthamtun.' From Charlemagne's day, if not earlier, it has been the English end of a well-nigh constant communication with France.

If the ghosts of ships ride the winds and waves as the ghosts of men and women haunt castle chambers and halls, then this is indeed one of the most crowded harbors in the world.

But we shall be safely piloted through it; and if our course crosses that of a Roman galley, or one of King Alfred's fleet, or seems to ram a Crusader's ship or a Venetian vessel bringing silks and spices, we need not worry for the safety of those other voyagers, nor for our own.

And now we've come to those great docks which can accommodate the biggest ships afloat; and after a parley with the customs examiner (not so brief as it used to be, but still briefer than awaits us when we reach home), we are ready to locate ourselves in 'Suthamtun.'

Those who like a large hotel and who expect to make several expeditions by train from Southampton will choose the South-Western Hotel, belonging to the railway (which also owns the great Southampton Docks, near by) and situated at the Town Station, opposite Queen's Park and the Dock Gates. Those who prefer a smaller hotel, less expensive and more typically English, will probably seek the Dolphin in High Street, or the Royal Pier Hotel on the Town Quay.

For Southampton itself, a half-day's stroll will suffice. Let us suppose that your explorations begin with High

Street which runs straight north from the Town Quay with its hotel and its amusement pier, and becomes the London Road as it reaches the city's limits.

Just where High Street begins, back of the Town Quay, you'll find Winkle Street on your right (as you face north) and Porter's Lane on your left. In the former is God's House, a hospice or almshouse, in which four aged men and four aged women find 'snug harbor' before answering the clear call to cross the bar and put out to sea. Hospitality in God's name has been extended here since the twelfth century, and I find the place a sweet one to visit. Some of my friends are made melancholy by the sight of old age, through with the stress of life, awaiting the Great Adventure. If you feel that way about it, omit Winkle Street, and note only the near-by gate in the old wall, called 'God's House Gate.' Then enter Porter's Lane to see the house called Canute's, where he may or may not have lived, but where you may spend a few moments recalling him, because he was a picturesque and potent personality. He was only eighteen when his father's death left him King of England — this sovereignty having been yielded to his father, the King of Denmark, but a month before, and having to be won again by young Canute, in many a battle.

Do you fix all your English dates by that of the Norman Conquest? I do; and I find that with most persons who keep few dates in mind, two at least are definitely 'set': the Norman Conquest, 1066, and the discovery of America, 1492.

Well, Canute died about thirty years before the Norman Conquest. He was still a young man — not quite forty — and if he had lived out his three-score-and-ten, Duke William of Normandy would have looked elsewhere, perhaps, for his conquest; certainly he would have fought harder for it.

Canute made England (which he loved better than his Scandinavian inheritance and acquisitions) the centre of a great Northern empire, which fell to pieces at his death as empires have a way of doing on the death of their builders. It is interesting, I think, to reflect on what might have been the differences in European (and American) history if Canute had lived long enough to give his empire coherence and resistance. But he leaned toward Norman influence, married a Norman wife, and owed more of his greatness to these than to his Viking blood; so it might well have been that, if he had lived, the Norman conquest would have been without force of arms, and have extended over all Britain and Scandinavia!

He was a huge-limbed, Samson-strong, fair-haired man, with eyes said to be brighter than those of any man living.

There is a letter of his, written from Rome to his English subjects, which I think we ought to recall as we stand before this rude structure which bears his name.

'I have vowed to God,' he said, 'to lead a right life in all things, to rule justly and piously my realms, and to administer just judgment to all. If heretofore I have done aught beyond what was just, through headiness or negligence of youth, I am ready with God's help to amend it utterly. . . . I have sent this letter that all the people of my realm may rejoice in my well-doing; for as you yourselves know, never have I spared myself nor will I spare myself and my toil in what is needful and good for my people.'

There is nothing in this part of High Street to interest the visitor; so I recommend continuing through Porter's Lane to French Street, whose name commemorates the fact that for a thousand years or so, Southampton has numbered many French among her dwellers.

At Number 21 in this street, Dr. Isaac Watts was born — 'that kind, brave soul,' Mr. Howells called him, 'who

got no little poetry into his piety, and was neither very severe about theology on earth, nor exigent of psalm-singing in heaven.'

This shrine is about all that French Street has to offer us; and we will retrace our way to the water-front, past the entrance of the Royal Pier, to where, on the West Quay, we shall find the handsome memorial monument, unveiled on Pilgrim Day, August 15, 1913, by Walter H. Page, commemorating the embarkation from this spot of the Pilgrims of 1620.

'On the 15th of August, 1620,' one tablet on the monument reads, 'from the West Quay near this spot the famous *Mayflower* began her voyage, carrying the little company of Pilgrim Fathers who were destined to be the founders of the New England States of America.'

The monument stands in front of the old town wall of Southampton; and if we follow the wall, with the sea on our left, for a short distance, we shall pass the West Gate, a thirteenth-century portal beneath which the Pilgrims almost certainly walked as they went to embark at West Quay.

Near here is the Norman dwelling known as King John's house; it abuts on the wall, at the end of Blue Anchor Lane.

The wall continues for a quarter of a mile farther, and this section of it contains the site of the castle and its Watergate Tower, and the remains of Wind Whistle Tower and Catchcold Tower; but if our time is limited, we may go through Blue Anchor Lane, to visit Saint Michael's Church and the Tudor House Museum; and thence back to High Street.

Saint Michael's was built in 1100, by monks from Normandy; and although it has been barbarously restored, it still has some details of interest for the student of architecture.

Tudor House, across the little square, claims to have been used by Henry VIII as a palace, to have housed Anne Boleyn, and to have been occupied by Philip II of Spain when on his way to Winchester to marry Mary Tudor. It is now a museum of antiquities, and well worthy of a visit for itself, even more than for its exhibits. For some of us this house is haunted by another ghost than that of Bluebeard Henry, or his Bluebeard son-in-law; and it was an American visitor who made the reigning ghost of the old Tudor House appear in the doorway every time the house is entered by another American visitor who loves W. D. Howells's travel books in general and his 'Certain Delightful English Town' in particular.

For it happened that once on an Easter Sunday, when Sundays in England were even 'bluer' than they are now, Mr. and Mrs. Howells essayed with 'an unchurchly courage' to inspect this Tudor House; 'and when we rang at the postern-gate — it ought to have been a postern-gate, and at any rate I will call it so — it was opened to us by a very sprightly little old lady, with one tooth standing boldly up in the centre of her lower jaw, unafraid amid the surrounding desolation. She smiled at us so kindly that we apologized for our coming, and said that we did not suppose we could see the palace, and then she looked grave, and answered, "Yes, but you'll have to pay a fee, sir." I undertook that the fee should be paid, and then she smiled again.'

She has long since gone smiling on — that sprightly little old lady — to a Paradise where, I'm sure, every one has the requisite number of pearly teeth, and they all 'stay put' (though that very beatitude may keep dear William Dean Howells from recognizing her; and that would be a loss, even in Paradise, for I'm sure his 'slant' on it is as full of sweet humor as any there); but her kindly ghost, with that unafraid lone tooth, still smiles in the

'postern-gate' of the Tudor House. And what is more, it pops up many times a day all over Great Britain and Ireland, where a constant succession of more or less lone teeth, equally undismayed, greet us in visages that would doubtless all be smiling were we as infectiously genial as Mr. Howells was.

A short street leads from Saint Michael's Church to High Street; and if we saunter along this 'Main Street' of Southampton, past many old houses and the Dolphin and other small hotels, we shall soon come to Bar Gate, the old north gate of the city, beyond which stretches the road to Winchester and London. A chamber over the archway is known as the Guildhall and is used as a police court.

If not too hurried, we might board a tram here and ride out Above Bar Street and London Road, past Above Bar Congregational Chapel (a little off the street of that name, to our right) where Dr. Watts's hymns were first sung by a congregation. Is there any one who has ever worshipped in a Christian group, anywhere in the world, who has not sung some of those hymns?

Southampton is exceeding rich in parks, and we may glimpse several of them on this tram ride of not many minutes' duration. The farthest is Southampton Common of three hundred and fifty acres, in the corner of which nearest us as we approach it from the city is a cemetery in which the elder Sothern lies — he who created 'Dundreary,' and gave the world so many laughs. Another laugh-maker buried in Southampton is our American, Charles Farrar Browne, or 'Artemus Ward,' who died here of consumption in 1867.

If this stroll has been taken in the morning, the visitor with limited time might make the afternoon suffice for a glimpse of the Isle of Wight. The boats from Southampton (Royal Pier) to the isle run to Cowes, which lovers of

yachting will wish to see; the crossing takes an hour, and luncheon may be eaten on board.

Osborne House, where Queen Victoria died, is near Cowes; but with so little time as a half-day (or even a whole day) for the Isle of Wight, I certainly wouldn't take any of it for Osborne. Instead, I'd make as straight as I could for Newport (four-and-a-quarter miles away) and Carisbrook Castle, a mile farther inland. Then I'd get on to Ventnor (about ten miles) on the south coast of the island, and take the superb drive of twenty-three miles to Freshwater and Alum Bay. To do this in an afternoon means the hiring of a motor, certainly at Ventnor for the drive, possibly (depending on train connections) at Cowes for the entire journey. Those who wish to take advantage of the less expensive public motor services must give more time to the island, and leave Ventnor on that drive to Freshwater about 10 A.M.

In Newport, get a glimpse of the old Grammar School, in Lower Saint James Street, to which King Charles I was brought from Carisbrook Castle.

Carisbrook Castle has many interesting associations, but for most of us they all pale into insignificance beside that of Charles the First's twelvemonth imprisonment there.

You probably recall some of the details of his wanderings after the final defeat of his forces at Naseby. He described himself in those days as like 'a partridge hunted on the mountains'; but added, 'as God has given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions.'

Homeless, often hungry, and separated from wife and children, he threw himself on the mercy of the Scotch, who sold him to his rebellious English subjects. When urged to try escape, Charles replied with a mournful smile, 'I think it more respectable to go with those who have bought me

than stay with those who have sold me.' And he added, 'I am ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's.'

After his purchase, he was dragged about in the marches of the Roundheads' army until Hampton Court was reached; and after a short stay there, he was brought to Carisbrook where he remained until the first of December, 1648.

On the day before, as he sat at dinner in the great hall of the castle, there entered (with the public who were permitted to watch the captive king dine) a cadaverous man who placed himself opposite to Charles and stared at him in grim, ominous silence all through the meal. He was that Colonel Isaac Ewer who was later to be one of the signers of the King's death warrant. His errand at Carisbrook was to remove the governor of the castle, and take possession of the royal captive. At daybreak came the soldiers to remove Charles. He expected to be murdered, but not judicially. He was prepared, in his mind, for some such end as Edward II had met at Berkeley Castle, or Richard II at Pontefract, or Edward V and Henry VI in London Tower; and when told that his destination was Hurst Castle, built by Henry VIII far out at the end of a bar, to guard the west entrance to the Solent, he felt sure that he was going there to meet murder in some lurking guise. (You will see Hurst Castle if you cross from Yarmouth to Lymington on your return.)

Whatever may be your opinions of Charles politically — whether you regard him as a martyr or a mischief-maker — there can be no two opinions about him as a tender, devoted husband, an adoring father, a faithful friend, and a man who bore himself with superb, Christian fortitude through very grievous sufferings. And at Carisbrook you will, I'm sure, pay your tribute of respect to a man who

bore himself nobly in misfortune, even if you feel that he was misguided as a king.

The ride from Ventnor to Alum Bay is one which offers a great variety of natural beauties and superb views.

Lady Tennyson is buried in the churchyard at Freshwater. And while we may not see Farringford, the Tennyson residence near by, we may see the great Ionic cross of granite which surmounts High Down as a memorial to Tennyson; and we may cross the Solent from Yarmouth (two miles away) to Lymington and recall that it was this bit of familiar waterway which gave Tennyson his inspiration for 'Crossing the Bar.'

It was written, says Hallam Tennyson, 'in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out.

'I said, "That is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" as "That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us."

'A few days before my father's death he said to me: "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."'

To those travellers who feel, as I do, that 'crossing the bar' at 'twilight and evening star,' as Tennyson crossed it when the inspiration for this great poem came to him, is one of the loveliest possible pilgrimages of our world to-day, it will not seem an undue inconvenience that the Yarmouth boats are small; nor that at Lymington (the picturesque old port where the first of the Plantagenets landed on his way to be crowned England's king) they must take a train back to Southampton.

Those who wish to make the Isle of Wight trip shorter

may turn inland, from the coast drive, at Chale Church, and return to Newport and Cowes by way of Shorwell.

The route from Lymington back to Southampton runs through Beaulieu Road, the nearest station to the great Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu (or 'beautiful place') founded by King John in 1204; English tongues that tripped on French pronunciations have long since called it 'Bew-ley.'

If I knew that you liked old abbeys, and were to be a week in the vicinity of Southampton, I should urge you to visit Beaulieu. But as you'll see its daughter, Netley, and Romsey, I think you may find those enough for three days. So I'll ask you only to remind yourself as you pass through 'Bewley' Road, that this abbey was a 'sanctuary' or place of inviolable refuge, as sacred as Westminster; and that it was hither that Margaret of Anjou came, with her son, the young Prince of Wales, and his bride, Anne Neville, daughter and heiress of the great Warwick, 'the kingmaker,' when they learned of Warwick's death and the recapture of Henry VI on the fatal heath of Barnet, north of London. Here they found the widowed Countess of Warwick, also come for refuge. And hence Margaret and her son set forth on that last campaign of theirs which ended at Tewkesbury in the final defeat of the Lancastrian forces and the dastardly murder of the captured young Edward, Prince of Wales.

At Tewkesbury we shall further recall this tragic story. And again at London, when we visit Westminster Abbey. For, whereas in April, 1471, Margaret of Anjou, Queen of England, sought sanctuary here, in May, 1483, Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV (victor at Tewkesbury, and responsible for the murder of young Edward, Prince of Wales), took refuge at Westminster Abbey, hoping to save her children.

When we are telling the oft-told but never-old story of

the little princes in the Tower, you may wish to remind yourself how short was the interval between that refuge at Beaulieu and the other at Westminster.

Another of your days at Southampton (if they are but three, and must be crowded full) may begin with a drive in the New Forest, which is a 'forest' in the sense that it is a royal hunting ground of about 65,000 acres; some of it is forested, and some is heath and cleared ground. I suppose the principal association with it, in the minds of most of us, is that of the death here, while hunting, of William Rufus, son and successor of William the Conqueror, in 1100.

Lyndhurst, six miles from Southampton, is the principal centre for stays and excursions in the New Forest. If you have a motor car for the day, I suggest that you go from Lyndhurst by the road leading west and then southwest, to Knightwood and beyond to the first crossing; then turn northwest, toward Mark Ash and Bolderwood, where you will find some of the grandest old trees in the forest. At Fritham Cross, turn northeastward to Stony Cross; and from here you may proceed direct to Romsey, or may make a little detour of a mile-and-a-half, round trip, to see the Rufus Stone on the site where the king was killed by an arrow. Stony Cross, by this route, is about fifteen miles from Southampton. Romsey is some ten miles farther.

The sole reason for going to Romsey is to see its superb Norman abbey church. If that seems of less importance to you than a longer stay at Salisbury or Winchester, I'd say omit it — unless you are a student of architecture — and at Ower, halfway between Stony Cross and Romsey, take the main road for Salisbury, fifteen miles northwest.

A reasonably early start from Southampton (say nine o'clock) should bring you to Salisbury well before eleven, give you time for the cathedral and town before luncheon, and for Stonehenge after luncheon, without making you too

late for a visit to Winchester and for dinner there before your twelve-mile run back to Southampton. The mileage for the day is well under ninety miles. At the rates current as I write, the cost would be about seven dollars each, to a party of four persons with a chauffeur hired with the car; and about three dollars each for four persons one of whom did the driving in a drive-yourself hired car. It is perilous to give prices, because they fluctuate almost from day to day. But I want those readers who may have regarded motoring in England as a luxury beyond their dreams, to know how comparatively inexpensive it is when there are several to share the cost of a car, and where there is so much to see.

After lunch, as you drive to Stonehenge, your way will take you past Old Sarum, the site of the mother-town from which Salisbury sprung. I think you may like to have in mind before seeing Salisbury something of the story of its issue from the old town; and as I've never found that story better told than Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer told it in her 'English Cathedrals,' I'm going to quote from it for you.

'From prehistoric days,' she says, 'Old Sarum was for centuries a strong and famous place. No spot in all England is of more curious interest now. Who expects in this crowded, living little land to hear of a city wiped utterly from sight, turned into such a "heap" as those cities of the plain whose punishment the prophet foretold? Who expects to see sheep feeding and the ploughshare turning where once there were not only Roman roads and ramparts, but a great Norman castle and cathedral? Yet this, and nothing but this, we see at Old Sarum.

'Its broad, desolate hill lies isolated in a valley near the river Avon (not Shakespeare's Avon, but another of the same name), not very far from the skirts of the wide table-

land called Salisbury Plain. Even the roadway leaves it at a distance. First we pass through an inn garden, then cross a long stretch of slightly rising ground, and then climb successive steep and rugged though grassy slopes. These show in scarcely broken lines the trend of the ancient walls and fosses. Their main portions are of Roman origin, but, if we may believe tradition, the outermost line was added by King Alfred when the Danes were on the war-path. Once on top of the hill we find it a broad, rolling plateau, bearing here and there a group of trees, but nowhere a building, and only in two places any relics of man's handiwork — two shattered, ragged bits of wall. Most of it is covered with rough grass, very different from the fresh turf of English lowlands, but far off to the westward there are signs of agricultural labor. This is where the great cathedral stood; and much else stood where now is an almost Mesopotamian solitude — all the adjuncts of a cathedral, ecclesiastical and domestic; all the parts of a stronghold which was a royal residence as well; and all the streets and structures of a considerable city, stretching down the hill and out into the valley. Hence, as from an important centre, once radiated six Roman roads. Here Briton and Saxon fought, and the victors held their parliaments, and were in their turn assaulted by the Dane. Hither were summoned all the states of the realm to do homage to William the Norman, and, a century later, all its great men to pay reverence to that young son of Henry I who was to perish in the wreck of the White Ship. Here was drawn up the "Ordinal of Offices for the Use of Sarum" which became the ritual rule for the whole south of England. Here, in a word, for several centuries and under the dominion of five successive races — British, Roman, English, Norman, and again in the new sense English — was a great centre of ecclesiastical and military power. To-day it is nothing but

a heap. Citadel and lordly keep, royal hall and chapel, cathedral, chapter-house, and close, convents, parish churches, municipal buildings, burghers' homes and streets, and the mighty walls which once enclosed them, all have been swept away, and their very stones removed for use in distant spots. The colossal earthworks which once bore the walls are not greatly damaged; and the two forlorn patches of wall may still stand for generations. But above-ground Nature has reclaimed all else to barren unity.'

In 1835, the foundations of the cathedral were uncovered, for a while. It was two hundred and seventy feet long (as long as Ripon Cathedral) and had two western towers with a great Galilee-porch between them, like Durham whose contemporary it was.

At Durham, however, the bishop was always the indisputable head of the community. But Sarum was a camp first, and when the bishopric came there was incessant discord between the two authorities until one of the canons of the cathedral urged: 'Let us in God's name descend into the level. There are rich champaigns and fertile valleys abounding in the fruits of the earth and profusely watered by living streams. There is a seat for the Virgin patroness of our Church to which the whole world cannot afford a parallel.'

So, early in the reign of Henry III, down from the wind-wept, battlemented hill, came the Bishop and his flock; and some say that the Bishop ordered an arrow shot from the ramparts of the old hill town, and took the place whereon it fell as ordained by Heaven for his new cathedral; others contend that the site was shown him by the Virgin, in a dream. The young King (he was thirteen years old, then), who was many years later to undertake the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey, laid the foundation stone of this cathedral of New Sarum. And as the magnificent new

structure rose, and the burghers who had left Old Sarum with the Bishop began to build anew in the plain, the military stronghold became of less and less account.

History seldom mentions Old Sarum thereafter. A writer who visited it in 1540 says that not a house then remained. Yet — such is the force of habit in England, the strength of tradition — until 1831 it ranked as a town, and two representatives of its ages-dead inhabitants sat in Parliament. It was, indeed, from Old Sarum that the elder Pitt first entered Parliament.

Salisbury Cathedral, begun in 1220, was finished (except for the upper part of its tower, and the spire) in 1258. Thus it is, alone among great cathedrals, practically the work of one generation; and has a unity of design which makes it of extraordinary interest to the student of architecture. But it is one of the least lovable of great churches — perhaps because of its perfections. It is like a house all 'done' in one scheme by a builder and decorator working in harmony from the outset; compared with a house that has evolved out of many generations of enlarging and beautifying, and may have got to be a bit hodge-podgy, but is full of personalities, and warmly human.

Salisbury Cathedral has perhaps the most perfect setting of any cathedral even in England where most of them are superbly set; it has the loftiest and loveliest spire; its cloisters are very fine; but it has left 'cold' many an observer whom other cathedrals have raised to ecstasy or melted to emotional tears.

'Nowhere else,' Mrs. Van Rensselaer wrote (and I give you her tribute because she is one of those who had the understanding which got the most out of Salisbury and was least conscious of any lack), 'does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness, while the green pastures which surround it might

well be those of which the psalmist wrote. When the sun shines on the pale gray stones, the level grass and the silent trees, and throws the long shadow of the spire across them, it is as though a choir of seraphs sang in benediction of that peace of God which passeth understanding. The men who built and planted here were sick of the temples of Baalim, tired of being cribbed and cabined, weary of quarrelsome winds and voices. They wanted space and sun and stillness, comfort and rest and beauty; and no men ever more perfectly expressed, for future times to read, the ideal that they had in mind.

'Put Salisbury,' she admits, 'on a "tall mountain citied to the top" like Lincoln's, or in the centre of a close-built Continental town, and it would look out of place, weak, ineffective, and undignified. But what Continental cathedral, what other English cathedral even, would look so well in this wide green solitude, separate, quiet, and dreamful amid velvet acres and thick swaying elms? Imagination can hardly dissever it from its environment; it seems to have grown as naturally from the grass as the elms themselves.'

As to the interior, however, even Mrs. Van Rensselaer concedes that 'few churches in England seem colder and barer.' This is not wholly the fault of the builders, but largely that of fanatical 'reformers' and disastrous 'restorers.'

Your attention will not be so engrossed by the glorious detail within (as it will be in many other English cathedrals) that you will have scant time for what remains of the monuments, and for the stories they tell. For instance, the second on your left as you go down the nave, has a small figure of a bishop in robes. This is now thought to mark the resting-place of the heart of Bishop Poore, under whom the cathedral was built; but for centuries it was described as the tomb of a 'boy bishop,' referring to a custom which was

long practised here, and in some other places, of electing a choir-boy as 'bishop' for the period between Saint Nicholas's Day and Holy Innocents' Day. The custom was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth. And, somehow or other, the forgotten resting-place of the heart which had been responsible for the erection of this great fane was popularly reputed to be that of a boy who had died during his tenancy of the office of bishop. And this, too, although the placing of a small figure instead of a life-size, on a tomb, was commonly done to indicate that only the heart was buried there. (The fashion of interring the heart of a personage in another place than the rest of his remains persisted down to quite recent times.)

The tomb next to that of the bishop's heart, belongs to an English Crusader who was killed by the Saracens at Cairo in 1250. Just how much of him was brought back, I'm not prepared to say. His father lies across the nave, in the tomb nearest the southwest transept. Or, that is to say, his father's monument is there.

Nearly all the monuments were moved from their original position in chapels, which were then destroyed, by a disastrous restorer in the eighteenth century.

The father referred to was William Longespée (or Longsword), Earl of Salisbury, who was an illegitimate son of Henry II by 'fair Rosamund' Clifford. He married Isabella, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Salisbury, and received by grant of his half-brother, Cœur-de-Lion, her father's title with the estates.

The earldom of Salisbury which Isabella had inherited from her grandfather, the first earl, she passed on to her great-granddaughter, who in turn passed it on to *her* daughter. This latter, when her husband was beheaded for treason, surrendered her lands and titles to the King, Edward II; and for fifteen years there was no Earl of

Salisbury. Then Edward III granted the title to William de Montecute, in whose family it remained for over sixty years, till the third earl was attainted of treason and his titles were forfeited. But that earl's son got the title back, and left it to his daughter whose husband assumed it. Their son died without male issue, and the title went to his daughter's husband — that Duke of Clarence, younger brother of Edward IV, who was drowned in a butt of malmsey, in London Tower, where he was a prisoner for treason. His son likewise was attainted, and executed; and the title passed to the Duke of Clarence's daughter, Margaret, mother of Reginald Pole. And she, poor lady, perished on the block to appease Henry VIII's ire against her son (then in Rome), and the title was forfeit to the crown, which did not again confer it until James I bestowed it on Robert Cecil, his faithful ally at Elizabeth's court; and in the Cecil family it has been ever since. But their principal residence is Hatfield, north of London; and the town of Salisbury has no associations with them.

I hope you haven't wearied of this genealogical detail — that it doesn't seem too much like the 'begats' in the Bible. I thought that one such paragraph might serve to give us an idea of the vicissitudes of a title in Plantagenet and Tudor England.

There is one more monument whose story we may take time to recall; and that is in the Lady Chapel — the monument of Edward, Earl of Hertford, and his wife, Catherine Grey. Edward was the son and heir of Somerset, Jane Seymour's brother, who was protector (or regent) of England in the reign of Jane's little son, Edward VI, and who was 'attainted' and executed as a result of the Duke of Northumberland's machinations to rule England through the boy-king and then through Lady Jane Grey and her youthful husband, Northumberland's son. Somerset was

executed on Tower Hill in 1552. Northumberland and Suffolk (the father of Jane and Catherine Grey) perished there two years later — as did Guildford Dudley, Northumberland's son. And in 1560, when Elizabeth was on the throne, this nephew of Jane Seymour's secretly married the lady Catherine Grey who was next heir after Elizabeth to the English crown. Elizabeth was fearful of this union, and imprisoned both parties to it while she sought to invalidate the marriage.

Muse, then, as you stand here, on the tragic life of Catherine, Countess of Hertford, who died at thirty after having suffered so many things that she may well have been glad at the thought of a peaceful tomb in Salisbury's peaceful cathedral. Her male descendants, continuing her title to the English throne as well as the Hertford title, were *not* the ancestors of that Marquis of Hertford who was the original of 'Steyne' in Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' and of his son whose priceless art collection (known as the Wallace Collection because he left it to Sir Richard Wallace, whose relationship to the Hertford family was 'left-handed' and irregular) is now in Hertford House, London. These later Hertfords were descendants of Seymour, Duke of Somerset; but not in the direct line through Catherine Grey and her husband.

And near Catherine Grey, Suffolk's daughter and Somerset's daughter-in-law, lies a granddaughter of Northumberland — that great lady of the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth who is best-known as 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.' Her mother, Mary Dudley, was the eldest of Northumberland's daughters, and sister of Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey's husband, and to his brother Robert, Earl of Leicester, owner of Kenilworth Castle and favorite of Queen Elizabeth.

Besides the cathedral, Salisbury has three ancient

churches which only the most indefatigable of architectural pilgrims visit; and three old inns, which delight everybody. The best approach to the cathedral is by Saint Anne's Gate, at the northeast corner of the precincts; and running north from that gate is Saint John's Street, whereon are the King's Arms and the White Hart Inn.

In 1618, when Sir Walter Raleigh was being taken captive to London, he anointed himself with some unguents which made him look as if he had the leprosy; and, feinting thus, he was able to cause a delay, at Salisbury, which he employed in writing his futile apology to King James for the disastrous voyage to Guiana. And as persons afflicted as he appeared to be do not eat, Raleigh had to send in secret to the White Hart Inn for a leg of mutton and some loaves of bread, to sustain him in his literary industry. At the King's Arms, faithful supporters of Charles II met to arrange his escape after the battle of Worcester; Charles being then in hiding at Heale House, three miles out of Salisbury on the road to Old Sarum and Stonehenge.

But the Old George Inn, on High Street, part of which dates from 1320, cherishes a tradition that Shakespeare played in its yard, and a certainty that Oliver Cromwell and Samuel Pepys were among its guests. There are, too, Dickens-lovers who feel sure that the inn where Tom Pinch awaited the new pupil, Martin Chuzzlewit, was this same Old George. If you go to the George, and have time for a bit of loitering in its little garden, do, pray, make acquaintance with the turtle who lives there on excellent terms with a Persian cat. Jimmie, I think, is the turtle's name. He is haughty, at first, and hard to approach. But he has a weakness! He likes dried currants picked from tea-cake; and, sufficiently tempted thereby, he grows quite affable — for a turtle!

When you are at Saint Anne's Gate, a step or two south

in Exeter Street will bring you to the house where Henry Fielding wrote part of 'Tom Jones.'

Salisbury is the 'Melchester' of Hardy's Wessex novels. Anthony Trollope also laid the scenes of some of his novels there. Addison was educated at Salisbury. And 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was first published there.

You'll look at the fourteenth-century Poultry Cross, of course; and in the Market Place will recall, perhaps, Dickens's scene there in chapter V of 'Chuzzlewit'; and then — if you're a hurrying pilgrim — you'll hasten on, out Castle Street toward Salisbury Plain, and Stonehenge.

But before you go, let us hold a little council — not of war, but of amity and good-fellowship.

Don't go to Stonehenge because you think you ought to. It may not repay you for the twenty-mile journey and the hour-and-a-half, or more, of time, to anything like the degree you'd be repaid for some other expeditions out of Salisbury.

We set out to 'make' Winchester by four o'clock or so. But if we don't do it, there's no great harm done; for Winchester is on the direct route from Southampton to London whether we motor or go by rail; and if we don't get it in on to-day's itinerary, it is the easiest thing imaginable to get off the train there for several midday hours, and then proceed to London in time to dress for dinner.

It might be that to-day is Wednesday; and if it is, you could visit two of 'the stately homes of England,' each within three miles of Salisbury. You could go first to Wilton (the home of Wilton carpets) which is only two-and-a-half miles northwest of Salisbury, and visit Wilton House, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Pembroke, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote much of his 'Arcadia'; where Shakespeare ('tis said) acted in 'As You Like It' in the great hall; where Spenser and Ben Jonson and others of those spa-

cious times gathered 'round the spirited lady who was 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' and whom Queen Elizabeth visited here, in 1599.

The earldom of Pembroke has been held successively by several English families during eight centuries; but since 1468 it has been in the family of Herbert. It was to two sons of 'Sidney's sister' that Shakespeare's First Folio was inscribed as the 'incomparable pair of brethren.'

Wilton House, besides its great memories, is full of art treasures, and its splendid apartments are very fine to see.

Three miles southeast of Salisbury is Longford Castle, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, and containing one of the greatest private collections of pictures in England — shown on Wednesday afternoons.

You could see both these 'stately homes,' glimpse the site of Old Sarum, and even visit Stonehenge if you desire, without unduly delaying your return to Southampton.

Or, on another day than Wednesday, if Stonehenge doesn't tempt you, and Winchester does, you could be at the latter place by three o'clock, easily, and have time to see it unhurriedly before dinner.

Stonehenge is an impressive picture, and an intriguing mystery. The accounts of its origin and purpose are so various and so notably supported, that you may choose the one you like best. One ancient tradition is that the incantations of Merlin the magician brought the stones hither from Ireland and caused them to range themselves in their proper places. I like this story, except that it is so modern. The theory that the place was set for sun-worship moves the date of its erection back to some seventeen hundred years before Christ, which is satisfyingly remote, it seems to me. And I own to a fondness for the assumption that the huge stones were brought hither on 'rollers' from

Brittany before there was any English Channel. Furthermore, I like to associate Druid rites with these stones; because the Druids were a most interesting lot from whom we have derived an extraordinary amount of our ideas for religious and other ceremonials.

Having stated my vague preferences regarding Stonehenge, I leave you to arrange your own.

At Amesbury, hard by Stonehenge on the road either to Andover and thence to Winchester or back to Salisbury and from there to Winchester, is an abbey church 'descended from' the 'holy house at Almesbury' where Queen Guinevere sought refuge after her 'affair' with the irresistible Lancelot, and other queens came also — Eleanor of Provence, among them. After the dissolution of religious houses, Amesbury Abbey, like many another, passed into private ownership, and became the property of that Earl of Hertford who had not yet become the Duke of Somerset and the Protector of the kingdom. Subsequently, the property was acquired by the Dukes of Queensberry, for one of whom Inigo Jones built a beautiful mansion where John Gay, as a guest, wrote 'The Beggars' Opera' in 1727. Nor is this by any means the extent of Amesbury's literary history; for this village near 'the fair old town of Salisbury' contends with Alderbury for the honor of being the scene of the opening chapters of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and presents its George Inn (as against Alderbury's Green Dragon) as the original of Mrs. Lupin's establishment, and its ancient abbey church as the one wherein Tom Pinch played the organ for nothing, and Mr. Pecksniff heard himself denounced.

In 1848, Dickens and Forster, with John Leech and Mark Lemon, procured horses at Salisbury and 'passed the whole of a March day,' Forster tells us in his 'Life of Dickens,' 'in riding over every part of the plain, visiting Stonehenge.

and exploring Hazlitt's hut at Winterslow, the birthplace of some of his finest essays.'

Should you choose the way to Winchester that leads through Andover, the ancient borough and market town which has not fewer than eight namesakes in the United States, you may like to recall that it was a sizable and important place a thousand years before Cæsar came to Britain. And that one of the stories associated with the place is not unlike Longfellow's fiction about the courtship of Miles Standish. (All good stories are perennials, you know!) This is a tenth-century version, concerning King Edgar who heard that Elfrida was beauteous and desirable, and sent one, Ethelwold, to woo her. But she anticipated Priscilla Mullins, asking, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Ethelwold?' with a result that Priscilla may have heard of when she repeated the question. Edgar was not so easily put off as Miles, though. Ethelwold sent word to him that Elfrida was really a very ordinary sort of person; but Edgar was suspicious, and came to find out. At Dead Man's Plack, a lonely place close to Andover, Edgar slew his faithless emissary. And in Andover, soon afterward, Elfrida (apparently nothing loath) married her husband's murderer.

Near Andover is the village of Upper Clatford, one of the most picturesque examples of old English village life remaining in this section of the country, with marvellous thatched roofs and many other sorts of Old-Worldliness.

From Andover it is seven miles to Stockbridge, another quaint old market town which has given its name to one notable American colony; and about the same distance farther to Winchester.

You will probably enter Winchester by Upper Stockbridge Road, leading into Upper High Street and forking into High Street itself at the West Gate — one of the two gates

remaining of the thirteenth-century wall. The castle begun by William the Conqueror and continued by Henry III (who was born in it) stood here; and perhaps this will be as good a time as any for you to visit all that remains of it, which is the Great Hall wherein hangs King Arthur's Round Table.

Poor Arthur has suffered as much from skepticism in death as he did in life; and of course there are those who sniff, in what they hope is a superior manner, at the idea of this being his Round Table. But at least from the thirteenth century there have been some who have so regarded it — and that in itself should make the thing venerable. God knows what need each successive generation of our race has of thinking on many of the things that the Round Table typifies; and only God knows what we may owe to a relic or symbol which sets even an occasional pilgrim thinking in an Arthurian strain, of days 'when every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight.'

Winchester is the Caer Gwent of Arthur and his knights. And according to local tradition, it was a very ancient city then; for there be those among its chroniclers who are not content with the certainty of an important Roman town here, and of a Celtic town before that, but gravely ascribe the foundation of Winchester to a date ninety-nine years before the first building of Rome.

You will, of course, go as far back with them as you like, or as you can. As for me, you know I incline to go with the one who tells the most interesting story. If I wanted Winchester to antedate Rome, I'd have it so! But I'm satisfied, here, to make my beginnings with the coming of Rome's picturesque legions; though I like to follow Belloc's reasoning as to why there was almost certainly a well-established city here when the Romans came.

He explains it all most logically. Winchester, like Canterbury, is a day's march inland from a group of harbors commanding one of the principal passages to the Continent. Wind and tide, in all the centuries preceding the nineteenth, made it uncertain which of the ports in either group a mariner would be able to make. That was one reason why it was better for merchant and for warrior to have a goal so situated that, no matter where he landed, he could reach it in a day's march. An inland place has, moreover, a better food supply than a seashore place; there is likely to be more wood; it is more defensible; and there are other inherent reasons why men, as shrewd as our forefathers had to be, should have betaken themselves to places like Caen in Normandy, and to Winchester, and Canterbury — each of them on tidal rivers just at the place 'to which the tide would help light-draught, primitive boats, and where yet they could enjoy the fresh water coming down from above.'

I like to think of these things as I begin to feel Winchester's hoary age enwrap me. And then I'm content to leave all those earliest men and women of Winchester in a vague mist until it's time for Arthur to come upon the scene — probably in the fifth century, when Rome, dying in the West, had ceased to send governors or troops to Britain, and a Celtic chieftain named Arthur was followed, as leader, by all the forces which were essaying to fight off Saxon invasion.

We shall have more of Arthur at Glastonbury, where there is less to contend with him in interest than we have here at Winchester. So, while you stand in the Great Hall of the Conqueror's castle, and look at Arthur's Round Table, I'll ask you to recall only in a general way that this was a capital, a kings' residence, long before the Norman came. When the kings of Wessex became the kings of all

England, Winchester became the capital of the newly united country. Egbert reigned here, and Alfred, and Canute, and Edward the Confessor. When William the Conqueror came, he had Matilda crowned here, and himself recrowned, following the earlier coronation in London; and here, as long as he lived, he kept Easter in state each year, as he kept Whitsuntide at Westminster, and Christmas at Gloucester. It was here that the office of royal champion was instituted, at the coronation of William and Matilda, when 'a bold cavalier called Marmion, completely armed, rode into the banqueting hall and did at three several times repeat this challenge: "If any person denies that our most gracious sovereign, Lord William, and his spouse Matilda, are King and Queen of England, he is a false-hearted traitor and a liar; and here I, as champion, do challenge him to single combat."' Here William instituted that unpopular order of the curfew (or cover-fire) which is still in force here; or, rather, is still observed if not enforced. Here the Domesday Book was presented to him, capitulating all that he had acquired by his conquest. Here he kept his royal treasure; and when his son, William Rufus, heard of the Conqueror's death at Rouen, he hastened hither to take possession of that which would do most to secure his throne to him.

It was Rufus who granted Bishop Walkelin (the first builder of Winchester's present or Norman cathedral) the right to hold an annual fair on Saint Giles Hill, across the river and just east of town; and while this fair lasted, no trade was permitted anywhere else within seven leagues, or at Southampton. This fair, which continued to be held until the last century, was during the Middle Ages one of the great commercial events of the year in England.

When Rufus was found dead in the New Forest, his body was brought here for burial in the new cathedral. And

when, seven years later, the tower of the cathedral fell, it was believed to be because of divine wrath that Rufus, the so-unchristian king, lay beneath it.

Henry, the younger brother of Rufus, was of that hunting party in the New Forest, when an arrow accidentally or otherwise put an end to the unpopular reign of William the Second. 'Prince Henry, being separated from the royal party while pursuing his game in an adjoining glen, chanced to snap the string of his cross-bow, and, repairing to the hut of a forester to get it replaced, he was, the moment he entered the sylvan abode, saluted as King by an old woman whom he found there.'

Her salutation was soon seconded by those of the slain king's attendants; and Henry sprang to his saddle and spurred his horse to Winchester, leaving his brother's body to be brought thither in the cart of a charcoal-burner.

There was need of this haste to the door of the treasury; for Henry had scarcely arrived there when the royal treasurer appeared, to safeguard the treasure for Henry's eldest brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, then absent in the Holy Land. But Henry was there first, and he pleaded his cause as an English-born prince (he was the only one of William and Matilda's sons born in England) so well that he won the populace to his support and he was immediately proclaimed king.

Some say that it was to strengthen his position with the English party that he asked for the hand in marriage (Henry was a bachelor of thirty-two) of Matilda of Scotland, daughter of Malcolm, who regained his kingdom from Macbeth, and of Margaret, an English princess of the blood of Alfred the Great. Others affirm that Henry and Matilda had long been in love, and that was why she so vigorously resisted the efforts of her maternal aunt, Christina, Abbess of Romsey, to make her take the veil.

It was doubtless a wise precaution which directed Christina to order Matilda veiled from the sight of those lawless Norman nobles whose wives were in Normandy and who roamed the land of their conquest making the most of their ascendancy. But Matilda wore the coarse black serge veil with sighs and tears in the presence of her aunt, and the moment she found herself alone, she flung it on the ground and stamped it under her feet.

She had taken no vows as a nun; nevertheless, when Henry asked for Matilda's hand in marriage, those who opposed his accession because he was English-born, and those (like Christina) who opposed Matilda's union with him because he was of Norman blood, raised a great hue and cry about the 'sacrilege.'

Henry laid the matter before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the synod; and Matilda was summoned before that august body and questioned. Her denial of having taken any vows and her explanation of why she wore the veil were accepted by the council, and she was married to Henry, at Westminster, and crowned that same day, Sunday, November 11, 1100 — the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1100. That ought to be an easy date to remember, and to relate dates to.

While Matilda was lying abed in Winchester Castle after the birth of her first child, Prince William, her brother-in-law, Duke Robert of Normandy, returned from the Holy Land, and invaded England to claim it as his domain. He landed at Portsmouth, marched direct to Winchester to storm the capital, but when told of Matilda's condition he relinquished his purpose; and through her good offices a temporary reconciliation between the brothers took place.

Hyde Abbey, close to Winchester, was founded and endowed by Henry and Matilda, and they personally assisted at the removal thither of Alfred the Great's bones

and those of his queen and of some of their royal descendants.

Henry admitted the paternity of twenty illegitimate children before his marriage, and some of these played prominent parts in the history of their day; but by Matilda he had only two children — the young son William, born at Winchester, who was drowned in the wreck of the White Ship coming from France; and Matilda, married in her extreme youth to the German Emperor, Henry V; left a childless widow in her young womanhood; forced by her father into a hateful marriage with Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou; and named by Henry as his successor.

Matilda's cousin, Stephen (one of the sons of Adela, the Conqueror's daughter who married the Count of Blois), seized the throne; and there ensued those terrible years of strife and anarchy while his forces and Matilda's contended, and the nobles changed sides as they felt the wind blow. We shall recall those times elsewhere; but here at Winchester you will wish to have them in mind, briefly, so that you may the better comprehend the position of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, who was Stephen's elder brother, and who was now on one side of the quarrel, and now on the other.

It was he who built Wolvesey Castle, over beyond the cathedral close, toward the river, as a residence for the splendid Bishops of Winchester. And it was he who founded the Hospital of Saint Cross, to which you must wend your way toward sunset.

Before you leave the castle of the Norman kings, you'll probably wish to recall Richard Cœur-de-Lion there, in his hot haste to reach his father's treasure house; and his wretched brother John having promised Winchester, in the Magna Charta he was forced to sign, that the royal exchequer and mint should always be maintained here.

John's son and heir, Henry III, born in the old castle of the Conqueror, and builder of the newer parts (including this Great Hall wherein you stand), is known in history as Henry of Winchester.

Henry VII brought Elizabeth of York here that she might bring forth her first-born in the city of King Arthur; and the child, being a prince, was christened Arthur. We shall further recall his story at Ludlow Castle and at Worcester. His brother, Henry VIII, sumptuously entertained the Emperor Charles V at Winchester; but may have lodged him in the Bishop's castle which was more sumptuously kept up than the King's after Winchester ceased to be more than a semi-occasional place of royal residence.

Now, I'd drive along High Street to the God-Begot-Hostel, near the City Cross and the entrance to the cathedral precincts; and park the car, and proceed on foot during the rest of our stay in Winchester.

A glance will suffice for the Cross; then, enter the passage on the right, leading to the fine avenue of elms known as the 'Long Walk.'

For details about the cathedral I must refer you, as always, to your guide-book. But as we wander through it, we'll pause here and there for a bit of that reminiscence in which the guide-books dare not indulge.

We enter by the West Front and find ourselves in the nave of the longest Gothic church in Europe. And between the fifth and sixth pillars on our right is Wykeham's Chantry with the tomb of the great artist, statesman, philanthropist, William of Wykeham.

He was born of humble parents in the near-by village of Wykeham, or Wickham, in 1324; and before he was twenty-three, he had shown such aptitude for architecture as to receive an appointment to the King in that service, working for Edward III at Windsor, Westminster, and elsewhere.

His first benefices were given him as pay for his labors as architect, keeper of castles, and surveyor, to the Crown. He did not take holy orders until he was near forty; and by that time he had become so much the King's factotum that Froissart says: 'a priest called Sir William de Wican reigned in England . . . by him everything was done, and without him they did nothing.'

When Wykeham was forty-three, he was Bishop of Winchester (the richest ecclesiastical office in the kingdom) and Chancellor (the best-paid civil office), and thereafter until his death, at the age of eighty, he continued a dominant figure in the government, spiritual and temporal, of England, and in the making of English history. He had much to do with the architecture of Winchester Cathedral as we now find it; he built and endowed the New College at Oxford; and he founded and endowed Winchester College, or Saint Mary's College, the earliest great public school in England and still one of the greatest.

It is said that the site he chose for his tomb and chantry is one where, as a child, he had loved to kneel and pray. By one of the terms of his munificent bequests to religious houses, three masses were to be sung daily in his chantry by monks, and the choir-boys of the cathedral were to kneel here every evening after vespers and say prayers for the repose of his soul.

If you'll half-shut your eyes, and open wide your ears, I'm sure you'll see little choristers praying beside the chantry, and hear the voices of monks intoning the Mass. And then a 'chantry' will have become something more to you than an architectural term.

Bishop Edington, whom Wykeham succeeded, and who also was a great architect and builder, has his chantry nearer to the choir.

William Rufus is supposed to lie beneath the present

tower — undisturbed by the fall of its predecessor on his unhallowed bones — and his brother Richard to lie near him in the south ambulatory.

Bishop Gardiner, who was called 'the hammer of hereticics' under Bloody Mary, lies in a chantry in the north ambulatory close to the gorgeous reredos; and Bishop Fox, who was godfather to Henry VIII, lies in the south ambulatory, opposite.

Cardinal Beaufort, whom Shakespeare has depicted as going impenitent to sure damnation,' should (one thinks) have some mercy shown him if he ordered (as 'tis said) the glorious reredos. And if, notwithstanding, his eternal state is very vile, I hope that it is shared by some at least of those who mutilated this exquisite thing at the time of the Reformation. He lies in one of the splendid oratories of the retro-choir; and Bishop Waynflete, who had been headmaster of Wykeham's new school before he became bishop in Wykeham's stead, and founder of Magdalen College at Oxford, lies in the oratory opposite.

But the tombs in Winchester which need least comment for the multitude of present-day pilgrims, are not those of prelates and chancellors who played great parts on the stage of English history. They are those of two authors who wrote simply of simple things: Izaak Walton and Jane Austen.

The great Angler lies in a chapel of the south transept, close to the tomb of that eminent modern Bishop of Winchester, Samuel Wilberforce, whose suavity caused some to call him 'Soapy Sam.' Wilberforce was Cardinal Manning's brother-in-law; and not only did two of Wilberforce's brothers follow Manning into the Church of Rome, but Samuel's only daughter and her husband; and Samuel himself was strongly suspected of 'tendencies' that way.

Walton became identified with Winchester when, after

the death of his second wife, he came to live with his daughter married to a prebendary of Winchester; and the last twenty years of his long life were spent mainly here beside the Itchen and at Farnham Castle, the picturesque, moated manor, eighteen miles north, which has belonged to the Bishops of Winchester since 860 and which was then occupied by Walton's friend, Bishop Morley.

Walton's second wife was Anne Ken, stepsister of Thomas Ken, whose hymns we have all sung and whose story we have all heard. Ken was a king's chaplain, living at Winchester (where he had been educated, at Wykeham's college — going afterwards to Wykeham's other college at Oxford), when King Charles II came here, in 1683, the last year of Walton's life, with his following of 'favorites,' including Nell Gwynne.

The house chosen for Nelly was Ken's, but he refused to surrender it to her, and she had to find quarters elsewhere.

Walton was a staunch royalist and a gentle old soul whose life was too full of mellowing occupations to leave him room for censoriousness; but I'm sure he approved his doughty little brother-in-law's courage. And I'm sorry he couldn't have lived even six months longer, and known that Charles, when the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant the following April, exclaimed, 'Where is the good little man that refused his lodging to poor Nell?' and declared that none other should be bishop. 'I am not virtuous myself,' said Charles, 'but I can respect those who are.' And so could Nelly.

When Charles was dying, it was Ken who told the King his condition and persuaded him to send the Duchess of Portsmouth from the room; Ken who entreated him to receive the communion, but was not permitted to give it to him — for Charles died a Catholic.

Next time you sing, 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,'

or, 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,' think of 'the good little man' who wrote them and many another soul-stirring hymn; and of his relationship to Walton; and of his associations with Winchester.

Walton died in his daughter's house in the Dean's yard at Winchester, on the 15th of December, 1683, in his ninety-first year, and was buried here with loving honors. As a young man, he was an ironmonger in London where his first shop measured seven and one half feet by five feet. His rise to fame seems to have been due to his love of good books, his devotion to the gentle art of angling and to the contemplation it induces, and to a serene sweetness and fineness of character which made him welcome 'in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved.'

Jane Austen, who died in a house on College Street which we shall soon pass on our way to Wykeham's college and Henry of Blois's Hospital of Saint Cross, was buried beneath the fifth bay of the north aisle of the cathedral nave, in July, 1817. She had been a resident of Winchester but a very short time but most of her life had been spent in this vicinity.

There are all sorts of opinions about the value and interest of what Miss Austen depicted, but only one opinion as to the art with which she did it.

Mark Twain, for instance, said that any library was a good library which did not contain the works of Jane Austen. And his *fidus Achates*, W. D. Howells, all but crossed himself and genuflected when her name was mentioned.

I may as well admit that if I had heard them discussing her, my leaning would have been more toward Samuel than toward William. I am aware that my inability to enjoy her, though shared by Mark Twain and perhaps some

others of distinction, is a proper matter for shame to me; and I am not without hope that some day before I die I may receive the gift of grace to appreciate Jane.

But because I find myself cold at her tomb is no reason why I should suppose that you'll do likewise; and I hope you won't think that it's her tremendous, impeccable respectability that keeps me out of tune with her — but I'm afraid that's the awful truth.

However, Jeanne d'Arc was at least as respectable, and my enthusiasm for her knows no bounds; so that the emotion I am not able to muster for the English Jane musters itself without urging when I find a statue of the French Jane occupying a place of honor in this cathedral, in confession of the shame Winchester suffers because a Bishop of Winchester was one of those who hounded Jeanne to the stake.

Before we leave the cathedral, you may wish to recall the marriage, there, of Joanna of Navarre, widowed Duchess of Brittany, with the widowed Bolingbroke, now Henry IV. You will certainly wish to recall the nuptials of Mary Tudor with Philip II of Spain.

Mary was thirty-eight; and her mother's grand-nephew whom she wedded, though but twenty-seven, had been a widower for nine years. Mary was the second of the four wives he was to have.

Don Philip and his retinue left Southampton in a drenching rain which had not ceased for four days, and arrived at Winchester between six and seven o'clock on Monday evening, July 23, 1554. He was lodged in the Dean's house. Mary was occupying the Bishop's castle, Wolvesey, and there she received Philip about ten o'clock that evening, privately, and in public audience at a grand court the next afternoon.

On Wednesday, the 25th of July (Saint James's day, and

Saint James being the patron saint of Spain), the marriage took place; it lasted from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon, and the wedding ceremony was preceded by an oration from the Regent of Naples, who declared that his imperial master, Charles V, having contracted a marriage between the Queen of England and his chief jewel — being his son and heir, Philip, Prince of Spain — 'in order to make the parties equal had resigned his kingdom of Naples, so that Queen Mary married a king, and not a prince.'

The bridal banquet was spread in Wolvesey Castle, and Bishop Gardiner, who had crowned Mary at Westminster and married her at Winchester, sat at the royal table which was set with solid gold.

The next morning, Mary and her spouse went to Basing, eighteen miles north on the road to London, where they were splendidly entertained by her lord treasurer, the Marquess of Winchester.

This marquess, whose name was William Paulet, was the facile courtier who, when asked long after this wedding how he had contrived to live through four reigns so full of dissensions and perils, replied that he came of the willow and not of the oak. He was of the courts which tried and condemned Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn; he was deputed to tell Catherine of Aragon and her daughter Mary that they were degraded from their rank; he was a councillor of the regency for little Edward VI, and managed to keep in favor both with Somerset and with his briefly victorious enemy, Northumberland; he trimmed between Lady Jane Grey and Mary till he saw that Mary was going to win, and then went over to her; he opposed her Spanish marriage until he saw that it was inevitable, and then gave sumptuous hospitality to the newly-weds; he was a favorite servant of Mary's, and when Elizabeth came along he

served her as zealously and as satisfactorily. This it is to be a willow, and bend easily.

We leave the cathedral by the passage called the Slype, or Dark Arch, and cross 'cat-a-corners' toward the beautiful old deanery where Don Philip was lodged; thence we may cross the close to the ruins of Wolvesey Castle (imagining that we are of the gorgeous wedding party of Mary and Philip; and that beside us walk Alva, 'the devil of Spain,' soon to do such dreadful work for Philip in the Netherlands, and Count Egmont, that Knight of the Golden Fleece whom Alva will send to the scaffold in Brussels, fourteen years hence — they were both prominent in the wedding party), and then return to King's Gate (the second of the two thirteenth-century gates remaining) above which is now the church of Saint Swithun.

Saint Swithun (or Swithin, as he's sometimes spelled) was Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, and patron saint of its cathedral from the tenth century to the sixteenth, when the cathedral was again put under the patronage of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and Saint Swithun had this small church built to his memory. If he knew about the change, he probably approved it rather than otherwise; for he was a very humble-minded man. The King delighted to honor him, but Swithun made his journeys on foot, invited the poor and not the rich when he celebrated a feast, and gave orders that he was not to be buried in the church, but outside 'in a vile and unworthy place.'

Nevertheless, in the century following his death, his bones were dug up, put in a jewel-encrusted gold casket, and conveyed to the cathedral, which was then named in his honor. In displeasure at this transfer (perhaps) Saint Swithun caused it to rain for forty days, 'tis said. So, in England, ever since, Saint Swithun's day, July 15th, is regarded as indicative of the weather for the next forty days.

Saint Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
Saint Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Through King's Gate, we pass into College Walk almost at the door of Jane Austen's house; and a few steps bring us to the great gateway, built in 1394, of Winchester College, whose beautiful quadrangles and quaint old buildings the porter will show us for a small fee. And toward the end of College Walk we may take the path along the Itchen (Walton's own Itchen!) to the Hospital of Saint Cross.

It is a pity, methinks, that in our 'American language' the word 'hospital' has come to mean exclusively a place for the sick and so has got itself dissociated from all its relations which we still use for forms of 'hospitality.'

This lovely place was endowed by King Stephen's brother, Henry of Blois, in 1136, to care perpetually for thirteen poor brethren and to give a daily dinner for one hundred others; and three hundred and ten years later, Cardinal Beaufort added another foundation. The brethren, who pass their sunset of life here in the hospitality of Cardinal Beaufort, wear a red gown bearing a cardinal's hat, in honor of him to whom they are indebted for this tranquil retreat; and those thirteen who are guests of Henry of Blois wear a black gown with a Jerusalem cross.

If we want to join that long, long line of wayfarers who have been furnished with the immemorial dole of a quartern loaf and a horn of ale, we must ask for it at Beaufort Tower where we buy our tickets admitting us to the beautiful old buildings.

Thence, back along the Itchen, with our minds full of loveliest memories, to the quaint old God-Begot Hostel for dinner. Then to Southampton, and to bed, by a route

which leads through Twyford, where Benjamin Franklin wrote part of his 'Autobiography.'

For your third day at Southampton, I recommend an early start (nine o'clock at latest) for Portsmouth, twenty-five miles distant; the morning spent there, and luncheon eaten; then to Chichester, which is eighteen miles by motor road and perhaps two miles shorter by rail; thence to Arundel, eleven miles.

Should it chance that you wished not to return to Southampton, but to go on by train or motor to London (fifty-eight miles from Arundel), then you should see Netley Abbey before leaving the vicinity of Southampton. If you are returning to the latter place, which is rather foolish, since you must practically retrace your way, you may leave the abbey ruins until late in the day.

The journey to London by this route is an entirely feasible day's run for a motor (about 110 or 112 miles) with time for several delightful stops. But in hiring a car for such a journey one has, of course, to pay for the return, empty, to Southampton. Some day there will be a plan worked out, whereby these 'empty' returns will be eliminated — a plan whereby the persons who are always wishing to motor *to* Southampton will take the car that was brought to London by some of those who are always wishing to motor *from* Southampton — and then there will be a very great increase in the number of those by whom these suggestions will be followed in detail.

Netley Abbey was founded by Henry of Winchester (Henry III — King John's son), who rebuilt Westminster Abbey and laid the foundation stone of Salisbury Cathedral, and rebuilt the castle at Winchester, and extended Windsor, and was responsible for a lot else that we shall be seeing and hearing about. Like Fountains Abbey, and Tintern, and Rievaulx, and Jervaulx, and Kirkstall, and

Furness, it was a Cistercian house. The Cistercians were an offshoot from the Benedictines whose rule had grown much less rigorous since Benedict's day. The Cistercians tried not only to restore monastic life to what it had been under Benedict, but to make it even more austere than he had ordered it. And the most striking feature of their reform was the return to manual labor, especially agricultural labor. They were the great farmers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and many of the improvements in land culture and horse and cattle breeding were introduced by them. They renounced all income from benefices, tithes, tolls, and rents, and depended for their income solely on the land, so they were forced to develop a great commerce in the sale of their commodities, and thus became notable contributors to the development of farming as a business.

The monks in each Cistercian community were augmented by a large body of lay brothers, recruited from the peasantry, who never were ordained or held any office of superiority. They were simple men who, for one reason or another, preferred or accepted monastic life, and toiled arduously but contentedly under the direction of the choir monks. The Trappist monks are Cistercians of the strictest order, and wherever they are to-day (they have some sixty monasteries — one of which, most of you will recall, is on the Via Appia, outside Rome, where the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus are) they are still notable agriculturalists.

So it was a thrifty as well as a pious thing to do, to found a Cistercian community.

The most-quoted rhapsody of all that Netley's ruins have inspired, is Horace Walpole's, who said: 'How shall I describe Netley to you? The ruins are vast and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the

walls. A hill rises above the Abbey, enriched with wood. On each side breaks in the view of the Southampton Sea, deep blue, glittering with silver and vessels. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise.'

And when you've seen them, fare you on to Portsmouth which, not satisfied with having given Charles Dickens to the world, went on and added George Meredith and Walter Besant within four-and-twenty years.

As you enter Portsmouth, from the north, your first stop should be the Dickens Museum, in the little house where he was born; Commercial Road, on which it is situated (Number 393) leads into town from Cosham on the east-and-west highway (and before you got to Cosham you passed the picturesque ruin of Porchester Castle built within the walls of a Roman military station, and overlooked by Portsdown Hill with the monument erected to Nelson by his comrades at Trafalgar), and the Dickens house is near the north end of the road in that section of town called Landport; it was almost a rural locality when John Dickens rented this house, in June, 1809, but is now densely populated.

Dickens was a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office at Portsmouth Dockyard, close by, and was in comfortable, if humble, circumstances when his son Charles was born here on February 7, 1812. Five months later the family moved to Number 16 Hawke Street, so that Charles had only the briefest association with this house in Commercial Road; and when he was two-and-a-half his father was recalled to London to work again in Somerset House.

In 1838, when engaged upon 'Nicholas Nickleby,' Dickens revisited Portsmouth in search of 'local color' for that story. The old Portsmouth Theatre, scene of Nicholas's early triumphs on the stage, stood near the top of High Street where the Cambridge Barracks now are.

Portsmouth is, however, not by any means the best place to recall Dickens.

When you leave Commercial Road at the Town Hall, turn east in Park Road toward the Dockyard and board the old *Victory*, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, which lies offshore, above the narrow entrance of the harbor.

Enter Nelson's cabin and see him kneeling there, appealing to God for help in battle, then writing the codicil to his will in which he commended Emma Hamilton and their child to the gratitude of his country. See him as he orders the famous signal, 'England expects that every man will do his duty,' and as he parts with Captain Blackwood, prophesying that they will not meet again. Walk the quarter-deck with him, beside his flag-captain, Hardy, as the *Victory* passes astern of Napoleon's *Bucentaure*, Nelson walking with his brisk, short step, his empty sleeve pinned to his breast. See him as the musket shot from the *Redoubtable* strikes him. 'They have done for me at last!' he cries. Then the hours of physical and mental anguish in the fetid cockpit, 'amid the horrors of darkness relieved only by the dim light of lanterns, and surrounded by men groaning, or raving with unbearable pain.' The shock of the broadsides makes the whole frame of the *Victory* tremble, and draws a moan from the dying hero with the shattered spine. Then, as that darkness deepens which no lanterns can pierce, Nelson begs Hardy for a kiss. 'I have done my duty,' he murmurs, faintly but proudly, 'thank God for that.' And then, the Light!

I'd travel much, much farther than Portsmouth — wouldn't you? — to stand aboard the *Victory* and recall those scenes.

When you return to shore, skirt the lower edge of the recreation ground, Saint George's Road, to High Street, near the beginning of which (Number 10) is the house,

formerly the Spotted Dog Inn, where the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by John Felton in August, 1628. Dumas, in those thrilling chapters of 'The Three Musketeers' which lead up to and deal with this assassination, made it occur in the Admiralty; but it was here in this inn, as Buckingham was leaving after breakfast, and about to embark for the relief of La Rochelle, that Felton's dagger brought him low. Whatever history may have to say of Felton's motives will never greatly concern many persons. For the majority of us it will always be one of the last crimes of Milady, and Felton will always be, as Dumas paints him, her dupe.

At the George Hotel, a little farther on in High Street, Nelson spent his last night in England. His room was Number 15, and will be shown you, on request, if it is not occupied.

Number 73 High Street was the birthplace of George Meredith; and should you motor on to London, you will pass close to Flint Cottage, Box Hill, near Dorking, his home for more than forty years and the place where he died.

In the Garrison Church near the Saluting Battery, on the Grand Parade into which High Street runs, Charles II is said to have been married to Catherine of Braganza, though other accounts place the Church of England ceremony in the presence-chamber of the King's house at Portsmouth where the Portuguese bride had been lying ill for some days after her arrival, while the royal bridegroom tarried in London, reluctant to leave Lady Castlemaine.

As an inducement to this marriage, Charles was offered a far greater marriage portion than any queen had ever brought to England: half a million pounds sterling 'in ready money,' the possession of Tangier and of Bombay, and the privilege of free trade with Brazil and the East Indies, hitherto denied by the Portuguese to all other nations.

THE DEATH OF NELSON

By J. M. W. Turner

Charles asked two of his naval commanders what and where Tangier was, and they showed it to him on the map, explaining that if it fell to the Dutch it would give them the control of Mediterranean trade. I'm not sure whether he asked any questions about Bombay; but I'm sure it will interest you to reflect that, as a result of this ill-assorted marriage, England got her first territorial possession in India.

Catherine of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal, was four-and-twenty when she was married, but had hardly been out of the palace ten times in her life. 'In five years' time,' wrote one of those who was 'sizing her up' for Charles, 'she was not out of doors, until she heard of his majesty's intentions to make her queen of Great Britain; since which she hath been to visit two saints in the city, and very shortly she intends to pay her devotions to some saints in the country.'

I leave you to your own conclusions as to whether this was or was not the best possible preparation Catherine could have made for her new rôle as Queen of the Merry Monarch's court.

By this time you are doubtless thinking of luncheon, which you may want to eat at the George, for Nelson's sake, or may enjoy more if you drive over to Southsea, the fashionable, watering-place section of Portsmouth, and eat at the Queen's Hotel.

Chichester cannot detain you very long if you are en route to London. But when you halt at the fifteenth-century Market Cross, at the meeting of the four main streets, you will like to think that this was the centre of the old Roman town of Regnum. While you're there, inquire at Barrett's bookshop about the possibility of seeing Goodwood House, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Richmond, which is about three miles north of Chichester, in

Goodwood Park, where the races are run, late in July, in the presence of an ultra-fashionable throng.

Unless you are a genuine enthusiast for ecclesiastical architecture, you will probably find that a general impression of the cathedral will satisfy you. The distinctive feature here is the detached belfry, the only one remaining in England.

The town walls of Chichester are built on the Roman foundations, and indicate the extent of the Roman city.

And if you are not pressed for time, I'm sure you'll feel repaid for seeking out Saint Mary's Hospital, in Saint Martin's Lane, and asking to see the magnificent timber roof of the great thirteenth-century hall. Lovers of Turner will wish to see Chichester Channel.

Then, on to Arundel, where one of the most famous castles in England stands on the town-edge of a demesne truly royal, and dominates the little town as completely as ever it can have done in early Norman times.

There are many, many stories I'd like to tell about Arundel Castle and its owners, and about Turner, but when I think of all we have ahead of us in our English journeyings, I know I must forbear. There are, however, a few things of which I'm sure you'll like to be reminded.

Henry I, whose marriage with Matilda of Scotland we recalled at Winchester, was bereft of that virtuous queen after eighteen years of wedded life. When their son and heir was drowned, two years later, Henry fell into a morose melancholy so dreadful that even his greatest nobles feared to enter his presence. After two years of this, the King was persuaded to take a second wife who might bring him an heir, and he married Adelicia of Louvain, a beautiful girl of the most illustrious blood in Christendom, being descended, both through her father and through her mother, from Charlemagne.

This amiable princess must have led a most unenviable life for fifteen years with her tempestuous old husband, to whom she brought no heir; and it is gratifying to know that after his death she married a man after her own heart and lived here in Arundel Castle (which the late king had given her) in great happiness and great fruitfulness, becoming the mother of seven children, through whom she transmitted her Carolingian blood to the Dukes of Norfolk, as her brother (whom she brought to England, dowered with Petworth and married to Agnes, heiress of the Percys) gave it to the Dukes of Northumberland. Those two unfortunate queens whom Henry VIII sent to the scaffold, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were both lineal descendants of Adelicia by her second marriage.

The husband of her choice was evidently a notable charmer; for when he went to France to attend the nuptials of Louis VII with Eleanore of Aquitaine, and won the prize in the wedding tourney, King Louis's mother fell passionately in love with him and desired to wed him.

There is an old tale that when he told her he was pledged to Adelicia, Queen of England, the furious dowager pushed him into a cave in her garden where was kept a fierce lion whose onslaught this William of the Strong Arm parried and whose heart he plucked out.

Your guide-book tells you that King Stephen besieged Arundel Castle. He came here because Matilda, King Henry's daughter, had landed at Portsmouth to claim her father's throne, and from Portsmouth had come to Arundel to claim her stepmother's protection.

As Stephen drew near, Adelicia sent word to him that she was in honor bound to defend her guest, but appealed to Stephen's courtesy not to force her into opposition to the King. And Stephen raised the siege, and withdrew.

The Dukes of Norfolk are the first peers of the realm,

Earls Marshal of England, and the heads of the Roman Catholic party in England.

Petworth, long the home of the Percys, is ten miles north of Arundel; but it is unlikely that you could get in to see its treasures, even if you had time to stop; for visitors are seldom admitted after three o'clock.

Thence your road to London will lead through Guildford to London, the main features of which we shall describe in one of our day-trips out of London.

II

DOVER OR FOLKESTONE, EN ROUTE TO LONDON

Probably because of the short Channel crossing, more travellers from the Continent to England use the Calais–Dover or Boulogne–Folkestone services than use any of the others.

Those who have been in Normandy are more likely to cross from Havre to Southampton, or by the newer service from Caen to Southampton; or to go from Dieppe to Newhaven. But many travellers from Belgium, and from trans-European trains whose terminus is Ostend, land at Dover. Those from Holland go to Harwich, on the east coast of England, or from Flushing to Folkestone.

There are a few other routes, but they are not much used by the tourist.

Of the throngs who land, daily, from the Continent, at Dover and Folkestone, the very great majority have come from inland points, have not started their journey at the coast, which means that they have had a train-ride of several hours before embarking on the Channel boat, and are little likely to reach the English coast before mid-afternoon. Passengers by the ten o'clock train from Paris to Calais, for instance, do not get to Dover much before three.

So, on the supposition that you are one of the European travellers who landed at Naples or at Cherbourg or Havre or Boulogne, or at Antwerp or Rotterdam or Bremen, or elsewhere, and have done your Continental sight-seeing before proceeding to England; and that you will probably

land in Dover or Folkestone not earlier than 3 P.M. or thereabouts, I suggest the following:

Should it chance to be Monday, I'd take train at once for Hastings; up to Ashford, sixteen miles on the main line from Folkestone to London, and then by another line to Hastings, twenty-six miles; and if I had to wait a considerable while at Ashford for my train to Hastings, I'd hire a taxi-cab and drive two miles west, to Great Chart, where there is a most interesting old house, of the sort that Kentish yeomen lived in in the Middle Ages — 'The White House,' they call it.

The west end of Hastings is a typical seaside resort (and when I have said that, I have praised with no faint damn, from my personal point of view; for such are my peculiar abomination), but it has fair-to-middling hotels; the east end of town, where the old fishing-port is, offers an interesting stroll; Hastings is considered by some of my English friends a good hunting-ground for antiques, with unusually honest dealers therein; and Tuesday is the day for visiting Battle Abbey, seven miles away. If you have spent the night at Hastings, you can easily be at the abbey at the earliest hour when visitors are admitted, or even an hour earlier, in the hope that a persuasive manner and a half-crown will get you the glorious place to yourself before any 'trippers' arrive — by which time you can be well on your way north.

Should you use Sunday for your journey from the Continent to England (as so many travellers do), I'd either go straight up to Canterbury (sixteen miles, on the main route to London) and see what I could of it, except the cathedral, which they won't let you see on Sunday, so as to be ready to leave there before noon on Monday. Or, I'd spend the night more comfortably at Folkestone which has many excellent and delightfully situated hotels, and is only seven

miles from Dover (in case you have happened to land there); and if I didn't ride over to Hythe on Sunday afternoon, late, I'd get over there (it's only five miles) on Monday morning, early, before going up to Canterbury, and thence to Rye and Hastings.

I believe I'd go to Battle, even if I couldn't get into the abbey, not only for the tremendous interest of the spot itself, but for the journey thence to London through a section of England that is bewilderingly rich in all that the traveller from overseas most loves.

If you haven't your own car with you, and must economize somewhere (as most of us have to do) in the cost of hiring, I'd recommend using train service except between Battle and Rochester; but for about forty or fifty miles in that area, I'd have a car if it could possibly be afforded.

Now, then, having made these recommendations, we'll begin at Dover and Folkestone and Hythe, go up to Canterbury, and down to Rye and Hastings, then up to London. This is a zigzag track, but the mileage is not great (one hundred and thirty miles or thereabouts, instead of seventy-six from Dover to London direct by boat-train), and a couple of days spent thus will give you glimpses of England for which you cannot be other than glad and grateful all the rest of your life.

One of the things that are always said about Dover is that it is one of the Cinque Ports. Perhaps you're not the kind of person who thereupon says, 'Oh, yes,' and tries to look wise, while groping in those neglected storerooms of memory, where you put your school-book lore, for some vague recollection as to what 'Sank Por' or 'Sink Ports' are. But, as I can't be the only one of that sort, I'm going to tell what I've just found out about them — it being my business (and pleasure!) to exchange vague impressions for definite ones.

In the early days (down, indeed, to those comparatively recent times of the Cabots and Columbus) England had no navy in the sense of a Crown fleet, but depended on the citizens of certain port towns to furnish her with whatever ships and men she needed for her until then quite modest purposes. And in exchange for this service, those ports had exemption from taxes and a large measure of self-government in the matter of courts. There were five of these ports at first — Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich — but Winchelsea and Rye were afterward added, and then each of the main ports took a flock of smaller ports under its protecting wing (to help it, too, as its obligations fell due) until there was a large group of towns and townlets under the jurisdiction of the Warden of the Cinque Ports and his officers.

The great Duke of Wellington was Warden of the Cinque Ports when he died (1852) in Walmer Castle, seven miles from Dover, where the wardens had their residence after they ceased using Dover Castle for it, until 1903, when the late Lord Curzon resigned the wardenship and King George (then Prince of Wales) was appointed in his stead.

Dover is the only one of the Cinque Ports which is still a great port; and Dover Castle is one of the very few ancient castles of England which is still an important item of her defence.

It stands three hundred and seventy-five feet above sea-level and occupies an area of thirty-five acres. The ancient octagonal lighthouse (dating back to about 50 A.D.) is probably the oldest standing structure in England, and undoubtedly a relic of the Roman fort here. There is a very ancient (probably early Saxon) church within the fortress, too, its walls built mainly of the flint characteristic of this county, but its jambs and arches of Roman

bricks; and remains of the Saxon fort; while the superb Norman Keep and the Avranches Tower are among the finest examples of their sort we shall see anywhere in England.

On the western heights (still higher than the eastern, where the castle stands) there was another Roman lighthouse; and in 1854 remains were discovered there of a round church of the Templars, believed to be the one where King John made his submission to the Pope's Nuncio in 1213.

There are, in the town of Dover, some very interesting remains of Saint Martin's priory, including the fine refectory; and the noble hall of the hospice founded in the thirteenth century for the reception of pilgrims of all nations and called the 'Maison Dieu,' or God's House.

The founder of this was Hubert de Burgh who was so great a power in the reigns of King John and of his son King Henry III. It was de Burgh, as you probably recall, who refused to let King John put out the eyes of young Prince Arthur of whom John had made de Burgh jailer.

Once, when Hubert was in disgrace with Henry III (perhaps because the King coveted Hubert's enormous wealth, and hoped to seize it), a common smith refused to put fetters on 'the man who restored England to the English' — by which he referred to the most memorable of all Hubert's great services to his country, his victory at the battle of Dover, which put an end to the French war for the English Crown.

King John's rebellious barons had appealed to the Dauphin Louis, son of Philippe Auguste, to come and rule England in John's stead. And Louis came. He not only came, but he found many to welcome him. So that when John died and left a nine-year-old heir, it looked very much as if Louis might have little difficulty in overcoming the last resistance to his coronation.

But Hubert was Warden of the Five Ports; and when the French fleet, bringing reinforcements to the French cause, sailed from Calais, it was met, off Dover, by Hubert's ships, defeated, and demolished. The French fleet was commanded by a notorious freebooter who is known as Eustace the Monk, who was believed to practice black art, under the direction of the Devil. So you may know what the conquest and destruction of such a man meant to the popular fame of Hubert.

Hubert is, I dare say, the most romantic figure among all the celebrated men who have been Wardens of the Five Ports and Lords of Dover Castle — not even excepting the Duke of Wellington who, with Nelson, again saved England from French sovereignty.

If you have a car at your disposal, you may like to make a little run along the coast north of Dover, as far as Sandwich, which is fifteen miles, or at least as far as Deal, which is nine miles. Or, you might go that way to Canterbury, adding eleven miles to the shorter route between that city and Dover.

At Walmer Castle, where the Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports lived until the close of Lord Curzon's wardenship, you may see the room wherein the great Duke of Wellington died, and his death-bed. And you may like to remember that William Pitt was Warden in 1801 when Nelson came here to confer with him before going to Trafalgar.

Deal, two miles farther, is believed to be where Julius Cæsar landed, in 55 B.C. And Sandwich is an exceedingly quaint old town, near which is Richborough Castle with interesting Roman ruins, including the foundations of what was probably a lighthouse.

All these towns have motor-bus service running to Dover and to Canterbury. So, if you are not too hurried, you may

go that way from Dover to Canterbury, and see them en route. Indeed, the motor-bus service connecting all these southeast coast towns is such that the traveller with some leisure (which, unfortunately, most travellers have *not*) may junket all over these parts at trifling expense.

Folkestone hasn't many 'sights,' but is a delightful place for a long or short sojourn. And medical men, at least, will wish to see the Harvey aisle and window, presented by three thousand of their fellows, to the ancient church of Saints Mary and Eanswith, to commemorate William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and a native of Folkestone. While Dickens-lovers will probably seek out Number 3 Albion Villas where the opening chapters of 'Little Dorrit' were written.

Hythe, five miles west of Folkestone, once one of the Cinque Ports, is now a popular seaside resort. I don't know that I'd urge it on the attention of the traveller bent upon Canterbury.

Most of us, I think, approach Canterbury quite overwhelmed with the sense of all it represents and that we ought to recall there — and probably will not!

The last thing to which I would willingly contribute would be the limitation of any one's mental rovings among the memories of a shrine like Canterbury; but in the probability that there are others who, like myself, have to content them with a few outstanding impressions selected from the multitude that offer, I shall venture to suggest that he will not do ill at Canterbury who is able to think definitely there of Becket and of Tennyson and of Irving; as of Chaucer and his Pilgrims; and to add a little about the Black Prince, besides harking back not too uncertainly to Saint Augustine.

You will, of course, go as much farther as you like, and can. But if this is all you can manage in the brief half-day

that most Canterbury pilgrimages are now compressed into, I hold that you will have got much more than enough to repay you for your whole journey overseas.

Coming from Sandwich, you will enter Canterbury by Saint Martin's Lane. Coming from Dover by road you may reach it by a turn to the north before reaching South Station; or, coming by train, go up Chantry Lane toward Saint Augustine's College and Saint Martin's Church.

You who know Rome are familiar with the story (see 'So You're Going to Italy,' p. 118) of Pope Gregory the Great and his interest in the conversion of the blue-eyed, fair-haired race whom he called 'not Angles, but angels,' and his sending Saint Augustine on that mission. Augustine's destination was this already ancient town of Canterbury, the capital of Ethelbert, a Saxon King of Kent, whose French Queen, Bertha, was already a Christian and had as her oratory the tiny church now called Saint Martin's, which may have been part of a Roman temple when Roman villas covered this hill, or may have been one of the very early Christian churches of England, daughter of Saint Joseph's 'little lonely church' at Glastonbury.

Whatever its origin, it became under Augustine of the same sacredness to English Christianity as Reims had become to French Christianity a century earlier. And as Clovis was led to the new faith by his Christian Queen, Clothilde, so their descendant, Bertha, led Ethelbert; and he was baptized here as Augustine's first convert.

From the elevation whereon this venerable wee church stands, we have a superb view, to westward, of Saint Augustine's College and of the cathedral. The most glorious time to be here is toward sunset; but that is not often practicable for the modern pilgrim.

Once upon a time, in Canterbury, my mother and I made

the acquaintance of a very young native who offered his services as a guide! (And, at that, was more entertaining than some of the older gentry who offer themselves, here and elsewhere, in the same capacity, and not notably less-informed.) He had never been in the cathedral, which he assured us was 'for swells'; and it seemed unlikely that he would ever adventure in. His chief anxiety seemed to be to show us the site of Checquers Inn. We like small-boy guides, so we hired Percy. He was one of a numerous family, he told us. 'We're 'oppers; we all 'op but the byeby; 'e's two: 'e'll 'op next year.'

Translated into American, this means that his family worked at hop-picking, all but the baby who was two and could not pick until next year. As hop-picking time is a very brief season in September, and nothing was said about any other occupation, we were left to infer that during the rest of the year the other members of the family (except, perhaps, the mother) enjoyed a leisure as complete as the byeby's.

The next year, we were again at Canterbury, and lost no time in finding Percy and securing his services. I expressed a wish to go again to Saint Martin's Church, and I could feel Percy's contempt for my choice.

'Hagain?' he queried bitterly. 'W'at fer?'

I tried to explain, but saw that I was unconvincing.

'Where,' I asked, 'do you want to take us?'

Percy's professional pride had been ruffled, and he bristled with dignity and scant forbearance.

'I *was* takin' you,' he answered, 'to the 'ospital'; and his tone indicated that we were missing a very great deal by our obdurate devotion to Saint Martin's.

'Oh!' I murmured, so abjectly that he was conciliated.

'Last week,' he explained, 'a lady that was 'oppin' with my folks, got *bit* by somethin', an' turned as black as yer shoe, swelled as big as a bar'l, an' died there.'

And it was in us to spend more time looking at Saint Martin's Church when we might be visiting the scene of history so much more recent and so — well, I suppose *vivid* is not the word for a demise so extraordinarily sable; and I'm not sure it was *dramatic;* but indubitably it was interesting and, to those with an unperverted sense, important.

So we went, very meekly, to regard the 'ospital, and after that Percy tolerated our unaccountable taste and accompanied us again to Saint Martin's.

This little episode has always seemed to me to have in it a great deal of food for the amiable traveller's reflection. It's worth a lot to us, say I, as we go our way poking for vestiges of Saint Augustine (for instance), to get another fellow's point of view on what is interesting — especially if he's a native of the place we're visiting. And I can testify that Saint Augustine and his first English church, and the beginnings of the primacy of all England, have lost none of their interest for me because I paid my pilgrim's respects also at the shrine of the lady 'opper whose death was so 'orrible.

I do not ask you to seek out the 'ospital — it needs no seeking — but if you want to think of that lady as you pass, I'm giving you the opportunity. There is nothing to note in Longport Street as you pursue it westward, between Saint Martin's and Monastery Street, where Saint Augustine's abbey ruins are, but the Prison, whose claims upon our interest are many, I doubt not, had we but Percy to enlighten us as to them, and the 'ospital.

At the north end of Monastery Street you'll find the thirteenth-century entrance gateway of the abbey which was for many centuries the second in importance of all the hundreds of Benedictine monasteries throughout Europe. Saint Augustine, King Ethelbert and Queen Bertha were all buried in the abbey precincts, probably in the first

church. The site is now, most appropriately, occupied by Saint Augustine's College for training missionaries.

One ought, I think, to make his first approach to the cathedral in the time-honored way, through Mercery Lane, the Butter Market, and Christ's Church Gateway; and to pause, just inside the gateway, at Number 3, The Precincts, to get a day-permit to view the cathedral unattended and at leisure. Go around once, in a party, with a verger if you like; pick up from him what you can; and then loiter and look and reflect at your will. Once, when I wanted to spend a Sunday afternoon in the cathedral, and it was not permitted, the Dean gave me a note to one of the vergers who was an exceptionally well-informed man and made that round of the edifice the most satisfying of any in my experience. I'd give you his name if I could recall it — but I can't; and, anyway, it was at least a dozen years ago, or more, and he was an elderly man then — so he may long since have been serving Elsewhere. If, however, you want more than an impression of Canterbury Cathedral, you might do well to inquire at Number 3 for some one connected with the cathedral who serves, on occasion, as an extra-special guide.

Checquers Inn, of Chaucer's time, stood at the northwest corner of High Street and Mercery Lane; and beneath the ancient house now on that spot (at our left as we enter the Lane) are the old vaulted cellars of the hostelry. And as you are a Canterbury Pilgrim, of your sort, you will not fail to buy something in Mercery Lane — if not healing-water from Becket's Well (as of old), then perhaps a picture-postcard of Becket's Crown.

I hope you will have no eyes for any book, when you are actually standing within Christ's Church Gateway, gasping at what meets your gaze. But you will, doubtless, have read this before going there, and may dip into it again when

the first 'wonder and amaze' have permitted inquiry to keep company with sheer ecstasy. So I'm noting a few things I think you'll wish to recall. Such, for instance, as that the cathedral Saint Augustine built here (not many missionaries live to build cathedrals, do they?) is said to have been a basilica imitated from old Saint Peter's at Rome; and it seems to have served the archbishops of England until the tenth century; 'and thereafter, largely rebuilt and with heightened walls but still essentially the same, it housed them for a century more.'

Danish fires began its destruction and Norman fires completed it; and when the Conqueror's new Norman archbishop began a new cathedral, he quite naturally patterned it after the great church of Saint Stephen which Duke William had just built at Caen in Normandy. But this proved inadequate, and his immediate successor pulled part of it down and rebuilt that part and others on a much larger scale. This structure was consecrated in 1130, in the presence of Henry I of England and King David of Scotland and every bishop of the realm, and so great a dedication had not happened, they said, since that of Solomon's Temple. It was this church in which, forty years later, Becket was murdered. And four years after that it was half-ruined by fire, which so maddened monks and people with grief that they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the remaining structure with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and his saints for permitting such a calamity.

The destruction was chiefly in the glorious new choir, and the rebuilding, which began at once, was concentrated on the east end of the church. The early-Norman nave of Lanfranc, William the Conqueror's archbishop, stood for more than three hundred years (one of his west towers survived for nearly eight centuries) and was not pulled down

and replaced until Chaucer's time — completed in the year of his death, 1400. So that, notwithstanding the extraordinary popularity of Becket's shrine, nothing was done for two centuries to extend or improve the church housing it.

We enter by a door on the south side of the southwest tower, and find ourselves in the 'bare and cold and glaring' nave, 'scraped to the very bone, stripped of all except the architect's first result, and empty even of facilities for occasional prayer; for at Canterbury, as in many another English church of largest size, only the screened-off choir is put to use, while the nave is abandoned to the sight-seer's undevoutness'; whereas, 'in the old days [I quote from Mrs. Van Rensselaer] an interior like this was covered in every inch of wall and floor and ceiling with color and gold in tints that charmed the eye and figures that warmed emotion, and was lighted by windows like colossal gems and tapers like innumerable stars — color and light and incense-smoke mingling together to work a tone of radiant depth and strength. It was furnished with altars, tombs, chantries, trophies, statues, and embroidered hangings, trodden by troops of gaudily dressed ecclesiastics, and filled with a never-lessening crowd of worshippers.'

With her help you are doubtless able to see all this as you pass through, on your way to the screened-off choir. And you will probably be grateful, too, for her reminder that 'these English churches were meant to be divided . . . they were not intended first of all for laymen's accommodation, as were the cathedrals built by the *communes* of France to meet their civic no less than their religious needs. They were special places of worship for the cathedral chapter. The people were given free access to the nave, and at proper times were admitted within the eastern limb to gaze upon its crowning glories and to pay reverence to its holy

dead. But they did not belong there, and the old screens express the fact.'

The Choir of Canterbury may have been built to the glory of God, but the parts east of the choir were indisputably built to the glory of Thomas à Becket — and that, too, within a decade of his death.

So, suppose we imagine ourselves halted between nave and choir, before ascending the steps from which we may look down upon the scene of Becket's martyrdom, and recall some things about the career that closed in blood which generations of worshippers deemed sacrificial and shed in their behalf.

Becket's mother was a native of Caen, in Normandy, and his father a citizen of Rouen, but they had migrated to London before Thomas was born, and were in circumstances both affluent and influential while their son was growing up, so that they were able to give him an excellent education. But when he came back from his theological studies in Paris, the family fortunes had suffered a reverse and he was obliged to take a position as a notary in the service of one of his rich relations; and soon thereafter somebody commended Thomas to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Theobald) whom he was eventually to succeed in office. Theobald took Thomas to Rome, and perhaps helped him to pursue his studies at Bologna, in Italy, and Auxerre, in France, where he specialized in canon law, not in theology.

Theobald was opposed to King Stephen's effort to ensure the English Crown to his son by having him crowned during his father's lifetime (as was commonly done by earlier kings, fearful of quarrels over their succession), and sent Thomas to Rome to prevent sanction of it. Thomas's success in this gave him, naturally, a strong claim on the gratitude of Henry of Anjou who soon thereafter became King Henry II.

In the year that Henry became king, Thomas took deacon's orders and was immediately made Archdeacon of Canterbury, and in the next year he was made Chancellor of the realm, with enormous power in all affairs of state. Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, hoped that his protégé Thomas would use his influence with the young king to support those privileges which the Church had wrested from Stephen. But Thomas was distinctly the young King's man, and not the old churchman's; and he not only taxed the Church heavily to finance Henry's fighting in France, but fought in person to increase his sovereign's domain.

When Thomas was forty-four, his old patron, Theobald, died, and Henry made Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England. Henry supposed, naturally enough, that he was putting Thomas in a position where the latter could with least hindrance plunder and yoke the Church for the King's purposes of conquest and autocracy. But something happened to Thomas! His consecration was no mere investiture of power to him; he was the head of the Church, and its interests were his to serve and to defend. He fasted and prayed, and took counsel of churchmen only. He resigned his chancellorship, although the Pope gave him a dispensation to hold it along with the primacy.

Henry had found England suffering horribly from what was practically the anarchy of Stephen's reign, and he purposed giving his realm a firm, vigorous government which should leave no one in doubt as to who was the head of the country. In pursuit of this determination, he was tireless. 'He never sits down,' said one who observed him closely; 'he is always on his legs from morning till night.' And his legs were bowed, beneath a square, stout frame with bull neck and fiery face and prominent eyes and close-

cropped hair. His hands were coarse and strong. His dress was careless.

'Sparing in diet, never resting nor giving his servants rest, chatty, inquisitive, endowed with a singular charm of address and strength of memory, obstinate in love or hatred, a fair scholar, a great hunter, his general air that of a rough, passionate, busy man' — such was Henry Plantagenet. And like a much later Henry, a busy man of our own times, he was without reverence for the past, for traditions or precedents, and impatient of those who held themselves bound by reverence for these things.

Henry's attitude toward the Church was almost that of an outsider. When he went to Mass, he whispered and scribbled and looked at picture-books. He never confessed nor communicated. He couldn't comprehend the change that had come over Becket. He must have known all about another Henry (his own mother's father-in-law, that Emperor Henry IV was!) and Hildebrand; but he rode full tilt into the same fight. Every election of bishop or abbot was to take place before royal officers, in the King's chapel, and with the King's assent. The prelate-elect was bound to do homage to the King for his lands, before consecration, and to hold his lands as a barony from the King, subject to all feudal burdens of taxation and attendance in the King's court. No bishop might leave the realm without the royal permission. A King's officer was to be present at all ecclesiastical court proceedings, to see that they were strictly churchly and did not impinge upon the King's justice. The privilege of sanctuary in churches or churchyards should be curtailed so as not to protect property — only persons. These were some of the things Becket strove against and was forced to assent to.

He had been primate only about two stormy years when there came the celebrated Council of Northampton, in the

great hall of the castle there, where charges were brought against Becket and his very life was said to be threatened. But, 'grasping his arch-episcopal cross he entered the royal court, forbade the nobles to condemn him, and appealed to the Papal See. Shouts of "Traitor! Traitor!" followed him as he retired. The Primate turned fiercely at the word: "Were I a knight," he retorted, "my sword should answer that foul taunt!" At nightfall he fled in disguise, and reached France through Flanders.'

For six years he was in exile. Then, in the late summer of 1170, a hollow reconciliation with Henry having taken place in France, Becket returned to Canterbury. When his clerks rejoiced at seeing England again, he said, sadly, 'You will wish yourselves elsewhere before fifty days are gone.'

Henry's irritation with him continued. The temper of the King was choleric in the extreme; and it was like him, in one of his frequent bursts of blasphemous and exclamatory fury, to cry, 'Will no one rid me of this man?'

Zealous to serve their master, or perhaps to avenge some personal grievances against Becket, four knights forced their way into the Archbishop's chamber in his palace, and after a stormy parley with him, withdrew to arm. Becket was persuaded by his clerks to take sanctuary in the cathedral. 'But as he reached the steps leading from the transept to the choir his pursuers burst in from the cloisters. "Where," cried Reginald Fitzurse in the dusk of the dimly lighted minster, "is the traitor, Thomas Becket?" The Primate turned resolutely back: "Here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God," he replied, and again descending the steps he placed himself with his back against a pillar and fronted his foes.

'All the bravery, the violence of his old knightly life seemed to revive in Thomas as he tossed back the threats

and demands of his assailants. "You are our prisoner," shouted Fitzurse, and the four knights seized him to drag him from the church. "Do not touch me, Reginald!" shouted the Primate, "pander that you are, you owe me fealty"; and availing himself of his great personal strength he shook him roughly off. "Strike, strike," retorted Fitzurse, and blow after blow struck Thomas to the ground. A retainer of Ranulf de Broc with the point of his sword scattered the Primate's brains on the ground. "Let us be off," he cried triumphantly, "this traitor will never rise again."'

Now, before we pass on to the story of Becket as a saint and his shrine as a place of pilgrimage, I'm going to remind you of some of the many interesting things associated with Tennyson's great poetic drama, 'Becket,' and the part played, not only in acting it, but in preparing it for the stage, by Henry Irving. The quotations I have made above are from J. R. Green's 'History of the English People'; and Green said that all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him 'so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's "Becket."'

'My father's view of Becket,' Hallam Tennyson wrote, 'was as follows: Becket was a really great and impulsive man, with a firm sense of duty, and, when he renounced the world, looked upon himself as the head of that Church which was the people's "tower of strength, their bulwark against throne and baronage." This idea so wrought in his dominant nature as to betray him into many rash acts; and later he lost himself in the idea. His enthusiasm reached a spiritual ecstasy which carries the historian along with it; and his humanity and abiding tenderness for the poor, the weak, and the unprotected, heighten the impression so much as to make the poet feel passionately the wronged

Rosamund's reverential devotion for him when she kneels praying over his body in Canterbury Cathedral.'

Tennyson began his 'Becket' in December, 1876. The following August, he and his son Hallam visited Canterbury and went over 'each separate scene of Becket's martyrdom.' The poem, however, was not published until December, 1884, because Tennyson thought the intervening 'time was not ripe' for presenting it to the public.

Irving had acted in Tennyson's 'Queen Mary' and in 'The Cup,' and was anxious to put on some other play of the Laureate's. When 'Becket' was published, he considered it, and felt that there was a play in it; but he could not see its outline. He took the book to America with him, both on his tour of 1884–85, and again on his tour of 1887–88, and worked indefatigably on it to make it stage-worthy, but without avail.

When he returned to England, he tried to prevail upon Tennyson to write a play for him on the subject of Dante, or King Arthur, or Robin Hood, or to dramatize 'Enoch Arden'; but none of these suggestions appealed to the poet.

In 1891, Irving played Wolsey (in Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII') all season, and seems to have been moved thereby to fresh consideration of playing 'Becket.'

In 1892, Bram Stoker (Irving's personal representative and his biographer) had been spending part of Holy Week in Cornwall, and came up to London on Good Friday night. On Saturday night, at Irving's request, they had supper together in the Beefsteak Room (Irving's private supper room in his London theatre, the Lyceum) and 'when we had lit our cigars,' Stoker wrote, 'he opened a great packet of foolscap and took out "Becket" as he had arranged it. He had taken two copies of the book, and when he had marked the cuts in duplicate he had cut out neatly all the deleted scenes and passages . . . so that any one reading it

would not see as he went along what had been cut out. . . . "Becket" as written is enormously long, the adapted play is only five sevenths of the original length. Before he began to read, Irving said: "I think I have got it at last!"

'. . . As he read it the story became a fascination. There was no doubting how the part of Becket appealed to him. He was greatly moved at some of the passages, especially in the last act. . . . We sat until four o'clock, talking over the play . . . when he saw that we were taken with it, Irving became more expansive. He said it was a true "miracle" play — a holy theme; and that he had felt already in studying it that it made him a better man.'

On the Tuesday following, Stoker went down to Farringford on the Isle of Wight to see Tennyson about it.

'He was lying on a sofa in his study . . . and was a little fretful at first, as he was ill with a really bad cold; but he was interested in my message and cheered up at once. I asked if he would allow Irving to alter "Becket." He answered, "Irving may do whatever he pleases with it!" "In that case, Lord Tennyson," said I, "Irving will do the play within a year."

'He seemed greatly gratified, and sat turning the manuscript over, making a running commentary as he went along. When he came to the scene in Northampton Castle, I put before him Irving's suggestion that he should introduce a speech amplifying the idea conveyed in the shout of the kneeling crowd: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" Something which would, from a dramatic point of view, strengthen Becket's position.

'"But where am I to get such a speech?"

'As we sat we were sheltered by the Downs from the sea which thunders night and day under one of the highest cliffs in England. I pointed out toward the Downs and said: "There it is! In the roar of the sea!" The idea was

evidently already in his mind, and when he sent up to Irving a few days later the new material, the mighty sound of the surge and the blast were in his words:

Hubert. The voice of the people blesses thee.
Becket. And I bless
The people, love them, live for them — and yet
Not me, not me! they bless the Church in me.
The Voice of the people goes against the king,
The Voice of the Lord is in the Voice of the People!
The Voice of the Lord is in the warring floods,
And He will lead his people into Peace!
The Voice of the Lord will shake the wilderness
The barren wilderness of unbelief!
The Voice of the Lord will break the cedar-trees —
The Kings and Rulers that have closed their ears
Against the Voice — and at their hour of doom
The Voice of the Lord will hush the hounds of Hell
That ever yelp and snarl at Holy Church
In everlasting silence!

These were among the last lines that Tennyson ever wrote. He died without ever having heard them spoken on the stage.

'I suppose,' he said, when he lay dying, 'I shall never see "Becket"?'

'I fear not,' his physician answered.

Tennyson seemed to struggle with his disappointment, and then said, 'I can trust Irving — he will do me justice!'

He was buried in Westminster Abbey on October 12, 1892.

'Becket' was produced on February 6, 1893, on Irving's fifty-fifth birthday, and was an enormous success. Irving played it 147 times in London, 92 times in the British Provinces, and 69 times in America. And on at least two memorable occasions Irving read the play at benefits — once, in May, 1897, in the recently restored Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral, for the benefit of the Cathedral Restoration Fund, for which he thus raised over £250; and

four years later in the Great Hall of the castle at Winchester, at the celebration of the King Alfred Millenary, for the benefit of the Expense Fund.

'Becket' was the last thing Irving played; and the dying speech of the martyr-prelate as he rolled down the steps in his cathedral, were Irving's last words upon the stage: 'Into Thy hands, O Lord! into Thy hands!'

Belief in the efficacy of Becket's bones to work miracles brought millions of pilgrims here in the three-and-a-half centuries intervening between his death and the spoliation of his tomb and shrine by Henry VIII's orders. The bones are gone, now, and the gorgeous, glittering shrine is scarce even a memory. But one may come here for spiritual healing, none the less. Irving found himself 'a better man' for having studied Tennyson's play. We who have come to Canterbury with that play in our minds cannot be other than devout pilgrims; and it is not Becket, wholly, who makes us such. It is the grand poet who interpreted Becket, and the grand actor who represented him, whose spirits aggrandize us as we stand here and feel ourselves in momentary association with them. Let Tennyson brush your arm, lightly, as you mount the choir steps to look down into the martyrdom. Try to feel something of what he feels as that great last scene of his poetic drama begins to word itself in his mind. Make way for Henry Irving, as he stands, deeply moved, pondering that death-struggle of Becket's which was to be so very far from his last fight for the things he believed in and conserved.

What Tennyson and Irving did to fire and feed the ideality of their generation makes the memory of their presence here glow like a shrine of old, all aglitter with the votive jewels of those they've benefited, lit by the gleam of ten thousand flickering tapers.

And when you've paid your reverence thereat, and have

noted the door opening into the cloisters (through an earlier door, similarly placed, the murderers of Becket rushed), come with me, as slowly or as unlingeringly as you choose, through the choir and its transepts, and on back to Trinity Chapel.

Fifty years after Becket's death, his remains were brought from the crypt where they had rested hitherto, and enshrined here with the utmost magnificence. Within two years of his murder, Becket had been canonized, and plenary indulgences were granted for a visit to his shrine.

It was at that first tomb, in the crypt, that Henry II lay during his night of penance, his body bared to the lash of the monks who must have had a great satisfaction in their task. To the crypt came, likewise, the first husband of Henry's wife, Eleanore of Aquitaine, to pray for the health of his son and heir by his second wife, that son Philippe Auguste who lived to become such a great king of France, whereas his father died of a cold caught in that crypt, praying for him. The father, Louis VII, was wearing, while he prayed there in the crypt, the great diamond known as the 'Régale of France'; and when he refused to donate it to the shrine, it leaped from his ring ('tis said) and fixed itself in the shrine, where it sparkled until Henry VIII appropriated it.

The translation of the shrine to the chapel built for it was the most magnificent pageant that could be devised for it by Archbishop Stephen Langton who had led the barons of England in their struggle to wrest the Magna Charta from Henry II's son, King John.

Princes bore the pall, at this translation, and the Archbishop of Reims said Mass.

Three hundred years later, another part of the crypt, near where Becket's shrine had been, where the King suffered the lash for his part in the death of the Lord's anointed, resounded with the clack of silk-looms and the

singing of psalms; for Queen Elizabeth not only permitted the French and Flemish Protestants, who had fled to Canterbury for refuge, to worship there, but to work there as well. And there, to this day, their descendants worship!

You are now, however, approaching the place to which the shrine was translated. And as you are a true pilgrim, one who travels not merely with a camera-eye, but with a retrospective vision, you are seeing many things not evident to the sight of some who stand beside you.

You are back in the days of the Canterbury pilgrims of the fourteenth century — or even a year or so earlier, perhaps, in order that you may be present at the marriage in this chapel of Edward I and Marguerite of France whom the warrior-king wedded after nine years of desolate widowerhood following the death of his 'Chère Reine.' You see the throng of worshippers ascending on their knees the stairs you have just trod. While you, and they, await the raising of the wooden cover on Saint Thomas's shrine, and the breath-taking disclosure of its blazing magnificence, your attention is fixed upon a portly man with an elfish face, a fresh complexion, gray eyes, a straight nose, and a forked beard; he wears a dark-colored dress and a headdress somewhat like a widow's cap and veil of to-day; and at his girdle hang a knife and a pen-case. He looks genial, but not talkative — like a man who enjoys a good meal, a good bottle, and a good book. He doesn't seem to be what we call 'a good mixer'; yet his slight aloofness from the other pilgrims is only apparent — he is not holding himself apart from them, but is silently appraising them.

His name is Geoffrey Chaucer, and he is destined to shine in history as the Morning Star of English literature. He doesn't know that — but you do!

His name is an English contraction of the French word 'chausseur,' or shoemaker; but his father and probably his

CHAUCER AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III
By Ford Maddox Brown

grandfather also was a vintner, or wine-seller, in London. Geoffrey may have been born in Thames Street, London. At any rate, he lived there as a little boy until he became a page in the household of the Duchess of Clarence. Later, he was a soldier and was taken prisoner in France; and he must have been a pretty good soldier, or of recognized value as a servant in peace, because the King (Edward III) contributed to his ransom, and then gave him a pension. His wife is named Philippa (probably for Edward III's Queen), and her sister, Catherine, is destined to become the third wife of John of Gaunt (the King's son), after having been his mistress for many years.

Geoffrey wrote a long elegiac poem called 'The Book of the Duchesse' when John of Gaunt's first wife died; and, as he had already done a good deal of translating from the French poets, he was doubtless classed as a man of letters as well as a courtier on his seven diplomatic missions abroad. He seems to have met Boccaccio at Florence, and learned of Dante from him, besides making acquaintance with Boccaccio's own works, which influenced him more profoundly than any others. It is probable that he met Petrarch, too, and caught direct from the Father of the Italian Renaissance that which was to make him the founder of English literature.

All these impressions of his journeys overseas are in Chaucer's mind as you catch your sight of him in the throng at Becket's shrine. I don't know what has brought him hither; maybe he needs a plenary indulgence; or he may be here on some of those multifarious businesses for the Crown which fill his life. But he is not thinking of Becket so much as of the curious assortment of folk kneeling at Becket's shrine. *Why* did they come? And *whence* did they come? And what difference, if any, will this pilgrimage make in their lives?

Just the sort of things you and I think about our fellow travellers to Europe and in Europe!

Are you watching Geoffrey very closely? Can you tell that he has got an idea?

Well enough he knows the ways of these pilgrims! It's a junket, for most of them, with the shrine but an excuse for a journey in jolly company.

Some enterprising London landlord, like Harry Bailey of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, advertises that a company will set out from his place for Canterbury on such-and-such a date. Travelling alone is both perilous and boresome; but these companies are said to be very gay — sometimes very, very gay indeed. One of them may well furnish a variety of viewpoint, of experience, of types, much greater than Boccaccio had in his Decameron plague-fleeing house-party. Why not, here, the foundation for a story-telling poem full of the flavors of English life late in the fourteenth century, instead of French troubadour exotics?

Look at that buxom wife of Bath, that sailor fresh from frays in the Channel, that Franklin (or freeholder) in whose house it doubtless 'snows of meat and drink,' that Prioress and her attendant nun, that Knight and his Squire, that Oxford clerk cheek-by-jowl with the Ploughman and the Cook!

They have been some three-and-a-half days en route from London, coming at a pace so gentle that a 'canter' (short for 'Canterbury') is still descriptive of unhaste; they have enlivened the journey as they could. Suppose they told stories, as fellow travellers nearly always do? What a variety there must have been!

Now, England (mind you!), after three centuries of Norman rule, is beginning to teach English in her schools (where only French has hitherto been taught) and to use English in Parliament and her courts of law, and in her pulpits; Wyclif is writing his tracts in English.

The time is ripe, our Geoffrey Chaucer feels, for a great popular narrative poem, in English, about everyday English folks telling one another the stories that most interest them.

When you have done with watching Chaucer and his types of Canterbury pilgrims, you will wish (doubtless) to reflect a moment on the three monuments left in the Trinity Chapel. What honor it must have been held to have burial beside Becket's shrine, you may imagine.

But of all who were honored thus, we have (surviving all the successive desecrations that have wrought havoc in English cathedrals) only three left. There is Archbishop Courtenay, who was Archbishop of Canterbury during the years when Chaucer was writing his later Canterbury tales; and there is the gallant Prince of Wales of Chaucer's heyday, best-known as the 'Black Prince'; and there is Chaucer's last royal patron, Henry IV, nephew of the Black Prince and son of Chaucer's great patron, John of Gaunt.

He whom we know as the Black Prince was the eldest of Edward III's seven sons, and in his youth a gallant warrior; heroic at Crécy when only sixteen, victor at Poitiers and captor of the King of France whom he took prisoner, to England, when but twenty-seven, this Prince of Wales (like a later one) passed the age of thirty, in that day of very early marriages, without succumbing to the charms of any of the princesses offered him. He was, indeed, eager to marry; but his parents opposed his choice. The lady he wanted was his distant cousin Joanna, the Fair Maid of Kent, whose father was a son of Edward I's old age, by Marguerite of France. This made her father, the Earl of Kent, half-brother to the grandfather of Edward the Black Prince; which doesn't seem a prohibitive degree of relationship, considering the way royalties have intermarried. But in addition to this, there were other obstacles: Joanna

had been questionably divorced, once, and unquestionably widowed, once; she had three children, was four years older than Edward, and Edward had stood sponsor to her two boys at their baptism — which was an impediment to marriage in the laws of the Church. But Joanna or none other was the prince's determination. So his parents yielded, and he married his Joan, when he was thirty-one and she was thirty-five.

And down in the crypt near where Saint Thomas once lay, you may see the beautiful chantry he gave the Church in reward for smothering its objections to his union. His father invested him with the Duchy of Aquitaine (which Henry II's queen had brought to England as her dower) and the bridal couple set off to govern it.

Froissart, then twenty-four years old and one of the clerks of the Chamber to the Queen (Philippa, of Hainault, which was Froissart's town), was with her when the royal family was bidding good-bye to the Prince and Princess of Wales. 'During this visit,' Froissart says, 'as I was seated on a bench, I heard an ancient knight expounding some of the prophecies of Merlin to the Queen's ladies. According to him, neither the Prince of Wales nor the Duke of Clarence [his next younger brother] will wear the crown of England, but it will fall to the house of Lancaster' — John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster was Edward III's third son.

The Black Prince died a year before his father; so he did not wear the crown of England; but his son did — that unfortunate Richard II who was deposed to make room for his cousin, Henry IV, of Lancaster.

That Henry was also married to a lady named Joanna, whose first husband (the Duke of Brittany) had helped Henry gather forces to invade England and claim the crown. The widowed Joanna (mother of nine children) was married to widower Henry (father of six) in Winchester

Cathedral, you'll remember; and she shares his sepulture here at Canterbury, although Henry died of leprosy, and Joanna had been accused and imprisoned as a witch.

In the circular chapel called the 'Corona,' at the east end of the cathedral, lies the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Reginald Pole, who was about a third-cousin of Queen Mary Tudor and who died on the same day she did. Becket's skull (saved from his tomb when Henry VIII ordered its destruction) is said to be preserved here. And there is a chair, certainly *not* Saint Augustine's (as it is called), which is used at the enthronement of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

The cathedral precincts are almost (perhaps altogether) more beautiful than the interior, not for themselves alone, but because they afford so many magnificent views of the cathedral. I hope you may have time not only to wander in them, but to *sit* in some dreamful spot and let all that you are seeing and all that you are thinking and feeling get so deep into your eternal consciousness that nothing can ever shake it out.

When you feel that you must eat luncheon, you'll find three hotels to choose from, all on High Street not far from Mercery Lane.

And as you leave town for Ashford, en route to Battle, you'll go down Castle Street and you'll glimpse the keep of the old Norman castle, the moat, and a section of the city walls.

Hastings is forty miles from Canterbury. If motoring, leave the road six miles south of Ashford, at Ham Street, for the smaller road which runs through Appledore to Rye.

Of Rye (where Henry James lived for nearly a quarter of a century) Mr. Howells said: 'What is precious about Rye is that with its great charm it does not insist upon being

dramatically different from hundreds or thousands of other lovely old towns.'

I wonder what Rye said when it read that!

Mr. A. G. Bradley, a resident of Rye, who writes of her, and of her neighbors, delightfully, in 'An Old Gate of England,' voices the sentiments, not of his townsmen alone, but of most of their many callers, when he says: 'Rye is unique. There is no doubt whatever about that.'

'One does not look,' he goes on to say, 'for a miniature Gibraltar or a Mont Saint Michel on this generally mild-mannered coast. But here we have an insulated sandstone rock rising sharply out of a green coast strip that for twenty miles is as flat as a billiard table, and actually below the level of the sea. . . . Clustering upon the aforesaid rock, one sees the ancient town as a pyramid of red roofs climbing gently to an apex clearly defined by one of the noblest churches in Sussex.'

Rye is, indeed, 'the most painted town in England.' 'Artists revel in its quaint old cobbled streets, and rave over its distant effects,' as they 'sit in serried rows in the streets.'

And 'I have never met,' says Mr. Bradley, 'with any other country town that has inspired a local chronicler to write its history in over six hundred pages of small print.'

Of all those six hundred pages there are not many that the hurrying pilgrim need try to recall. I think most of us with a brief time to stop are content to enjoy Rye as a picture and not look for any 'text' about her.

We are content to take tea at the George Hotel, or the Ship and Anchor, or the Mermaid Inn (preferably the latter), and wander in Watchbell Street choosing which of all the 'adorable' houses we'd like to live in; and to gaze at the old Norman tower called 'Wipers' and spelled 'Ypres' ('Tommy' did not originate this, in Flanders, in 1914), and

see what we can of Lamb House, which belonged to Henry James and was his home.

Perhaps you recall what he said, in a chapter on Rye in his 'English Hours':

'At favored seasons there appear within the precinct sundry slouch-hatted gentlemen who study her charms through a small telescope formed by their curved finger and thumb. Leading a train of English and American lady pupils, they distribute their disciples at selected points, where the Master going his rounds from hour to hour, reminds you of nothing so much as a busy *chef* with many saucepans on the stove and periodically lifting their covers for a sniff and a stir. There are ancient doorsteps which are used for their convenience of view and where the fond proprietor going and coming has to pick his way among paraphernalia, or to take flying leaps over industry and genius.'

Rye is a town to linger in; but you have doubtless promised yourself that you will come again and do that — so we'll be on our way, two miles, to Winchelsea, which is decayed, but has a splendid church, beside which John Wesley preached ('tis said) his last open-air sermon, and in which are the fine tombs of 'England's first admirals.'

Battle Abbey, on the spot where Harold fell, is about seven miles from Hastings. And as I said, earlier in this chapter, I'd make an effort to go there even if it were not Tuesday. It is possible that a quiet, respectful demeanor, combined with a reverent desire to see and a suggestion of five shillings or so, will get you into the grounds (all one sees in any case!) on some other day. And if not, I'd at least get as near as I could, without intrusion, and *think* about the battle of Hastings and the Norman Conquest!

Perhaps it's all perfectly clear and straight in your mind, and you don't need any suggestions about it. But, just in

case it *shouldn't* be, I might mention a few things which I had to work out for myself, in my own very elemental way.

'William the Norman, in 1066,' came over here and won the battle of Hastings, and became King of England. *That* we all know! But there were other things that had either got left out of this lesson when we learned it, or else had faded from memory.

I may be quite wrong in my impression, but it seems to me to be important that we make some acquaintance with a handsome lady named Emma, who was William the Conqueror's aunt — his father's sister, married first to the Saxon King of England Ethelred, and then to his Danish conqueror and successor Canute. Besides being the wife of two Kings of England, she was the mother of two more, the stepmother of a third (Edward Ironside), and the aunt of a fourth! Indeed, not even Harold escaped being related to her; because he was the brother of her daughter-in-law!

The thing to remember about Emma, however, is that when the father of Canute became victorious in England over her husband (who was known as 'the Unready'), she and her husband and their boys, Edward and Alfred, fled to Normandy and were given refuge at the court of her bachelor brother, Duke Robert, 'the Devil'; and though Emma and her lord did not remain long (returning to England, he to die and she to marry Canute), their son Edward, known in English history as 'Edward the Confessor,' remained at the Norman court until he was a man well on toward forty, when he returned to England on the call of his young stepbrother, Hardicanute, whom he succeeded.

William of Normandy was but a lad of thirteen or so when his cousin Edward went over to England to become king; but he had been recognized as Duke of Normandy for six years, since his father's death (although William was a bastard, with a tanner's daughter for his mother),

and his precocity was such that the monkish Edward had learned to be very respectful of a youngster concerning whom a sober historian writes that 'there was never a moment from his boyhood when he was not among the greatest of men.'

In the tenth year of Edward's reign, William came over to England to visit him. Edward had then been married for six years, to the daughter of Earl Godwine, the strongest man of his kingdom; but they had no children, and it seems probable that Edward expressed the hope that his cousin William might succeed him. And two years later, William strengthened his position as heir to the English throne by marrying Matilda of Flanders who was descended in the female line from Alfred the Great.

Edward was at best an indifferent ruler, always under the influence of a stronger will than his own; when his father-in-law died, his brother-in-law, Harold, became dominant.

William was very busy with conquests on his side of the Channel, but he doubtless kept well informed as to what Cousin Edward was about, and had his own suspicions of Harold's purposes.

In 1065, Harold undertook a voyage in an open fishing-boat and was driven ashore on the lands of an earl who took him prisoner. William heard of this, and demanded that Harold be sent to him. He and Matilda treated Harold very kindly, even to offering him in marriage one of their daughters, aged about seven. Harold formally accepted the young fiancée; and when William told him that King Edward had named him his successor, Harold solemnly swore to render William all the assistance in his power.

Early in January, 1066, King Edward died; and on his death-bed he seems to have named Harold as his successor.

At any rate, Harold succeeded. Moreover, in spite of his

troth to the little Norman Princess, he had married a Welsh widow with strong connections among the English nobles.

So William mustered allies and prepared to invade England. Harold's brother (married to Matilda's sister) prepared the way for William by invading the north of England, with the King of Norway, compelling Harold to hasten there to repel them and leave the south coast unguarded against William's arrival.

William landed at Pevensey, sixteen miles west of Hastings, on the morning of September 28th, a day or two after Harold had defeated the invaders in the north and killed his brother and the Norse King. Coming as fast as he could from the scene of that battle, near York, it took him until October 13th to reach the hill of Senlac, seven miles from William's camp at Hastings.

Harold's position was athwart the road to London, which he was defending.

The battle to drive him from that position opened on the morning of October 14th (Harold's birthday) and lasted till nightfall, when Harold lay dead in the midst of his slaughtered soldiers, and William the Norman had become William the Conqueror.

William pitched his tent that night in the field of the dead, whereon lay six thousand of his followers and ('tis said) sixty thousand of Harold's. Three horses of William's were killed under him, but he came through unscathed.

Battle Abbey occupies the spot where Harold's standard was erected and where his body was found. William had vowed a church to Saint Martin if successful in this battle; and here he built it, and placed it, richly endowed, in charge of the Benedictines.

Henry VIII gave it to his Master of the Horse, who converted the monastic buildings into a private dwelling, which it has been ever since.

SECTION OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY

Showing a part of the Battle of Hastings

The picturesque remains of the monastery, and the beauty and significance of the site, make this one of the most impressive spots in all England. In my opinion it is worth almost any effort one may make to get there.

When you leave Battle (which you should be able to do by eleven o'clock), take the first turning on your right, on the London road, to Cripps's Corner, and then go north again to Bodiam Castle, a total distance of about eight miles.

Bodiam Castle was a fourteenth-century fortress, and though a ruin is highly picturesque, with its machicolated turrets and its wide moat filled with water. It belonged until his death in 1925, to Lord Curzon, who bequeathed it, along with Tattersall Castle in Lincolnshire, to the nation 'to be opened for all time to the public on payment of a reasonable fee.' Just before his death, Lord Curzon had completed a book giving the full history and description of this castle.

At Hurst Green, on the London Road four miles from Bodiam, turn left for Ticehurst, Wadhurst, Frant, and Tunbridge Wells — thirteen miles. At Tunbridge Wells, of which you have read so much in English fiction, you will find a considerable choice of good hotels for luncheon. The Spa is reckoned the best.

From Tunbridge Wells it is six miles northwest to Penshurst Place, the grand old mansion where Sir Philip Sidney was born. Its fourteenth-century Great Hall, sixty-four feet long, has an open timber roof, a minstrel's gallery, and a central hearth. Ask at the Leicester Arms, in the village, for your tickets of admission; and remind yourself, as you do so, what associates the name of Leicester with the ancient home of the Sidneys, and the present home of Baron Dudley (Sir Philip Sidney's mother having been a Dudley, sister of Lord Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite,

whose title passed to Sir Philip Sidney's younger brother Robert). The present owner, Baron de L'Isle and Dudley, is descended from a grand-niece of the seventh earl, who married Sir Bysshe Shelley.

There are some quaint old houses in the village, and the monuments in the church are well worth inspection.

Two miles northwest of Penshurst is the very picturesque village of Chiddingstone, with charming half-timbered houses. And a mile-and-a-half farther, in the same direction, is Hever, with the Henry VIII Inn, and the church wherein Anne Boleyn's father lies. Hever Castle, his home and Anne's, is now the property of Viscount Astor and is not open to the public; but if you are interested in Anne Boleyn (or in Lady Astor!) and are motoring, it will be well worth your while to make this little detour.

Otherwise, go from Penshurst to Tonbridge (four miles), and thence, about six miles, to Knole, one of the finest and most celebrated mansions in England, which belonged to the Pembrokes in the time of King John, and, later, to the Archbishops of Canterbury, till Cranmer resigned it to Henry VIII; and then to the Crown until Queen Elizabeth presented it first to the Earl of Leicester and then to her cousin, Thomas Sackville, afterward Earl of Dorset. The mansion as we now see it is much as it was in the time of James I. The gateway and chapel are fifteenth-century, the Great Hall is early seventeenth. The splendid park, with many deer, is six miles in circumference.

From Sevenoaks, the town near which Knole is situated, it is eight miles almost due east to Ightham (pronounced Eyetham) Mote, an ancient moated manor-house of the early fourteenth century, one of the 'sights' of England to which the English-Speaking Union takes weekly pilgrimages of visitors from overseas. Friday is the visiting day; but you can get a passing glimpse on other days.

Your direct road to Rochester runs north from a point about midway between Wrotham Heath and Maidstone, and reaches Rochester in twelve miles.

If you go over to Maidstone and then up to Rochester, it is a trifle farther. But you will be covering a stretch of seven miles which Dickens considered one of the most beautiful walks in England.

Go to the Bell Hotel at Maidstone for tea. There are things to see in Maidstone; but you won't have time to look at them if you're to get to London for dinner. And you will have to take my word for it that some little distance the other side of Maidstone is Leeds Castle, standing in the midst of a lake, and dating mainly from the thirteenth century, which was the home of Lord Culpeper, Governor of Virginia from 1680 to 1683, and of his grandson Lord Fairfax who migrated to Virginia about 1746. But you may see for yourself 'Kit's Coty House' about a mile and a half northeast of Aylesford, on the road from Maidstone to Rochester, if you care for more stones of mysterious use and origin, like Stonehenge.

There is a goodish bit to see at Rochester, but I'm not going to direct you to much of it, after such a day of sight-seeing.

My suggestion is that you take the right-hand road at the only fork in your seven miles from Maidstone, and find yourself presently in Chatham, which is practically a continuation of Rochester. It is one of the chief naval and military stations of England. But that isn't why you have come.

You are seeking Ordnance Terrace, not far from the Chatham railway station, to Number 11 in which John Dickens, of the Navy Pay Department, brought in 1817 his family including 'a very queer small boy' who even then had begun storing up impressions which he was to

give to the world with such art and such humanity that their every background has become a sort of shrine.

You are bound, too (I doubt not), for the Mitre Inn in High Street; and whether to see Lord Nelson's room, or to see that 'very queer small boy' standing on a table in the coffee room singing old sea-songs for the amusement of his parents and their friend, the landlord, I shan't ask.

Perhaps you are seeing Chatham as little David Copperfield saw it, on his way to Betsey Trotwood at Dover: 'a mere dream of chalk, and drawbridges, and mastless ships in a muddy river, roofed like Noah's arks.' Or, apropos of those mastless ships, the convict hulks, you may be hearing little Pip ask, 'And please, what's hulks?' and his sister replying, 'Hulks are prison ships right 'cross the meshes (marshes). People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions!'

That 'very queer small boy' was only ten when he bade farewell to Chatham as a home, and went up to London whither his father had been transferred. The other members of the family had gone ahead, some weeks before, leaving Charles in the care of his schoolmaster.

Then the day came for him to leave Chatham and make his solitary journey to the great city he was to make so peculiarly his own.

He was the only passenger inside the stage-coach 'Commodore,' and he never forgot the smell of the damp straw into which he was packed 'like game, and forwarded, carriage paid, to the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.' 'I consumed my sandwiches in solitude and dreariness,' he recalled (and being a small boy he doubtless consumed them almost immediately on starting), 'and it rained hard all the way, and I thought life sloppier than I expected to find it.'

This is the coach in which Mr. Pickwick and his companions travelled from the Golden Cross at Charing Cross to Rochester (as set forth in the opening chapter of 'The Pickwick Papers'), and it was driven by old Cholmeley who is said to have been the original of Tony Weller.

As you drive through High Street, Rochester, you will note the three-gabled building that is known as 'Watts' Charity,' and will pause to read the tablet which says:

Richard Watts, Esquire,
by his Will dated 22nd August, 1579,
founded this Charity
for Six Poor Travellers,
who, not being Rogues or Proctors,
May receive gratis for one Night
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Fourpence each.

This quaint institution, which still flourishes, was immortalized by Dickens in one of the most touching stories he ever wrote, 'The Seven Poor Travellers.'

On High Street, too, is the Bull Inn which served Dickens in so many stories, although its outstanding associations are with 'Pickwick.' You must alight here, for a few minutes at least.

Now you are on the old posting-road to London (part of the Dover Road) and you are recalling this:

'So smooth was the old highroad, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

'"Halloa!" said I to the very queer small boy. "Where do you live?"

'"At Chatham," says he.

'"What do you do there?" says I.

'"I go to school," says he.

'I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says: "This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away."

'"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

'"All about him," said the very queer small boy. "I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please."

'"You admire that house?" said I.

'"Bless you, sir!" said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And ever since I can recollect my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me: 'If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it,' though that's impossible," said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of the window with all his might.

'I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.'

And there, on Gad's Hill, that very queer small boy, who had never ceased to be a small boy and who perhaps continued to be a bit 'queer,' entered into the kingdom of the childlike, forever.

It was June, and glorious; 'and in consequence,' wrote Mamie Dickens in 'My Father As I Recall Him,' 'the outdoor plants were wonderfully forward in their bloom, my father's favorite red geraniums making a blaze of color in the front garden. The syringa shrubs filled the evening air with sweetest fragrance as we sat in the porch and walked about the garden on this last Sunday of our dear father's life.'

His daughter Kate was down from London for a short visit and took Mamie back with her on Monday. 'My father,' Mamie wrote, 'had such an intense dislike for leave-taking that he always, when it was possible, shirked a farewell, and we children, knowing this dislike, used only to wave our hands or give him a silent kiss when parting. But on this Monday morning my sister said, "I *must* say good-bye to papa," and hurried over to the chalet (in the garden) where he was busily writing. As a rule, when he was so occupied, my father would hold up his cheek to be kissed, but this day he took my sister in his arms, saying, "God bless you, Katie."

'On the morning of the eighth he was in excellent spirits, speaking of his book ("Edwin Drood"), at which he intended working through the day, and in which he was most intensely interested. He spent a busy morning in the chalet, and it must have been then that he wrote that description of Rochester which touched our hearts when we read it for the first time after its writer lay dead:

'"Brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, or rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time, penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."'

That evening, at a few minutes past six, he was stricken. He lingered for exactly twenty-four hours, but without regaining consciousness. Then, as the evensong of birds and the dew-scent of flowers filled the air and preached the Resurrection and the Life, he put on Immortality. And when the news flashed through the world, hundreds of

thousands of persons wept, bereft of a friend such as only a few can ever be to others— a friend who has made life merry and tender and significant.

As you go through Gravesend, you will like to recall that Pocahontas is buried there, in the parish church of Saint George. And you may glance across the Thames toward Tilbury, and see the great camp established there under the command of the Earl of Leicester, as the Spanish Armada drew near to English shores. Queen Elizabeth, mounted and in armor, is there reviewing and addressing her troops. 'I know,' she says, 'I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too.'

You'll note paper-mills in Dartford. One of the earliest paper-mills in England was built here, in Elizabeth's day, by a man named Spielmann, from Lake Constance, who used the figure of a jester (*spielmann*) as a watermark; and from this, they say, we got the term 'fool's-cap' paper.

Your road into London lies through the edges of Greenwich, where the Royal Naval College is, and Greenwich Observatory; but of Greenwich Palace, so full of stirring memories of Tudor sovereigns, nothing remains. On your left, however, is Blackheath which used to be notorious for its highwaymen and its gatherings of rebels, and celebrated as the site of the oldest golf club in the world, founded in 1608.

Soon after leaving Blackheath, you'll enter 'Old Kent Road,' and I hope Albert Chevalier's coster-songs are humming in your ears. Then, New Kent Road, and Westminster Bridge, with the Houses of Parliament looming in majestic beauty, Big Ben striking seven, perhaps, and the sun beginning to slant low on the towers of Westminster Abbey where Geoffrey Chaucer lies, and Tennyson, and Irving, and Charles Dickens.

We've kept high company on this journey — haven't we?

III

PLYMOUTH TO LONDON

If I found myself landing at Plymouth and could have a motor and several days to reach London instead of taking the boat-train, and wanted to see as much of interest as I could, on that journey, I believe I'd do it somewhat like this:

I wouldn't take time for more than a glimpse of Plymouth, but I'd make it my headquarters for at least twenty-four hours and return to it after a visit to Dartmoor. Then I'd go along the South Devon coast to Torcross and up to Dartmouth; and if I could spare the time, I'd send the car on to Totnes and take the steamer up the river Dart. Then I'd have a look at Torquay, and follow the coast road up to Dawlish and thence to Exeter.

After I'd spent at least one never-to-be-forgotten day at Exeter, I'd take the coast road again, through Lyme Regis to Dorchester; thence up to Sherborne, to spend a third night at the delightful 'Digby'; and from Sherborne through Wilton and Salisbury straight in to London; or, down to Southampton and up to Winchester, and thence to London.

Or, if I knew I couldn't get over into the West Country again, I'd go up from Sherborne to Glastonbury and Wells and Cheddar and Bath, and from Bath into London.

If I yearned toward the north coast of Devon, toward Clovelly and Lynmouth, and the Lorna Doone country of Exmoor, as against the south coast and the Hardy country, I'd go up to Exeter, and thence across to Bude (or to Tintagel and up to Bude); and then to Clovelly and Westward

Ho! and Ilfracombe, and along the north-coast road to Bridgwater, and thence to Glastonbury and Wells and Bath, and into London.

I know you're saying, 'What about Cornwall?' And I know you're going to be surprised, and perhaps shocked, when I say that I think Cornwall should be left for the third or fourth visit to England, after one has seen a great many other parts more accessible, more typical, and more intimately associated with the history we know best.

Fearful that this opinion might be so personal that it should have no weight in making up the selected journeys for this book, I made occasion, while in England this summer, to ask a number of the best-informed persons I could find, whether they would include Cornwall in a 'nibble' at England which couldn't exceed a month. And they all said No. Those asked included representatives of the Great Western Railway, serving Cornwall; of the biggest tourist agencies; of the English-Speaking Union; of the literary and journalistic folk, including guide-book-makers and writers on English travel and English history.

I was far from expecting unanimity; but I found it. Mind you, it was in no disparagement of Cornwall! It was simply that, in view of limited time and the necessity for economizing in distance covered, the traveller in England gets more of what he has always heard about and read about and wanted to see, more of what is typical England, in other sections of England.

This, of course, will not apply to those who have Cornish ancestors. And even among some of those who haven't, there may be that in the very 'difference' of Cornwall which is an irresistible attraction. 'Seascapes framed in rugged rocks make up her panorama,' as one writer says, and from him also I quote: 'Cornwall is so distinct from the rest of England as to seem almost another country. This

holds true even if one judges only by such superficial characteristics as the names of railway stations and things seen from carriage-windows. Its truth is emphasized as one probes into the history, legend and folk-lore, into the dead Cornish language and stories of the Cornish saints. Here, indeed, is a part of Britain with a culture and character peculiarly its own. Even those least inclined for research cannot journey through Cornwall unconscious of its remoteness from the things that are ordinary and average.'

This is, in large part, its charm for the English. Going to Cornwall is like 'going abroad while staying home.' The sentences I quote are from one of the many admirable booklets got out by the Great Western Railway to set forth the charms of the country it serves. So they cannot be discounted as intended to vaunt the charms of other districts above those of Cornwall.

If your interest, in travel, is to see variety and strangeness, I say, 'Include Cornwall in your first English sojourn, and Brittany in your first trip to France.' But if you care most for the characteristic things, the places whose traditions have passed into the mental make-up of all of us, my suggestion is that you see other parts of England first, and leave Cornwall until such a time as your enjoyment of it will be enhanced by its difference from the rest of England. Or, if your English stay be in winter, you will find Cornwall, 'the English Riviera,' surprisingly warm and sunshiny when most other parts of England are damp and cold.

Your reflections, as you approach Plymouth, are highly nautical, of course. And they are very different from those one has on approaching Southampton — or, at least, they are less varied. For our interest in Plymouth does not go back beyond the sixteenth century; and most of it is centered upon expeditions to our New World.

There was a man of Plymouth-town, named Cockeram, they say, who sailed with Cabot, from Bristol, in 1497. But the real connection of Plymouth with the Western World begins with that bully buccaneer Sir John Hawkins who was born when Henry VIII was king, bred to the sea in the ships of his family (shipowners and skippers were more like to be identical then), and prospered high in a time when the greatest virtue an Elizabethan sea-dog could have was a zest for harrying Spain. King Philip II's sister-in-law, Elizabeth of England, was not a scrupulous lady. She not only condoned the piracies of Hawkins, but encouraged them. When she sent him out to intercept the Spanish treasure fleet, and he came home without it, he tried to exculpate himself by quoting, 'Paul doth plant, Apollos doth water, but God giveth the increase'; which provoked Elizabeth into exclaiming, 'God's death! This fool went out a soldier, and has come home a divine.'

Hawkins buccaneered a lot around Mexican and West Indian waters; and if his behavior wasn't pretty, it served an important purpose in the breaking-down of Spanish exclusion in the New World. He died at sea, off Porto Rico.

Perhaps the most important service he rendered, however, was that of educating his young kinsman, Francis Drake, son of a preacher. Hawkins took young Drake with him to the Gulf of Mexico, but their return thence to Plymouth was dolorous indeed. Drake was twenty-five when he got a regular privateering commission from Queen Elizabeth, and set sail from Plymouth for the Spanish Main.

You know the school-book story of how he penetrated across the Isthmus of Panama, and from the top of a tree which he climbed got his first view of the Pacific, and resolved 'to sail an English ship in these seas.' You may like to imagine him returning from that experience on Panama,

and arriving here in Plymouth Harbor on the 9th of August, 1573.

He was introduced to Queen Elizabeth soon after this, and told her his ambition. She furnished the means, and on December 13, 1577, Drake sailed out of Plymouth Harbor with a fleet of five small vessels, the largest hardly as big as a Channel schooner, and 166 men. His return was on September 26, 1580.

Can you imagine the commotion at Plymouth when the *Golden Hind* was sighted? — and after that, when Drake and the survivors of his 166 men began to tell of the first voyage round the world accomplished by Englishmen?

Queen Elizabeth visited the *Golden Hind*, partook of a banquet on board, knighted Drake, and gave orders for its preservation as a monument of Drake's and England's glory. But a century later the historic ship had to be broken up; and a chair made from its timbers was presented by Charles II to Oxford University, where you may see it in the Picture Gallery of the Bodleian Library.

Drake became Mayor of Plymouth in the year following his return, and later was member of Parliament from here.

When the Spanish Armada, which Philip sent to punish England and Elizabeth for applauding and rewarding Drake instead of handing him over to Philip to hang, was approaching England, in 1588, Drake was made vice-admiral. And Plymouth cherishes the tradition that when news of the sighting of the Armada was brought to him as he bowled, he insisted on finishing his game before going out to help destroy Spain's sea-power.

Drake died aboard his ship, in the West Indies, in 1595, in his fiftieth year. Like Sir John Hawkins, he made one voyage from Plymouth that had, for him, no returning.

Another who did likewise was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, stepbrother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, five-and-a-half

years after Drake sailed south, in 1577, left Plymouth, also with five small ships and the Queen's blessing, to seek that Northwest Passage in which he firmly believed; and on the 5th of August, 1583, at Saint John's, Newfoundland, planted the first English colony in North America.

At the end of that month he started to return to England with two ships, one of ten tons and one of forty, he sailing in the smaller, the *Squirrel*. 'On Monday the ninth of September,' reported Captain Hayes of the larger vessel, 'the frigate [the *Squirrel*] was near cast away . . . yet at that time recovered; and, giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land." . . . The same Monday night, about 12, the frigate being ahead of us, suddenly her lights were out . . . in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea.'

Raleigh, who had accompanied his stepbrother on one or two voyages, was in favor at court, then; else he might also have been engulfed with the *Squirrel*.

Several of Raleigh's expeditions to the New World sailed from Plymouth; but we shall, I think, more effectively recall him elsewhere.

When the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* entered Plymouth Harbor, the most determined of the Pilgrims had made up their minds that it were best to get rid of the *Speedwell* and her captain, and of some of the faint-hearted among the company. So, one hundred and two persons besides the crew of twenty-eight or thirty were crowded into the little *Mayflower* when it sailed from the Barbican, below Plymouth Hoe, on September 6th.

'Hail to thee, poor little ship *Mayflower*, of Delft-Haven,' Carlyle wrote; 'poor common-looking ship hired by common charter-party for coined dollars; caulked with mere oakum and tar; provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and

bacon; yet what ship Argo, or miraculous epic ship built by the Sea-Gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison.'

> But O [wrote Alfred Noyes], the *Mayflower's* not a ship,
> Though Heaven, in one great hour, let slip
> Its bloom on one great ship's renown
> That sailed three hundred years ago,
> From Plymouth Town to Plymouth Town.
> . . . . . .
> Across three thousand miles of spray,
> A ghostly ship sets sail to-day.
> But O, you living flowers of May,
> Fresh with dew and white as foam,
> I hear your murmuring branches say,
> 'This is England. This is home . . .
> This is New England. This is home.'

While you are in Plymouth, you will, of course, visit the Barbican. The place where the *Mayflower* lay is marked by a big stone in the causeway, a few feet back of the present parapet. (Sutton Pool was, evidently, larger, then.) And on the wall of the quay is a bronze tablet recording that 'the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, in the Providence of God to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the Foundation of the New England States.'

But I believe, with Mr. Allan Forbes, to whose volumes on 'Towns of New England and Old England' I am indebted for much that is interesting and valuable, that 'few people know that Plymouth (Massachusetts) was not named by the Pilgrims, but was so called by Prince Charles (afterwards Charles the Second) and placed by Captain John Smith on his map six years before, while he was in command of an expedition fitted out under the patronage of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was the governor of the castle in old Plymouth. Another curious fact is that the word "Pilgrim" was not used in connection with these

early Plymouth settlers until about one hundred and seventy years after the landing' — that is to say, not until the United States was a 'going concern' under the leadership of President Washington.

Another fact often overlooked is that Plymouth, Massachusetts, was not the first landing-place of the *Mayflower*. She cast anchor first (after a tempestuous voyage of sixty-seven days) off Provincetown in Cape Cod Harbor, on the 11th of November; on which day the forty-one adult males in the company solemnly covenanted and combined themselves together 'into a civil body politick' without a king or a noble, a bishop or a priest.

Four of the company died while their ship was anchored in Provincetown Harbor. Others came ashore and explored or did some much-needed laundry work. The explorers used a small shallop for their investigation of the coast thereabouts, and returned to the *Mayflower* to report that Plymouth seemed the place best suited to their needs.

After you have seen the Barbican, and walked on the Hoe, you may want to visit the Guildhall to see the stained-glass windows with their pictures from Plymouth history.

But unless you are an exceptionally leisurely traveller, I think you will find that a very brief half-day will satisfy you in Plymouth.

Should you be bound for North Devon, you will not return to Plymouth after seeing a bit of Dartmoor, but will go straight on from Exeter to Okehampton and Bude and Clovelly. You may leave Exeter as late as 11 A.M., lunch at Bude, 'tea' at Clovelly, and dine and sleep at Ilfracombe; leave the North Devon coast next morning, lunch at Minehead, see Glastonbury and Wells in the late afternoon, and be at Bath for dinner and the night; then, into London next day. If you wish to economize on transportation, take the train from Plymouth to Exeter (fifty-three

miles, in about an hour and a half), spend a night at Exeter, go on by train to Bideford (forty-nine miles), and from there to Clovelly and back (eleven miles each way) by motor-brake, or *char-à-bancs*. You could spend your second night at Bideford (pronounced 'Biddyford') and go on next day by train or bus to Lynton and thence to Minehead. But you couldn't, using train and bus service, see Glastonbury and Wells that day and get on to Bath. There would be many changes and connections and consequent waits.

I don't advise going to London, from Plymouth, by way of North Devon. But I have learned that there are some travellers who have become so 'set' on doing a certain thing that practically nothing deters them. And Clovelly is one of the places (most of them, like Clovelly, become very Coney-Islandish in consequence) which is a perfect obsession with some people.

Should you be bound for the South Devon coast instead, you might feel that you ought to economize time and money to the extent of taking train to Exeter (omitting Dartmouth and Torquay) and motoring from Exeter to Dorchester and Sherborne, then to Glastonbury and Wells and Bath. This is about one hundred and seven miles, could be done in a comfortable day, and you could dispense with the car then and pay for an 'empty return' on a direct route some twenty miles shorter than the one you came. Stay a day in Bath, and two nights, and then use the regular motor-coach service into London. That one day of motoring would give you 'the cream' of this section as you could not see it otherwise in less time than three days. And the cost, for car, driver, and driver's tip and expenses, should not be over sixty dollars.

Now, I am going to assume that you have a car awaiting you (and you must remember that your own car cannot be

landed at Plymouth, where the trans-Atlantic ships do not dock, but send passengers, mail, and luggage ashore by tender; if you take your car, and want to land at Plymouth, you'd have to send it ahead of you by a boat which docked at Liverpool or Southampton, and have your driver go with it, and meet you at Plymouth) and can go as you please.

What time you will wish to spend on Dartmoor, I cannot guess. You might, if you had a good part of an afternoon on your hands in Plymouth, ask your head porter at the hotel what 'run' of two or three hours he'd suggest, to give you an idea of the moor — up to lovely Tavistock, say, which was Francis Drake's 'home-town,' and then across to Two Bridges and down to Princetown, and back to Plymouth by way of Ivybridge. Or, you might feel that the glimpses of moor you get along its eastern edge, as you go from Ashburton on your way to Exeter, were sufficient. Furthermore, one who preferred moorland, here, to sea-coast (of which there'll be a fine stretch beyond Exeter) could take the Princetown Road diagonally across Dartmoor to Exeter, a shorter route than that by the shore and Dartmouth.

The moor is twenty-three miles across from north to south, and about twelve miles from east to west, and its average elevation is some fourteen hundred feet above sea-level. Most of us have derived our impressions of it from the novels of Eden Phillpotts and S. Baring-Gould.

Whatever you do about the moor, leave Plymouth for Exeter as near as you can to nine o'clock in the morning, so as to reach Exeter for luncheon, have the afternoon there, and start betimes next day on your road to London.

Go from Plymouth by the south road to Yealmpton (pronounced 'Yamton') at the top of the lovely Yealm

Estuary, and thence to Modbury and down to Kingsbridge; or, should you prefer to see Plympton (five miles east of Plymouth, on the upper road), where Joshua Reynolds was born, you may keep that road until after you've passed Ivybridge, and *then* drop down to Kingsbridge through the beautiful valley of the Avon.

Kingsbridge is at the head of the Salcombe Estuary; and at Salcombe, six-and-a-half miles below, James Anthony Froude lived, wrote, and is buried. He was born at Dartington, two miles north of Totnes, to which you're bound. If you are a lover of Froude, you may want to go down to Salcombe to see his home and his grave. Froude was savagely criticized in his lifetime for his 'constitutional inaccuracy,' and the tendency to discredit him has not abated; but he wrote history in a way that made it fascinating to thousands, and many of us revere his memory for that. So you may like to have these verses which were published about the time of Froude's death, in the 'Saint James Gazette':

Now when heroic memories pass
Like sunset shadows from the grass,
When England's children cry and stir
Each for himself and few for her,

We may think tenderly of one
Who told, like no unworthy son,
Her history, and who loved to draw
Champions a younger England saw.

We act no critic's part, and when
They rank him less than lesser men,
We feel the golden thread that goes
To link the periods of his prose.

Perhaps our busy breathless age
That leaves unopened history's page
Had need of hands like his to strike
Imperial chords, Tyrtæan-like.

From Kingsbridge, go on to Torcross and up to Dartmouth.

The Pilgrims spent a week in Dartmouth, while the *Speedwell* was being repaired; but my guess is that you will be amply satisfied with a half-hour or so. A glimpse of the Butter Walk, perhaps a peep into Saint Saviour's Church, a glance at the castle, a general impression of the whole picture, and then (perhaps) a ten-mile steamer ride up the river, in about an hour-and-a-quarter, to Totnes. Dartmouth was an important harbor in Edward III's day; so it was natural that Chaucer should have a Dartmouth sailor among his Canterbury pilgrims.

Towns, you know, like to boast of their antiquity. And Totnes, not satisfied with a history which shows it to have been important in Saxon times, has endeavored to outdo those neighbors who vaunt Roman remains, by claiming a foundation earlier than that of Rome, and of the same stock. Below one of the two remaining gates of her town wall, Totnes cherishes a stone called the 'Brutus Stone,' said to mark the spot where Brutus of Troy first set foot on English soil.

Do you know Brutus of Troy? I don't. It is true, however, that sundry caverns hereabouts have yielded many things that throw important light on prehistoric man, thousands of years before Brutus of Troy — man that hunted the lion, the rhinoceros, the mammoth, and the sabre-toothed tiger, here in this northern land; man that had the impulse to embellish, and sometimes carved the horn of a beast he had killed.

If you are interested in prehistoric man, you should plan to visit Kent's Cavern at Torquay and perhaps Philip's Cavern at Brixham, five miles south of Torquay, where William of Orange landed, in 1688, to claim the English throne.

Totnes has many picturesque old houses whose overhanging upper stories, supported on pillars, form a covered way for foot-passengers. Its castle, founded soon after the Norman Conquest, is in ivy-clad ruins, as is the old priory — in part; the priory church has a number of interesting tombs and effigies dating from the fifteenth century and later.

Totnes is about ten miles from Torquay.

I wonder if you'll be able to tear yourself away from Torquay on her seven hills, after no more than a glimpse? Not many people find it easy to resist her allure. But the motor-traveller, so transcendently privileged, has some few disadvantages — to remind him that he is of the mortals, still! — and one of them is that, unless he is supremely rich in time, and also in money (so that he may loaf serenely in a place like Torquay while his car does him only scant service), he must resist the temptation to linger as long as he'd like.

Should you be economizing on motor-hire at this part of your trip, you can reach Torquay from Plymouth by train in an hour, make your South Devon headquarters here, and fare forth on day excursions to Dartmouth and Totnes; to Cockington, the picture-village whose gardens and thatched cottages the artists are forever painting; to the extremely picturesque ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle; to Dartmoor; and so on. Then go up to Exeter; and pursue your way Londonwards either by the North Coast of Devon, or by the South. If you stop at Torquay, consider the Hydro Hotel.

And now for Exeter, which is twenty-two miles from Torquay.

The thing about Exeter that every writer quotes was said by Freeman — Edward Augustus Freeman, the English historian and writer on architecture. The sentence

of his that is almost invariably quoted about Exeter is that no other English city 'can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past.'

I shall not try to trace it for you. I may be very far from guessing the truth about you; but I don't believe you want it traced. It is my notion that there are places where almost every one wishes to feel the long, long continuity of human life and struggle, and to particularize it; and other places where all we desire is a general sense of mellowed age and perhaps to meet with a favorite ghost or two.

Just why, in a most lovely city with a history 'so unbroken to so remote a past,' I am not moved to wander, hopeful of a meeting with the shade of Alfred the Great or William the Conqueror or some of their Briton or Roman predecessors or their Angevin or Tudor successors, I can't say. I'm glad they were all there, but I don't care to have them popping out of corners telling me what they did.

I can wander, for hours, in and about Exeter Cathedral, all the while in an ecstasy of emotional enjoyment, without encountering a ghost I know. I don't know what Exeter does with her ghosts; but it may be that, having so many, she doesn't encourage them to walk.

The hotel which used to call itself the Butt of Malmsey has now memorialized the royal duke (brother of King Edward IV and King Richard III) who was drowned in London Tower in a butt of malmsey wine, by using his name instead of his penultimate destination for its signboard, and is known as the Royal Clarence. It is in Cathedral Yard, facing the north side of the cathedral, and 'hard by' Mol's Coffee House where the famous, far-faring sea-dogs of old Devon (Hawkins, Gilbert, Drake, Raleigh) used to foregather. I commend it to you, heartily; and I'm trying not to envy you for being there, with your first glimpse of the interior of Exeter Cathedral awaiting you, after luncheon.

THE NORTH TOWER OF EXETER CATHEDRAL
From a print published in 1803

I'm not going to try to say anything much about the cathedral. All the technical details are in your guide-book — if you can make anything of them, which I can't! I may as well confess to you that while I do fairly well in France and Italy at reading the story told by architectural forms, I am still in a state of blinking bewilderment over paragraphs of tiny type about 'E.E. and Perp. and Trans. and Dec.' I'm always meaning to get them sorted out and straight in my mind, but somehow never doing it. I'm abject about the omission, for I have the very greatest appreciation of 'stories in stone' and the delight it is to read them easily, as one reads stories told in type. But I console myself — a little! — with the reflection that, whereas type can say nothing to us if we don't know all the letters, architecture can say a great deal even to the simple-of-mind, today as in the days when church architecture was one of the great lesson-books of the unlettered.

I can't tell you what's 'Dec.' and what's 'Perp.' in Exeter Cathedral; but I can tell you that seeing it is a great emotional experience in sheer beauty, and that Exeter (like Wells, and some other cathedrals we shall see) seems to me a place where one may with some justification give one's self up to spiritual or æsthetic ecstasy without intellectual exercise.

It is with no lack of reverence for the bishops and archbishops who have been identified with Exeter that I say that few, if any, of them have passed into such general fame that the average traveller's memory is even faintly stirred by their names — any more than by that of Richard Hooker, whose statue stands in Cathedral Close, fronting our Clarence Hotel. Hooker, who died in 1600, wrote a monumental work on the 'Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity' which marked an epoch in English thought and English prose-writing. But I doubt if you know much about it, and I'm sure that I know nothing at all.

If I were to call your attention to anything in or about Exeter Cathedral for its association in addition to its beauty, it would be the font of Sicilian marble which was specially made for the baptism of Princess Henrietta, youngest child of Charles I and Henrietta-Maria. This christening took place here on July 21, 1644, and the circumstances of it are, with what immediately preceded it, the only Exeter story I have to tell you.

Your guide-book says, with the brevity that guide-books must have, that though Exeter 'declared for Parliament in the Civil War, it was held for the King for some time.'

That doesn't seem absorbingly interesting — does it? But suppose yourself in Exeter in April, 1644.

Henrietta-Maria's cousin, Louis XIV of France, is not yet six years old, and a full fifteen years this side of telling the Parlement of France, 'I am the State'; but Henrietta-Maria's husband, Charles I of England, largely under her influence, has tried this on the English Parliament, with the result that for nearly two years, now, he has been in a war, no longer of words, but of forced marches and pitched battles with those of his people who believe otherwise.

During most of this time Henrietta has fought with him, not in moral support alone, but in the actual rigors of war, to which she brought reinforcements from Holland (where her little daughter is Princess of Orange); and if she struck no blows in battle, she suffered every hardship of camp and campaign.

Now, she must seek some place of safety, because she has another life than her own to consider. And, besides her approaching confinement, she is in need of care for her rheumatism which is causing her great agony.

On April 3d she parted from Charles at Abingdon, to go to Bath; but war had been there in its most hideous shape, and conditions were such that she could not stay. So she

has come to take refuge in Exeter, and has taken up her abode at Bedford House (where Bedford Circus is now — a block behind the Cathedral Close, back of Mol's Coffee House), whence she has written to her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, for help.

Charles, from the field of battles, has sent his faithful household physician, Sir Thomas Mayerne, this one line:

'Mayerne: For the love of *me*, go to my wife!'

And Mayerne, who likes not the Queen nor her influence over the King, has come.

Racked with physical and mental agony, Henrietta says to him, 'Mayerne, I am afraid that I shall go mad some day.'

'Nay,' says Mayerne, 'Your Majesty need not fear going mad; you have been so some time.'

Nevertheless, he attends her scrupulously. And on June 16th, Exeter hears that a princess has been born at Bedford House.

Less than a fortnight later, the Parliamentary army under the Earl of Essex approaches, to besiege Exeter.

Henrietta sends word to Essex that her health is very precarious, and asks permission to take her infant and retire to Bath.

Essex replies that it is 'his intention to escort Her Majesty to London, where her presence is required to answer to Parliament for having levied war in England.'

Thereupon the intrepid daughter of Henri IV forces herself from her bed of pain and weakness, and, with one gentleman-in-waiting, one lady, and her confessor, flees from the city, to a hut three miles outside Exeter Gate, where she passes two days, hidden under a heap of litter, and without food or drink, hearing the Parliamentary soldiers march past her shelter swearing that they are going to carry Henrietta's head to London and get fifty thousand crowns for it.

When they have all passed, citywards, Henrietta ventures forth, and on foot, dragging her pain-racked body, and with her few attendants, moves stealthily toward Plymouth — finally changing her destination to Pendennis Castle at Falmouth, in Cornwall, whence she is able to sail in a little Dutch bark which, after being chased and struck by Parliamentary cruisers, will land her, a forlorn refugee, on the Breton coast of her great father's kingdom.

Ten days after her embarkation, King Charles, fighting superhumanly to rescue her, forces his way into Exeter. It is too late to embrace his beloved wife, but he has his first and last sight of little Princess Henrietta.

(Henrietta, who was taken to France soon thereafter, became the wife of her first-cousin, Gaston of Orléans, younger brother of Louis XIV. It was to distract Louis from his infatuation for Henrietta that his mother and hers connived to bring Henrietta's lady-in-waiting, Louise de la Vallière, to his notice. And Henrietta's death, at Saint Cloud, when she was but two-and-twenty, was ascribed to poison of which her husband had at least guilty knowledge.)

If Henrietta was christened in the cathedral, from this font (as says a book I have, written by the Dean and Chapter), her mother doubtless had her rechristened as soon as she got to France.

When you have seen the cathedral and its close, and Bedford Circus, stroll into High Street and see the lovely old Guildhall; then on, in High Street (now called Fore Street), past North Street and Mary Arches Street, to The Mint (a little street) on which you will find Saint Nicholas Priory, founded in 1080 as a dependence of Battle Abbey. Its remaining parts have recently been cleared of tenants, ably restored, and opened to the public as a fine example of mediæval architecture.

Return to Fore Street and continue in the direction of

the river, past the ancient Tuckers' Hall, to Tudor Street, where there is a curious Tudor House. Then retrace your steps in High-Fore Street, now called New Bridge Street, to Bartholomew Street, and walk along the top of the old City Wall which runs between All Hallows and the cemetery.

You might go on, now, toward the ruins of Rougemont Castle, erected by William the Conqueror, and the beautiful grounds in which the ruins are; or you might prefer to leave that for an after-dinner stroll. Should the Guildhall and Saint Nicholas seem less interesting to you than the castle ruins and grounds, you may reach the latter easily and quickly from Bedford Circus, by way of High Street and Castle Street.

When you leave Exeter to go to Dorchester and Sherborne, you have a choice of three routes: you may go down the river Exe, eleven miles, to Exmouth, and keep to the shore road to Bridport; or you may take the 'top' road to Honiton and Axminster and then down to Lyme Regis; or you may take the middle road to Sidford and (if you want to see Walter Raleigh's birthplace, at Hayes Barton) drop down an infinitesimal distance to Sidmouth, a fashionable watering-place, and thence to Hayes Barton.

We shall recall Raleigh at Sherborne Castle; but there is a special reason for visiting the Devon shore near his boyhood home — and the special reason, I think, is that much-loved picture by Sir John Everett Millais, which you will see in the Tate Gallery, London: 'The Boyhood of Walter Raleigh.' I'd make a very considerable detour to sit on those sands and feel myself there with the little Raleigh boy, before going on to Sherborne and to Adelphi (where his Durham House stood) and to the Tower where he languished so long, and Westminster Yard where he died on the scaffold, and Saint Margaret's Church where he lies

buried, and the Tate Gallery where he is a little boy again, dreaming of romance and adventure and riches and favor (all of which were to come to him), but not of prison and the headsman, which lie just beyond the heights of favor for those who climb too dizzily.

But I'd make another detour from that middle road before I got to Sidford: I'd turn north at the first cross-roads, for Ottery Saint Mary — not just because Coleridge was born there and his father was rector of the beautiful old church which copied some of the notable features of Exeter Cathedral (the transeptal towers, for instance), but also because of a little Charterhouse schoolboy who used to spend his school vacations near there, with his mother and stepfather at their place, Larkbeare, Fairoaks, and who stored up, then, the impressions which he was later to give forth in the opening chapters of 'Pendennis' where Ottery Saint Mary figures at Clavering Saint Mary's.

If you are bent upon this pilgrimage, it may be that you are hopeful of finding the occasion of your call one of those when Squire Pendennis is giving a dinner graced by the presence of 'my brother the Major,' down from London on a biennial visit; or it may be that you are less wistful to meet the sub-aristocracy of the neighborhood than to see Pen and his mother pacing the Fairoaks lawn at sunset, their figures casting long blue shadows over the grass, the windows of Clavering House, opposite, flaming 'so as to make your eyes wink,' and the towers of the old abbey church rising against the sky in purple splendor, while Pen repeats, 'These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,' and indoors the Squire takes his after-dinner nap, the 'Globe' on his knees, and on his face the yellow bandanna handkerchief his brother the Major had sent him from India.

From Ottery Saint Mary down to Sidmouth there's a

THE BOYHOOD OF WALTER RALEIGH
By Sir John Everett Millais

good road (it's some six miles or so), and then, after our visit to Hayes Barton, we keep the coast road to Lyme Regis.

Raleigh's father was a country gentleman of old family but reduced estate; he was three times married, and Walter was the son of his third wife, who had been married to a Mr. Gilbert and by him was the mother of three sons including Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who planted the first English colony in North America, and was drowned on his homeward way.

From Sidmouth to Lyme Regis is fifteen miles, and Dorchester is twenty-four miles farther. If you have lingered with 'Pen' and the little Raleigh boy, you may not get farther than Lyme Regis for luncheon, but I think you'll prefer making your midday stop at Dorchester, if you're not too hungry to wait.

What may be most interesting to you at Lyme Regis, I do not know. Perhaps its associations with Sir George Somers, one of the early colonists of Virginia, and first settler of the Bermudas. Somers was wrecked on the Bermudas in 1609; and it was accounts of that wreck, described to Shakespeare by some of the survivors, which are believed to have given him his inspiration for 'The Tempest.'

Perhaps you care most about Jane Austen's association with Lyme Regis, or Mary Russell Mitford's, who was living there at the same time. If you are a lover of ancient tapestries (as I am), you doubtless want to see the one in the church, here, believed to represent Henry VII's marriage with Elizabeth of York.

And then, it may be that your retrospective eye is seeing the landing here, on June 11, 1685, of that little 'fleet' of three ships bringing James, Duke of Monmouth, to claim his father's throne; James, son of Charles II by Lucy Walters, whom the exiled Charles may or may not have married. You will probably stand some day, held by the charm

that the Stuarts exercise even after death, before the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, showing 'Monmouth after Execution,' and may like to think of him, here, just five weeks before, debarking with his little company, gathering a random regiment, marching to Axminster and to Taunton, where he was proclaimed king.

I believe it has become unfashionable to weep over Stuarts; but I still do it — I began it too young to be cured.

Nine miles beyond Lyme Regis, on the main road to Dorchester, is Bridport; and if it should happen that you feel inclined for Weymouth, en route to Dorchester, you could drop down from Bridport to West Bay and take the coast road through Abbotsbury to Weymouth. About three and a half miles north of Abbotsbury is Kingston Russell, where Admiral Hardy, 'Nelson's Hardy' of the *Victory* cockpit at Trafalgar, was born, and where John Lothrop Motley died. Motley was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, and died near Dorchester, England. 'If my countrymen,' he wrote from here, 'would realize the true beauty of English scenery, let them come to West Dorset.' And it may be in response to this that you have come.

Or, it may be that you want to see Weymouth because John Endicott sailed thence, in the *Abigail* on June 20, 1628, to found and govern Salem, Massachusetts, and to become in time one of the corporation of Harvard College.

> In his council chamber and oaken chair
> Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott;
> A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
> In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
> Of God, not man, and for good or ill,
> Held his trust with an iron will.

Weymouth was a favorite watering-place in the later years of George III; and should you choose to lunch there, you may do so at the Gloucester Hotel which used to be the Royal Palace.

What is called the Isle of Portland, but is really a rocky peninsula, famous for its Portland stone, its harbors, its breakwater six thousand feet in length, and its castles, is reachable by motor road along the Chesil Bank to Wakeham. Pennsylvania Castle, on the isle or peninsula of Portland, was built by a grandson of William Penn and is a Penn museum of great interest to lovers of American history.

If you come down here, you will (of course) lunch at Weymouth, and may not get up to Dorchester (seven miles from Weymouth) until mid-afternoon.

Lovely old Dorchester, the capital of Dorset, is a picture for your memory-gallery of which you'll never tire. Its tree-bordered walks, following the line of its old city walls, are aisles of brooding peace, dappled with gold and shadow in an ever-changing tessellation.

You may be thinking of the Romans, as you pace the walks; you may be thinking of the Reverend John White, rector of Saint Peter's Church, who (though he never crossed the sea) is reckoned the founder of Dorchester, Massachusetts, because he gave largely of his means to finance the colony that settled it; or you may be thinking of the 'Bloody Assize' of 1685 when Judge Jeffreys here sentenced seventy-four of Monmouth's men to death and one hundred and seventy-five to transportation. You may be —! But I don't think you are. I think you're saying, 'Where does he live?' And, 'Do you suppose that there's any chance of our seeing him?'

He lives on the Wareham Road, east of town, and I don't think there's much chance of your catching even the most fleeting glimpse of him. He's an old, old gentleman, as I write (fourscore and five), and when you read this he may no longer be paying taxes at Dorchester; but he'll always *live* there — always! And so will many a one whom

he has added to the immortals of English literature. And it's no place — is Dorchester — to quote anything about a prophet being without honor in his own country; for all of 'Wessex' (which is Dorset, and Wiltshire its eastern neighbor) is prouder of Thomas Hardy than of Roman conquerors and Saxon kings; and Dorchester is proudest of all. She is the 'Casterbridge' of his novels. Perhaps the peasants roundabout Dorchester don't know that Hardy's portrayals of them have been compared with Shakespeare's peasant characters; but if you tried to tell them this, I'm sure they'd think the praise was all Shakespeare's.

Do you happen to know that, when Hardy submitted his first novel to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, it was read by George Meredith, who advised him not to publish it, but to write another 'With more plot'? And that in his anxiety to follow this advice (which Meredith doubtless believed in, though he couldn't practice it) Hardy wrote a kind of penny-dreadful called 'Desperate Remedies'?

After you have read what there is to see and to recall at Dorchester, it may seem to you that you'd rather go on, along the Wareham Road, past Hardy's house, and on, seventeen miles, to Wareham, and thence fifteen more miles to Bournemouth (the Sandbourne of Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles') a very fashionable resort, circled by pine-woods and sea, there to spend the night at the idyllic Branksome Tower Hotel. From Bournemouth you may go on to London by way of Salisbury and Stonehenge and Amesbury and Romsey Abbey and Winchester and Guildford; or by way of Southampton.

But whatever you do in the neighborhood of Dorchester, don't neglect the Maumbury Rings, at the south of the town, which may have been the Roman colosseum or amphitheatre (the largest in Britain), or may have been of earlier date than the Roman invasion. Close by are the re-

mains of a British or Roman camp, and two miles south is one of the finest prehistoric forts in England, known as Maiden Castle, which seems to have had no fewer than eight outworks or lines of defense.

I mention many things, not with the idea that you will try to see them all, but that you may know what there is to choose from.

Sherborne, the Sherton Abbas of Hardy's novels, is nineteen miles north of Dorchester.

In 1905, Sherborne held a pageant, in the grounds of Sherborne Castle, to celebrate the town's twelve hundredth anniversary. For that occasion, James Rhoades wrote some verses from which I quote the following:

There's a little grey-built town
'Neath a windy western down,
Where the streets of stone-roofed houses stand for centuries the same;
In a lap of earth it lies
Over-arched by Dorset skies,
And a gush of crystal water gives it glory and a name.

Mighty monarchs, warriors bold,
Of whose feats the tale is told,
Ruled and wrought there in past ages, though by men remembered not,
Who with valiant deed, or wise,
Lifted Sherborne to the skies,
And their wisdom and their worth remain, the spirit of the spot.

Great and famous were our sires:
Let them be as beacon-fires!
Nurse we well the glowing embers, lest their splendour be forgot,
When the pomp has ebbed afar,
And, like some forsaken star,
O'er the heights beloved of Ealdhelm broods the spirit of the spot!

The pageant (which set a fashion for similar commemorative affairs all over England) was under the direction of Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, not yet author of 'Rosemary,' 'Pomander Walk,' 'Disraeli,' and other plays, but music

master of the Sherborne School, an important public school refounded by Edward VI in the third year of his reign, though probably an adjunct of the abbey since the eleventh century.

The tableaux began with Ina, King of the West Saxons, conferring on his kinsman, Ealdhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, the pastoral staff of Bishop of Sherborne. Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror came on in their due turn, and Bishop Roger of Caen, laying the foundation stone of Sherborne Castle. And so on, down to a final scene representing the English Sherborne with the British emblem and the American Sherborn with the Massachusetts coat of arms; these two embracing, while the band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and 'God Save the King.'

Miss Parker, daughter of the director, took an important part in the pageant. And Miss Holbrook, of Sherborn, Massachusetts (direct descendant of Thomas Holbrook, one of the settlers of the New England town), who had gone to England to represent the daughter-town, told Miss Parker that *her* ancestor, Richard Parker, had sold Thomas Holbrook and his fellow townsmen from Sherborne, Dorset, the land on which they founded their new community named for their home overseas.

Sherborne Abbey Church is one of the finest in England; and I hope the verger may still be there when you arrive, who tells of the multitudinous architectural students sent there to study it.

'"Them arches don't face each other like they should," they tell me; an' "they ain't all the same size," an' "the measurements is ever' whichway." "All right," I says to 'em, "seein' you know so much about it, why don't you build a better one?" But they don't build 'em like this, any more!'

No; they don't! Though I dare say that architecture's rather the best of our present-day arts, and we more than semi-occasionally do very well at it — especially when we consider how the modern designer is cramped by his grudging and costly workmen whereas the mediæval designer was seconded by laborers who builded unto God.

The Almshouse, or Hospital of Saint John, dating from 1437, is in itself, I think, worth a visit to Sherborne; as are the old abbey buildings now used by Sherborne School.

The castle was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh about 1590. The old structure of the early twelfth century, once described as scarcely inferior to the greatest in England, had fallen into disrepair more than two centuries before; so Raleigh built himself a Tudor mansion, near by, parts of which are incorporated in Major Digby's stately dwelling of to-day.

Raleigh was probably born in 1552; the exact date is not certain. This would have made him old enough, toward the end of Queen Mary Tudor's bloody reign, to catch from his elders something of the bitter anti-Spanish feeling, even if he couldn't comprehend much that caused it.

How old is he in Millais's picture? Ten? To what sort of tale is he listening? Not to any tale of England's exploits on the distant seas; because, except for the Cabots, she hasn't made any voyages of note, although privateering, even unto piracy, was not despised by the Devon skippers, not excluding those of good family. Doubtless the story is of Spain's supremacy in that fabulous New World, and her refusal to let others enter therein. When Walter is a big man, things shall be otherwise! One who knows any earnest small boy may be sure of that.

The first fighting he did for a cause was for the French Huguenots. It is said that he was in Paris during the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. At any rate, six years later,

Walter sailed as captain of a ship with his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, on an expedition against the Spaniards. But this was not successful, and Walter seems to have gone up to London to seek his fortune. He was tall and handsome, elegant in manner, quick of wit, and had the kind of mind to make him 'interesting.' With these qualifications, an unattached young man can fare far and well — as we all know.

Walter did. Whether he actually spread his Sunday-go-to-meeting cloak over a puddle so that Queen Elizabeth need not soil her shoes, or whether that story was invented, long afterward, to account for his rise in favor, it is certain that Walter had at all times an air about him as of one who would stop at nothing to serve the Queen's pleasure. He attached himself first to the household of the Earl of Leicester, and in that situation of vantage it was no trick at all to come under the observation of the Queen, who was 'getting on,' then (she was nearly twenty years older than Raleigh), and more than ever susceptible to the flattery of handsome young men. She gave Walter Durham House (her father's first valuable gift to her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn) in 1583, knighted him the year following, and kept showering him with properties and benefices until the Earl of Essex came into such favor as to send Raleigh into eclipse.

In 1593, Raleigh was put into the Tower of London because, if he had *not* married one of Elizabeth's maids of honor, Elizabeth Throgmorton, he *should have;* and it was difficult enough for one of Elizabeth's maids to get her consent to any marriage, so that only the most temerarious could think what it might be to ask her consent to a marriage between one of her maids and one of her own old favorites. But when Elizabeth found how matters stood between Raleigh and her Throgmorton, she either forced the marriage, or recognized a secret one already existing.

And the newly-weds came here to Sherborne to live. Here their sons were born. Here they were happy, but Walter was not contented. (There are few of us who are contented with our happiness when we have found it.)

In 1595, Raleigh sailed on a voyage of exploration to the coast of South America; and it was probably here at Sherborne that, on his return, he wrote that brilliant narrative of adventure, 'The Discoverie of Guiana.'

At the execution of Essex, in 1601, Raleigh presided as captain of the guard; and this put him in bad favor with James VI of Scotland (who regarded Essex as his partisan) when James became King of England, two years later.

Raleigh was accused of conspiracy to keep James from the throne; was committed to the Tower, and sentenced to death. Then Sherborne was taken by the King.

Raleigh was not executed then. He was kept in the Tower for nearly thirteen years, and finally secured his release by promising the King that he would find a gold mine in Guiana without getting into difficulty with the Spaniards. James warned Raleigh that, if he were guilty of piracy, he should be executed on his return. Nevertheless, Raleigh went — as far as Trinidad, where he lay ill with fever while the expedition up the Orinoco to the supposed mine met with Spanish resistance, in which Raleigh's young son and namesake was killed. Broken-hearted, Raleigh returned, was arrested, and executed on October 29, 1618.

His expeditions to North America were not led by him — only financed and planned. And though some of his captains named a vast and undefined territory 'Virginia,' none of them ever reached the State that is so named.

I think you'll find the Digby Hotel at Sherborne a delightful place for a night's stop, and not an easy place to pull away from, betimes, in the morning. But there's a goodish bit to see on your way to London, and I hope you won't be too late starting.

The direct route is by Stolbridge to Shaftesbury. But if I were that near Ilchester, I might go to it just because Roger Bacon was born there. But in any case, I'd go as far on the way to it as Marston Magna, some three-and-a-half miles northwest of Sherborne, and there take the road for Sparkford, about two miles northeast. Because, a mile-and-a-half east of Sparkford is Cadbury Castle which claims to be the Camelot of the Arthurian legend — Camelot, where Lancelot, in disguise, jousted, with Elaine's red sleeve, pearl-broidered, on his helm; where he fell, wounded by his own kin who knew him not.

This section of country was Henry Brodribb's birthplace — who, as Henry Irving, lived to play King Arthur.

Now, on through Wincanton to Wilton, thirty-five miles; or, from just east of Wincanton down to Shaftesbury and thence to Wilton — about the same distance as the other route.

Shaftesbury is probably one of the oldest towns in England, and is well described, as Shaston, in Hardy's 'Jude the Obscure.' But there isn't much to be seen, except the general picture of a quaint old place from which the glory has long since departed.

For Wilton and Salisbury and the road to London as far as Andover, see our Chapter I. You should reach Salisbury in time for luncheon at the George, and get to London in comfortable time for dinner.

From Andover, your direct way leads through Whitchurch, Basingstoke (near where Paulet, who came 'of the willow and not of the oak,' entertained Mary Tudor and Philip II after their marriage which he had failed to prevent), and on, through Bagshot and close to Ascot, then on to London by way of Staines and Hammersmith, and along the south edge of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, to Hyde Park Corner, and down the Mall, past Buckingham Palace, to Trafalgar Square.

IV

FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON

Liverpool is, I think, although one seventh of the world's tonnage is registered there, a somewhat less popular port of landing and departure for American travellers than it used to be before Southampton came to the fore. The biggest and fastest boats are devoted to the Channel trade (as well as a great many smaller and slower ones); but the Liverpool route not only keeps a great many of the prime older favorites among the Canadian Pacific, Cunard and White Star fleets, but gets, annually, some of the choicest of their new boats, especially those built for de luxe cruising service in the winter months.

One gets the finest sort of ships to and from Liverpool; and one gets, too, a high percentage of congenial fellow passengers bent upon an enjoyable ocean voyage. The Liverpool boats carry fewer buyers and sellers, hurrying back and forth on business intent, than the boats do which serve Channel ports. One meets a very substantial class of shipmates on this crossing, has a great number of splendid ships to choose from, and pays a little less than for a corresponding grade of accommodation to Southampton.

All these are points to keep in mind when planning your ocean crossings.

And another thing to remember is that from Liverpool, either on your arrival or before sailing for home, you have easy access to the English Lake District (eighty miles to Windermere) and to glorious North Wales; and a choice between several extraordinarily 'rich' routes to London.

In this chapter I'll assume that you are landing in Liver-

pool and want to reach London in four or five days, after having seen a very great many places about which you have heard, all your life.

If you are taking over your own car, you will find Liverpool an easy place to land it or to embark it for return.

If you are hiring a car, you will find Liverpool a good place to do it. But if your budget bids you be careful, and you feel that you should not indulge in a car for as much as four or five days, then I'd 'do' North Wales by train and *char-à-banc*, and have a car from Shrewsbury to London for two days.

Liverpool boats must sometimes get in at unseasonable hours; but their commendable habit seems to be to dock betimes in the morning, usually soon after breakfast.

Should this be your good fortune, I hope you won't hurry out of Liverpool without a glance at it because you have so often heard people say, 'Oh, there's *nothing* to see at Liverpool!'

As a matter of fact, there's a good deal to see at Liverpool, and I couldn't feel sorry for you if you had to spend a couple of days there.

Liverpool has been a city only since 1880, at which time, also, it was made the seat of a bishopric; but its history as a port and as a borough goes back to the time of King John. Very little happened there, however, that is of specific interest — unless you care to recall that the slave trade was rife among Liverpool shipowners of the late-eighteenth century, and so was privateering.

The reasons why you should not leave Liverpool without a look around are all modern. And as your attention will in many places be focused largely on the beautiful things men did long ago, I think it a pity not to be aware what a tremendous impulse toward beauty there can be in a com-

mercial 'modern' city like Liverpool, with its vast population of unskilled and low-skilled dock labor and much other human flotsam deposited there by the ceaseless ebbing and flowing of the human tide.

Liverpool's proximity to Wales may have much to do with her love of music. At any rate, so proud was she of her music festivals, so long ago as 1835, or thereabouts, that she decided to have a very beautiful hall for them, and offered a prize for the best design. At the same time, a prize was offered for the best design for a building to house the higher law courts which had just been established at Liverpool. Both prizes were won by a young architect named Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, who was only twenty-four years old. He was then invited to combine the two objects in a new design, which he did.

The result was Saint George's Hall which is considered one of the noblest modern examples in England of the Greco-Roman style of architecture.

Many steamers land in Liverpool on Saturday. On Saturday afternoons at three and evenings at eight, there are fine organ recitals in the Great Hall of Saint George's which seats 2500 persons (Liverpool has also a Philharmonic Hall seating an equal number), but it can usually be seen, free, at other times.

Soon after Liverpool's erection into a bishopric, she determined that her cathedral should be the finest that modern talent could execute, and three important firms of architects were invited to submit designs. Some fine drawings were submitted, but the cathedral got no farther than paper for a score of years, during which the site first contemplated had ceased to be available. In the new competition of 1903, the design selected was that of Giles Gilbert Scott, twenty-one years old, a grandson of Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent enthusiast on Gothic architecture, whose

creations and restorations you will encounter pretty much all over England.

Liverpool Cathedral will be, when completed, by far the largest in England, almost two-and-a-half times as big as Canterbury or Salisbury Cathedrals, and more than half as big again as the vast pile at York.

The foundation stone was laid in 1904, by King Edward VII, the foundations were completed two years later, and the superstructure begun. The Lady Chapel was completed in 1910, and its stained-glass windows commemorate good and great women, not disdaining those of recent times.

For every one who has ever heard what Liverpool has undertaken, or seen anything of its progress, tens of thousands of pilgrims overseas stand in the great old cathedrals and remark that the day is gone by when the piety of men would undertake such stupendous tasks. Don't be one of them!

And don't, if you can help it, leave Liverpool without visiting the Walker Art Gallery. Perhaps, in view of all that awaits you in the National Gallery at London, you might console yourself for missing such works of the Old Masters as Clouet's portrait of Marguerite de Valois, or Bellini's portrait of himself, or Giorgione's 'Duke of Urbino.' But, unless you are one of those who scorn 'the Modern Schools, so-called,' of thirty, forty, fifty years ago, I think you will be very sorry not to see 'Dante's Dream,' by Rossetti, and Holiday's so-familiar picture of Dante meeting Beatrice at the corner of the Trinità bridge, and Sir Edward Poynter's 'Faithful unto Death,' and many and many a story-telling picture on reproductions of which you have probably 'grown up' — and been the better therefor! I'm a long way from being sorry that in my most impressionable years I was not only familiar with many of the originals of that school, or those schools, to which

Millais, Leighton, Poynter, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Dicksee, and many another belonged; but that reproductions, frequently in color, of their pictures filled my scrapbooks and my favorite 'annuals' (like the English 'Chatterbox'), and vivified for me the pages of history and romance. All this is, I believe, now considered very simple and ingenuous — adjectives of which I have the temerity not to be ashamed. And probably you're not ashamed of them, either; else you wouldn't be reading my very simple and ingenuous little book.

Supposing that you have landed in Liverpool betimes in the morning, and have forwarded your trunk and other excess baggage (which you must now begin to call 'luggage') to London, I'd suggest that you drive out Water Street (past the corner of the Cunard Building, in the style of the Farnese Palace at Rome) beyond the Town Hall, where it becomes Dale Street, and straight on to the Old Haymarket where your same street becomes William Brown Street and leads between Saint George's Hall, on your right, and the Walker Gallery, on your left, at the end of the group of buildings devoted to museums and library.

Then, along Lime Street to Ranelagh Place and the Adelphi Hotel, for luncheon. After luncheon, along Renshaw and Berry Streets, to Upper Duke Street, which leads to Saint James Road and the cathedral.

Your route to Chester (sixteen miles) then leads back to George's Landing Stage, close to where your steamer docked; whence ferries ply every ten minutes to Birkenhead, across the Mersey. If it should chance that you cross by the *Royal Daffodil* or *Royal Iris*, you will like to know that they took part in the raid on Zeebrugge, the port of Bruges, on April 22–23, 1918.

Ever since the German occupation of the Belgian coast, Zeebrugge had been a source of danger to Allied shipping

in the Channel and far beyond. There lay, from the beginning of submarine warfare, the Germans' chief fleet of undersea craft.

To 'block' this harbor (which is only sixty-three miles from Dover), five old cruisers, filled with cement, were to be sunk while another old cruiser, the *Vindictive*, assisted by these two ferryboats, attacked the mole on its outer side and created the impression that this was the main operation.

The batteries of the German defense were, naturally, the most powerful they knew how to construct. The attack was just before midnight, and the attacking vesseis were close to the harbor when the wind shifted, blowing away their smoke screen and revealing them fully in the glaring German searchlights.

This is, I dare say, not the place for a detailed story of that heroic enterprise wherein the casualties were 637 killed, wounded, and missing; and for the almost incredible bravery in which no fewer than nine Victoria Crosses were awarded. But I'm sure you wouldn't wish to cross the Mersey on either the *Iris* or the *Daffodil* without making some effort to recall the part these ferryboats played in one of the most gallant episodes of naval history.

At Birkenhead, you'll land at the Woodside pier or landing-stage, and turn due south for Chester.

About three-and-a-half miles south of Birkenhead is Port Sunlight where the Sunlight Soap Works of Lord Leverhulme are situated in one of the most famous of 'model towns,' with the most attractive dwellings, gardens, recreation grounds, school, art gallery, and everything that could be devised to make ideal conditions for the industrial worker of a 'prosperity-sharing' concern.

Mr. Howells said there was a story current at Chester of an American who, reading in his guide-book something

about the Mercian kings, said to his wife: 'My dear, this town was settled by the 'Murricans.'

And when you get to Chester you will almost certainly conclude that an Old Settlers' Picnic is in progress. The quaint old city is always, in the tourist season, fairly bulging with 'Murricans. Perhaps that is why I'm less enthusiastic about Chester than about many other places less worthy of enthusiasm. I feel, in Chester, much as I felt in 'Shakespeare's England' exhibition, when it was held at Earl's Court, London, years ago — I'm 'at a show,' and not in a story-book.

I wouldn't have anybody who is in this part of England miss going to Chester. I think it's an admirable introduction of Old England. But when I'm told, in the Derby House, that this gabled mansion (or remnant of a mansion) of the late sixteenth century was once in danger of being bought for the Chicago World's Fair, I wonder if it would have had as many American visitors there as here, or felt itself more 'exhibited.'

You will probably go to the Grosvenor Hotel (if you can get in) beside the East Gate, where you will find steps to the top of the City Walls. Chester is the only English city which retains her wall intact. From the section of wall running north from East Gate, you have a fine view of Chester Cathedral — which is one of the many in England thoroughly restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, grandfather of the architect of Liverpool Cathedral — and at the end of that section is the Phœnix Tower from which Charles I watched his troops defeated at the battle of Rowton Moor, about three-and-a-half miles away. If you don't care to make the whole circuit of the walls, which is a walk of about two miles, you may descend by the Phœnix Tower, or follow the north section as far as North Gate or all the way to Water Tower. This last tower is somewhat less than half-

way round the walls from East Gate where you started, and in the Allotment Gardens below it are the remains of a Roman bath.

But if I were a pilgrim with far-too-little time for England, I wouldn't bother with Roman ruins in Chester; I wouldn't make any particular effort to see Chester Castle, so-called, which is a group of nineteenth-century buildings devoted to courts, jail, barracks, etc., with only one tower remaining of the Norman fortress. I wouldn't feel under any 'urge' to study the cathedral; you will see so many that are incomparably finer and more notable. I'd concentrate on the 'feeling' of the walled city, of the timbered houses, and especially of the famous Rows, or two-storied streets which may be duplicated, in utility if not in picturesqueness, in some of our frightfully crowded big cities, before our day is done.

I'd have tea at Bolland's, in Eastgate Row, close by my hotel, after I'd wandered down Watergate Street, past Derby House and Bishop Lloyd's House, and God's Providence House ('God's Providence is Mine Inheritance'), and taken a delighted peek at the Bridge Street Rows.

Or, if my visit to Chester were in the lovely long days of June or July, it might be that, after having made my arrangements for hotel accommodation, I'd drive down Newgate Street to Pepper Street, and along the latter to Grosvenor Street, then straightaway over the Grosvenor Bridge to Eaton Hall, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. There, whether I arrived in time to get into the mansion or not, I'd at least see the vast park, and perhaps the gardens, and get an impression of what those great estates are which have from time immemorial been so dominant a factor in English history, English romance, and English economics.

Your mind will be much occupied, while you're going

SOUTH PROSPECT of the CITY of CHESTER

about England, with the pros and cons of these demesnes; with whether it is right that a man should have eight thousand acres of deer-park around a house in which he spends an irreducible minimum of his time, or whether anybody in a so unagricultural country would make that land, if it were parcelled out, as productive to the national wealth as it now is by reason of the enormous taxes on it. And so on.

Once, when I was an exceedingly small girl, the then Duke of Westminster's head-gardener, exhibiting the glories of his realm, showed us, as evidence of His Grace's wealth and his Lucullus-like determination to deny his table no luxury, a few rather delicate-looking tomatoes — then a high novelty in England. To-day, the barrows of hucksters in the meanest streets of England groan under loads of ripe, red tomatoes sold at prices which make the American housewife envious. And it may be that in another generation dukes will find it very hard to get their money's worth; indeed, many of them are already finding it so. Perhaps I ought to express righteous satisfaction in this. Perhaps I feel it. But I don't know. I'm not at all sure I should like to live in a dukeless world, nor in a world even of dukes in prosaically straitened circumstances. Of course, I *do* think eight thousand acres of deer-park is excessive. But if anybody's going to have so many, I believe I'd as lief it were a duke as a — well, a boot-legger! However, I ask no one to share my opinions — especially as I have so very, very few that are fixed. But, while your opinion may not greatly influence that of England, I think you will want to have one on this matter of ancestral estates; and Eaton Hall is not a bad place to begin.

You can walk on the walls of Chester and in the Rows, after dinner, perhaps even more enjoyably and romancefully than in mid-afternoon; and you will, if you are imaginative and like to dream yourself part of another world

than your familiar one, find most to thrill you if you'll rise early and get out to see the ancient city before she 'goes on' for the day's show.

It is difficult (not to say impossible) in most English provincial hotels, or even most metropolitan ones, to get breakfast before eight; but you can always have a cup of tea served in your room at seven. (And you will soon learn to take tea instead of coffee in nearly all English hotels. What they use in the frightful decoction they call coffee, I can't imagine; nor, given the vilest of 'yarbs,' how they manipulate it to get such dreadful results. But it's worse than a cup of hemlock, in most places, whereas tea is invariably good. Perhaps you, as a coffee-lover who endures much bad coffee at American eating-places, want to know if the average in England is worse; and I'm afraid I must say it is. But I'll admit to you that, even after all my years' experience in England, I still *try* the coffee in each place where I don't *know* it to be impossible, and, if I can't drink it, I fall back upon morning tea.)

There will be little, I think, to keep you out very late at Chester; though if the day is a long one, I'd surely have a sunset and afterglow walk on the walls, and a view of the Welsh hills from Morgan's Mount, near the North Gate. So it should not be hard to get astir by seven in the morning, and out into the dewy freshness wherein you will find yourself, not an excursionist, but a traveller indeed, with a charming old city pretty much to yourself, and even the postcards and other flaunting souvenirs still abed.

In another much-bevisited English town, very recently, I noted, on an evening stroll, a hardware shop in the window of which, displayed amid lawn-mowers, garden rakes, and other things of like sort, was a sign-card saying: 'For the convenience of our American customers, we open at eight in the morning.'

I won't pretend that I rose at seven next morning expressly to reach the hardware store at eight; but, as at eight we were leaving town for our day's run, I said: 'Let's go past the enterprising shop and see the up-and-coming Americans fall in with the doors to get their supply of souvenir lawn-mowers.'

And we did go; but not a 'Murrican was in sight, which made us feel almost as if we ought to go in and apologize for the rest of us. For we were sure that some hustling American had 'read the riot act' to that proprietor for not having his store open at 8 A.M., and had convinced him that 'Murricans (of whom the town was full) always buy their lawn-mowers and other hardware at eight, precisely; moreover, that the world-known affluence of nearly all 'Murricans is due to the great numbers of lawn-mowers they sell at 8 A.M., instead of crawling to business at 9 like an Englishman. And for this merchant's adaptability (said to be so difficult for a son of Britain) what reward? A door open for 'Murrican trade, and the only persons in sight, of *any* nationality, four who were bent upon getting out of town without a lawn-mower.

Even if it were not for the experience of having Old Chester practically to yourself, I'd urge you to make an early-morning raid upon her quaint streets to note the difference between them and the streets of an American town of like size at that hour.

Breakfast by eight-thirty, and get away by nine, and you'll leave regretfully — which is the only way the true traveller wishes to leave any pleasant place. For a true traveller is an epicure, whereas a tourist inclines to be a glutton. 'It's quantity we are out for, not quality,' said a couple of fourteen-year-old schoolboys I know when they were asked where they'd like to lunch. Many people are like that when they go abroad; they not only choose a glut-

tonous number of places to go, from the map-of-Europe 'menu,' but they feel obliged to eat all there is on every plate, to 'get their money's worth.' Not so your traveller! He won't let himself get 'fed up.' He wants things at their best, and he wants only so much of them at a time as he can thoroughly enjoy. Also, he wants a 'balanced ration' of travel, in the proportion of albumen and fat and sugar and starch and mineral salts and other qualities that he knows best nourishes him.

He is not perturbed if, on his return home, some assiduous person says to him: 'What! You didn't see so-and-so; and you right *there!*' 'No,' he replies; 'I had a perfect feast there; I hope to feast there again, some day; but if I don't, I can always feel that at least I've had my share.'

If you are making a rather extensive and comprehensive tour, as most travellers abroad are, you will do well to keep the simile of a table-feast in mind. 'From soup to nuts' or 'From caviare to cordial,' or however you term it, you're at a 'spread' of many courses. You're going to enjoy yourself straight through to the finish only if you eat like an epicure and not like a glutton. No one can 'swallow Europe,' nor even any small section of it, in a trip or in a lifetime. To be sated is tragedy. To be keen for more is the elixir of life.

So I have no hesitancy in suggesting that you leave Chester bright and early in the morning, even though there are many things in Chester you haven't seen, many pages of her story that I haven't tried to help you recall.

If you are motoring to the North Wales coast you have a choice of routes, but are little likely to choose the one through Flint, though it is closest to 'the banks o' Dee.' You are more likely, I think, to prefer the one by Holywell to Rhuddlan; but I suggest going by way of Denbigh, either through Hawarden or not, as you prefer.

Hawarden (six miles west of Chester, and pronounced 'Harden') was Gladstone's residence for sixty years. The old castle there, dating from the thirteenth century, was for two hundred years the seat of the Stanleys (Earls of Derby) whose town-house in Chester came so perilously near being an exhibit at Chicago, and is now one in Chester. It is in ruins now, and the visiting hours for the ruins are in the afternoon; even the park drives are not open to the public until 10 A.M.; and the newer castle, where Gladstone lived, is never open.

So, unless you have an extraordinary interest in Gladstone, it may not pay you even to drive through the picturesque little village of Hawarden at 9.15 A.M. or thereabouts. On the other hand, should you be very fond of Victorian political history (as I, for instance, am of Victorian literary history), you will not wish to miss a glimpse of this town which figured so prominently in the news of those many days when Gladstone was a commanding world-figure; and to which so many eminent persons came.

If we tried to recall even a very few of the personages who came here and the great events that were here discussed, we should have to camp indefinitely at Hawarden — which I'm sure we don't wish to do. But I'm going to pass on to you (if so be that you do not already know it) an episode which Miss Mary Gladstone related in a tiny book she wrote about her friendship with Ruskin. There had been some strain between her father and Ruskin, and when it was adjusted, the author whose works were a cult throughout the world was invited to Hawarden Castle for a visit.

On the terrace, after dinner, on the first evening of Ruskin's stay, the talk touched on a hanging which had that day taken place — some Hawarden villager had paid the

extreme penalty; and, naturally, the shadow of the gibbet lay athwart the little community.

Ruskin, the idealist, said that, if things were as they should be, the best man in the community would have been hanged instead, because if the best citizen had been as alert to his obligations as he should be, the worst citizen wouldn't have been so bad as to need hanging.

There could be no doubt as to who would be universally considered the best citizen — and he doubtless looked as thankful as he felt that he and not John Ruskin was Prime Minister of England.

There was that degree of injustice as well as that of justice in the theory which characterized much of Ruskin's ideality; but I've always liked the story, and the mental picture I have of those two on Hawarden terrace. England was probably safer in Gladstone's hands than it would have been in Ruskin's as Premier; but, though Ruskin is little read now, and less followed, his contribution to the general character and current of human history is perhaps more distinctly traceable than Gladstone's, and more important.

From Mold, take the road for Saint Asaph, but before you come to Trefnant there's a fork, the left prong of which leads down to Denbigh, twenty-six miles from Chester.

Denbigh has the ruins of a marvellous old castle whose outer wall is nearly a mile around; this castle had seen centuries of history when the Earl of Leicester 'bought' it from Queen Elizabeth; it was the stronghold to which Charles I fled from Chester after the defeat of his forces at Rowton Moor, and was the last castle in his domain to surrender to his foes. But, though I hope you'll enjoy seeing what is left of the castle, that isn't why I wanted you to come here. Nor was it, either, because Dr. Johnson came here for sev-

eral years while deep in work on his Dictionary, which this quiet spot greatly favored.

I thought you'd like to come here because of a poor little boy who was born near the castle gate and played around here for several years before he was put in the workhouse at Saint Asaph. This pathetic little unwanted scrap of humanity lost his father when he was three years old, was cared for, after a fashion, by his maternal grandfather, and then, when the latter died, was 'boarded out' by his mother's brothers at sixty cents (half a crown) a week. Even in 1845 this was not a handsome sum, and you may be sure this little Johnnie was not 'spoiled.'

When he was seven, he was sent to the workhouse at Saint Asaph, and remained there until he beat the bully who tormented him — the workhouse schoolmaster — and ran away. After many rebuffs and hardships, Johnnie shipped as a cabin-boy on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans, where he got a situation and a foster-father, whose name he took; but neither of them lasted long.

He enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner at Shiloh, spent two months at Camp Douglas in Chicago, enrolled in the Federal artillery, was promptly discharged as unfit, and in November, 1862, returned to Liverpool, 'very poor, in bad health, and in shabby clothes,' making his way thence to Denbigh to seek his mother, who had married again.

She refused to see him, sending word that he was nothing but a roving ne'er-do-well. And he turned away from her door with a heart as full of pain and bitterness as a twenty-two-year-old heart can be. Ten years later, he was the most romantic figure in the whole world, and Queen Victoria had sent him a diamond-encrusted gold snuffbox with her thanks for the services he had rendered. What had he done? He had gone to Africa and found David Livingstone.

Furthermore, he had forged the first link in a chain which was to bind his name with that of the Dark Continent more than any other of all the great names connected with her exploration.

As Johnnie Rowlands he left Denbigh to become an inmate of Saint Asaph's workhouse. As Henry Morton Stanley, bearing the name of his dead foster-father, he came back here and was refused admittance at his mother's door. Once more, four years after that, when he was already a brilliant journalist with the wide and untrodden world for his 'beat,' he came to Denbigh and to Saint Asaph, but made no attempt to see his mother and tell her that even a propensity for roving may be turned to good account.

Saint Asaph is six miles north of Denbigh, on your main road to Conway; and you may not wish to linger here, even to recall that Felicia Hemans lived hereabouts. Your attention is absorbed, doubtless, by the beauty of the Vale of Clwyd through which you're passing.

At Rhuddlan, where your road turns west, there is a castle built in 1015, whose bulk, dominated by its great round towers, makes a wonderful effect against the sky.

Twelve miles from Rhuddlan (and about forty-four from Chester) you come to Colwyn Bay, a popular seaside resort which boasts more hours of sunshine throughout the year than any other health resort in the North, and is backed by fine woods.

You may stop here for lunch; but if you want a seaside lunching-place I think you'll be better satisfied if you go on, five miles, to Llandudno, which is the 'Queen of Welsh watering-places.' If your taste is not for amusement piers and promenades, you may drive through Llandudno so as to get a glimpse of its natural beauties, including the massive headlands between which it lies, and then down to Conway (about two miles south); or, you may follow the

main road direct from Rhuddlan to Conway, and pull up at the Castle Hotel.

Conway Castle is one of the most picturesque in 'the country of castles' (Wales) and you will thoroughly enjoy it; the town walls of Conway, with their twenty-one towers, convey a sense of romance and antiquity far beyond that conveyed by Chester's; Plas Mawr, a lovely old Tudor mansion which once housed Queen Elizabeth and which now houses the very interesting and important exhibits of the Royal Cambrian Academy, is worth a leisurely visit; there are other houses still older and quainter. You will not find Conway an easy town to leave. But if your journey to London is to take no more than four or five days, you cannot linger.

Should you wish to see something of North Wales without the expense of a private motor, you may do it very satisfactorily by taking train from Chester to Conway or Llandudno and after spending a night at either place (as your fancy dictates) take one of the circular trips by motor-coach to Bangor, Carnarvon, and Bettws-y-Coed, stopping off at the last-named place for the second night, and taking a coach in the morning for Corwen, and rail thence to Llangollen and Shrewsbury.

But we're presuming, now, that you are one of those most felicitous of mortals with a gasoline Pegasus at your command; and that, having feasted your sense of beauty and antiquity at lovely Conway, you are off on your fourteen-mile run to Bangor, along the shores of Beaumaris Bay, looking over toward Anglesey. Where Penmaenmawr headland thrusts its nose into the bay, you bowl along, on this part of Telford's fine road to Holyhead and the boats for Ireland, with never a thought of difficulty; but time was when travellers waited here for low tide and rounded the headland on the wet sands, rather than venture by the road

so full of peril that those who essayed it did so on 'Dutch courage' quaffed at one end of the 'pass,' and gave thanks for their safety in the 'pub' at the other end.

The man who engineered and built this road lies in Westminster Abbey, and I'm sure you'll want to give his memory a grateful tribute, since he made for you most of your splendid path through Wales.

Thomas Telford was the son of a Scotch shepherd, and when he began writing verses (at about the same time Bobby Burns was trying out his poetic wings), he signed himself 'Eskdale Tam.' 'Tam' was a shepherd, first, and at fifteen was apprenticed to a stone-mason in Langholm, where he managed to learn Latin, French, and German, and to do a wide variety of reading. In 1780, when he was twenty-three, he was working in Edinburgh, and learning architectural drawing. Two years later he was in London, 'setting' stone in Somerset House.

A Shrewsbury baronet, with a castle that needed repair, found Tam's work for him so excellent that he got him made surveyor of public works for Shropshire; and he must have learned engineering then, for pretty soon we find him engineering the Ellesmere Canal, in Shropshire, and building aqueducts. Later on, such was his fame as a canal engineer, that he was invited by the King of Sweden to make plans for the Göta Canal, and was knighted for his successful work on it. He was engineer for the Caledonian Canal and for the construction of more than nine hundred miles of roads through parts of Scotland which had hitherto suffered from very poor communication with the rest of the world.

We can't begin to enumerate all the public works of this shepherd boy, but this road through North Wales to Holyhead is one of them. He built the suspension bridge over the Menai Straits between Carnarvonshire and Anglesey,

which is still the longest suspension bridge in Great Britain (1710 feet) and also the one at Conway; both of them paralleled, twenty years later, by tubular bridges constructed by Stephenson.

In Aber, which lies at the mouth of a charming glen with fine waterfalls in it, the last Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales who was born of Welsh blood, refused to do homage to Edward I of England and was chased into the fastnesses of Snowden and starved into submission.

Soon after leaving Aber, your road leads through Llandegai, the 'model village' of the Penrhyn estate and one of the entrances to the walled park seven miles in circumference which surrounds Penrhyn Castle.

I don't think I'd linger in Bangor, but would press on to Carnarvon, nine miles, and spend there, at the castle, as much time as I could, remembering that it is twenty-four miles to Bettws-y-Coed by the shortest route, but that you will miss much of the finest scenery in Wales unless you 'do' more than sixty miles en route to Bettws-y-Coed for the night. If nigh on one hundred and fifty miles is too much for you in a day, and you are unwilling to miss Portmadoc and Harlech and Ffestiniog, you may plan to pass this night at Beddgelert, and continue, to-morrow, a run of about forty-five or fifty miles in the morning, lunching at Bettws-y-Coed and going on, about sixty miles, to Shrewsbury for the night.

Another alternative to consider is going from Conway to Carnarvon, not by the coast route (twenty-three miles), but by the lovely Vale of Conway to Bettws-y-Coed (nineteen miles), then via Capel Curig and the Llanberis Pass to Carnarvon (twenty-two miles). This makes our route to Carnarvon eighteen miles farther than the Bangor way, but makes it possible for us, after a night at Beddgelert, to see Portmadoc, Harlech, and get on to Llangollen for lunch

next day (about sixty miles); and as the run to Shrewsbury from Llangollen is only twenty-eight miles, we can have much of the late afternoon for Shrewsbury, and leave there betimes next morning for the one or two days we feel we may take en route to London.

The more I compare the two routes (I've done it both ways), the more I incline to favor the latter.

But, however you got there, you are at Carnarvon, pretty well on in a day wherein you have motored not far from eighty or one hundred miles.

There are, I dare say, many stories one might recall at Carnarvon Castle; but you will probably be content with one or two; and of them, of course, the indispensable one is that of the birth here of the first Prince of Wales who was the son of an English king and heir to the English throne. And as his mother was that Eleanore of Castile who was Edward I's 'chère reine,' commemorated by the *chère reine* ('dear queen') crosses, one of which gave the name to Charing Cross, I'm sure you'll wish a rather definite mental picture of her here.

She had been married thirty years, when this prince was born, and was the mother of three other princes and six princesses; but that did not argue a very advanced age, for Eleanore was married when she was eleven. She saw little of her young bridegroom, however, until she was twenty, at which time she made her London residence at Savoy Palace, where the Savoy Hotel now stands. The next year her first son was born at Windsor, and in the two succeeding years she gave birth to a daughter and to a second son. In 1269, when she was twenty-six, Edward (not yet king) determined to go on a Crusade, with his uncle-by-marriage, Saint Louis of France; and Eleanore insisted upon going with him. While they were in the Holy Land, a second daughter was born to them, but when they reached Sicily

on their homeward way they learned that both their lovely boys were dead. This news they bore bravely, with Christian resignation. But when, before they left Sicily, another messenger arrived with word that Edward's father, Henry III, was dead and Edward was now King of England, the Prince 'gave way to a burst of anguish so bitter that his uncle, Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, who was in company with him, astonished at his manner of receiving intelligence that hailed him king, asked him, "How was it that he bore the loss of both his sons with such quiet resignation, and abandoned himself to grief at the death of an aged man?" Edward made this memorable answer: "The loss of infants may be repaired by the same God that gave them; but when a man has lost a good father, it is not in the course of nature for God to send him another."'

And, indeed, as soon thereafter as could be, another prince came to comfort them, and was named for Eleanore's brother, Alphonso, King of Castile.

At the coronation of Edward and Eleanore, King Alexander of Scotland, Edward's brother-in-law, came to do homage; but Llewelyn of Wales refused to come or to acknowledge that any homage was due. Llewelyn was killed in a skirmish, in 1282, and his gold coronet was brought to London and offered by little Prince Alphonso at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey.

Eleanore's sixth daughter was born at Rhuddlan Castle in 1283; and the following year, when her tenth accouchement impended, Edward took her to Carnarvon which was under construction and in a very rude state of comfort for a woman past forty at the critical time of childbirth.

Edward was at Rhuddlan when news was brought him by Griffith Lloyd, a Welsh gentleman, that the Queen was delivered of a living son of surpassing beauty. Transported with joy, Edward knighted Lloyd, made him a magnificent

donation of lands, and hastened to Carnarvon to see Eleanore and their boy.

'Three days after, the castle was the rendezvous of all the chiefs of North Wales, who met to tender their final submission to Edward I, and to implore him, as their lord-paramount, to appoint them a prince who was a native of their own country, and whose native tongue was neither French nor Saxon, which they assured him they could not understand. Edward told them he would immediately appoint them a prince who could speak neither English nor French . . whereupon the King ordered his infant son to be brought in and presented to them . . . and with as good grace as they might, they kissed the tiny hand which was to sway their sceptre.'

That was at the end of April. In August, Prince Alphonso died, and so, too, did Eleanore's wise and beloved brother for whom he was named. And the year following, the King of Scotland died, leaving no heir but a tiny granddaughter, Margaret of Norway, who was accepted by the Scots as their Queen and with their consent solemnly betrothed to the little Prince of Wales.

After this, Eleanore gave birth to three more daughters, the last of them being born in the Queen's forty-seventh year and the twenty-fifth of her child-bearing. It was Eleanore's last year. In the autumn her little daughter-to-be, Margaret of Scotland, was sent from Norway to Scotland whence she was to come to Eleanore to be brought up. But word came of her death on the voyage; and Edward, who had already sent the Bishop of Durham and six regents to take possession of Scotland in the names of Edward of Carnarvon and Margaret of Norway, set out in all haste for Scotland, charging Eleanore to follow him as fast as she could.

He had not entered Scotland when the news reached him

that Eleanore was ill of an autumnal fever, near Grantham in Lincolnshire.

The crown of Scotland was as nothing to Edward then! He turned him about, and travelled with the utmost speed. But she died before he reached her side.

Of the slow, sad progress of her remains to Westminster Abbey, we shall remind ourselves elsewhere. But here at Carnarvon is, I think, rather the best place of any to review the outlines of her life, which certainly knew little ease or self-indulgence, though she it was who first introduced into England the use of tapestries as domestic wall-hangings; and for the students of vital statistics it may be interesting to know that of Eleanore's thirteen children, only two reached middle life.

The wretched end of Edward of Carnarvon, born here, you shall recall at Berkeley Castle in a later chapter.

From Carnarvon you may choose between two routes to Beddgelert, than which there are few villages in the British Isles with so picturesque a setting: you may go by Rhyddu, a distance of thirteen miles, which is the way you'll choose if you came from Conway and Bettws-y-Coed to Carnarvon; or, if you followed the coast route, you may see the Llanberis Pass by taking the road to the Pen-y-Gwyrd Hotel, and thence down to Beddgelert, a total of twenty-two miles, through the beautiful 'valley of waters.'

If you are an enthusiastic mountaineer, you may want to make, from Llanberis ('the Chamonix of Wales'), the ascent of Snowdon by mountain railway, a rack-and-pinion affair which takes over an hour to reach the summit — usually enveloped in mist.

Beddgelert (pronounced 'Bethgelert') marks the grave of a hound whom Prince Llewelyn the Great left in charge of his sleeping baby-boy while daddy went a-hunting. Returning, Llewelyn found the child missing, the cradle in

disorder, and Gelert, the hound, with a bloody muzzle. Whereupon Llewelyn drew his sword and slew the dog. Afterward, the child was found sleeping, safe, beside a dead wolf that Gelert had killed in his defense.

You will stop at the Royal Goat Hotel, close by the grave of Gelert, and you will see the stones erected to Gelert's memory nigh on two centuries ago, by an earlier landlord of the Royal Goat.

The lovely Pass of Aberglaslyn is just below Beddgelert, on the way to Portmadoc, concerning which this has been written:

'At a gathering of travellers in the studio of a landscape painter, that often debated question arose: "Which is the finest view in the world?"

'The harbor of Rio; the Golden Horn; the panorama from the terrace of Quebec; the glorious prospect from the Axenstern over the Lake of Lucerne; the Falls of Niagara; Killarney or Derwentwater; the Côte d'Azur from Monte Carlo; Mont Blanc at sunset from the quays of Geneva; the piled majesty of the Alps from the Gornergrat; the famous view from Richmond Hill. Each of these had its champion.

'Though familiar with nearly all of these, there is a prospect which, to my mind, surpasses them. I had barely started to speak of it when the landscape painter intervened. "I know," he cried, "what you are speaking of; it is the view of Snowdonia from the bridge over Portmadoc Estuary; I have travelled the world, and I know nothing to equal it."

'Whenever I think of North Wales, that picture comes back to me — the cattle standing in pools set like turquoises in yellow sands; the folding in of the hills to the gorge of Aberglaslyn; and then, ridge upon ridge, shoulder above shoulder, the stairway of the mountains to the spire of Snowdon.'

This view you may have next morning on your way to Harlech, which is thirteen miles due south of Beddgelert.

Harlech Castle is another of the six founded by Edward I to keep the Welsh in subjection. Its companions were Carnarvon, Conway, Criccieth (on the opposite side of Tremadoc Bay), Beaumaris (across the bay from Bangor), and another, whose location I don't know.

The Welsh national song, 'The March of the Men of Harlech' (which we all sang in school), relates to a siege in 1468 when the castle was being held for Margaret of Anjou against the forces of Edward IV, and was starved into submission.

The view from the battlements is superb, and ought not to be missed if you can help it.

Harlech is six miles south of the Portmadoc Estuary, and you must retrace that distance to Penrhyndendraeth to get the road for Ffestiniog, ten miles east. Here you turn north through wild country, for Bettws-y-Coed, if you followed the coast road to Carnarvon; or continue east for Bala, if you saw Bettws after leaving Conway. If you approach Bettws from the south, you have the celebrated Fairy Glen on your way into the lovely little village of which you have heard so much; and when you leave Bettws, you take Telford's great road for Corwen, Llangollen, and Shrewsbury. The road from Ffestiniog to Bala is not so good, but affords some superb views. Bala Lake is the largest natural lake in Wales, though the Liverpool reservoir exceeds it in size and is called 'Lake' Vyrnwy; it is fourteen miles southeast of Bala.

The motor road from Bala to Vyrnwy is beautiful; and if you like, you may go that way to Shrewsbury. Though, if I were going to miss Llangollen and Chirk, I'd go on south from Harlech to Barmouth (eleven miles) and then overland by Dolgelly, along nine miles of the most beautiful

drive in Wales, and see Cader Idris, the mountain among whose peaks there is, somewhere, that 'chair of Idris' concerning which the tradition is that one who sleeps in it for a night awakes either a poet or a madman — according, I suppose, as beauty or terror takes the stronger hold on him. It is sixty-six miles across Wales from Barmouth to Shrewsbury; which would make your day's 'run' from Beddgelert, by way of Harlech, ninety miles. The run from Beddgelert to Harlech, Bettws-y-Coed, and Shrewsbury is seven miles longer; by way of Bala it is almost precisely the same. So you may make your choice without fear of mileage. Also, you may follow an excellent road from Dolgelly through Bala to Corwen, Llangollen, and to Shrewsbury, with scarcely more mileage than any of the others, and thus get that beautiful drive from Barmouth to Dolgelly, your view of Cader Idris, and still not miss the lovely Vale of Llangollen.

The road between Bala and Corwen (twelve miles) is full of scenic beauty, and if you are interested in Owen Glendower, you will enjoy seeing Corwen where he assembled his forces before the battle of Shrewsbury which we shall recall a little later on. The dream of a united and independent Wales was never nearer realization than under Owen, who is a national hero in consequence.

The Vale of Llangollen is a mecca to lovers of George Borrow's 'Wild Wales,' which they will on no account forego. In the Vale you will wish to see Dinas Bran Castle and the magnificent view from the hill on which it is perched; the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, another Cistercian institution exquisite in its decay; Eliseg's Pillar, erected early in the ninth century; and, at Llangollen (which is pronounced 'Thlangothlen') you will make your pilgrimage to Plâs Newydd where the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen lived for fifty years and were visited by so many

distinguished persons, including Scott, Wordsworth, and the Duke of Wellington. The ladies were Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honorable Sarah Ponsonby, who left their respective homes in 1776 to devote their lives to friendship and celibacy.

They came here three years later, and seem to have acquired the most remarkable maidservant on record; her name was Mary Carryl; she saved money enough from her wages to buy Plâs Newydd, which she left to the 'Ladies' when she died after serving them thirty years. The monument they erected to her in Llangollen churchyard, marks their resting-place, too.

Yale men will never forgive me if I fail to remind them that when they are at Llangollen they are but eleven miles from Wrexham, where Elihu Yale is buried in the church, for a missionary service in which (many years after Yale's death) Reginald Heber wrote 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains'; while the birthplace of Elihu's father is some five miles out of Corwen on the road to Wrexham — by taking which, however, we should miss Llangollen.

From Llangollen it is six miles to Chirk, where there is a fine castle (to which we're not invited), dating back, in part, to the same stirring days as Carnarvon, Conway, and Harlech, but unlike them it is still a stately home, though no longer in the possession of the Myddletons who owned it in Queen Elizabeth's day. In the park, from which we're not excluded, we may (if we're interested in such things) see traces of Offa's Dyke. Offa was an English king contemporary with Charlemagne, and he built a defensive earthwork against the Welsh, which extended from the mouth of the Wye (away down at Chepstow) to the mouth of the Dee (up near Chester).

There are picturesque remains of an old castle at Whittington, a few miles farther on your road to Shrewsbury;

but unless you are an enthusiastic photographer you may not care to pause for them, but will press on till you reach the Raven Hotel in Castle Street, Shrewsbury, where you must ask for a room at the back of the house overlooking the open spaces of the Cattle Market and the Severn. There are other good hotels in Shrewsbury, but I'm 'starring' the Raven, not only because of the extreme comfort of its rooms and bathrooms and the attractiveness of its public rooms, but because we found good coffee there.

Now, Shrewsbury (which the natives call 'Shrowsbury') is to my way of thinking one of the delightfullest of all English towns, although there is very little in its history that makes it a shrine to me. I do not relive many stories there; I am content to wander in the streets enraptured with the old houses about which I know nothing in particular — so I can imagine anything I like.

I'm not going to urge Shrewsbury Castle on your attention (as a matter of fact there is little of it we are permitted to see); nor shall I invite you into any of the churches. I'd take you on an old-furniture hunt, if I could suppose you to be on a schedule leisurely enough for that; the antique shops of Shrewsbury are fascinating. But as treasure-hunting of that sort ought to be a very deliberate business, I think we'll confine ourselves to house-hunting. There can, surely, be no harm in pretending that we are seriously considering Shrewsbury houses to choose a town-dwelling wherein we may set up a story-book existence such as most of us have felt we'd like to live, for a while at least.

If you love old houses as much as I do, let me advise you to buy (for three shillings, in any bookseller's at Shrewsbury) Mr. H. E. Forrest's book 'The Old Houses of Shrewsbury,' which I find fascinating and instructive in many things that go to make travel interesting.

In case you are travelling so 'light' that book-buying

must be foregone, or that you are not in the mood for a whole book on these houses, but might like a few pages, let me summarize for you a little of what Mr. Forrest sets forth.

First of all, that, while brickmaking was introduced into Britain by the Romans, bricks were not used for buildings in any post-Roman times until Elizabeth's; and then only for chimneys, at first — not for walls.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, houses in Shrewsbury were made of wood or wattle, with thatched roofs, and the only buildings of stone were three or four churches and, presently, the Norman castle, and then the abbey; soon there were stone walls and gates, but not stone dwellings.

'The whole town,' Mr. Forrest reminds us, 'was dominated by the castle, the inhabitants being tenants or retainers of its lord. None could rise to a position of such importance that he could build a big stone house for himself. That could not happen until the burgesses became free to carry on business on their own account. The feudal system gave no scope for commercial enterprise, nor did it allow of the existence of a middle class.' Even as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, he thinks, there were probably not more than twelve stone houses in the whole town, and even these were outside the first town wall, though enclosed by the second, which was built about 1250. A few of these were mansions of important families. 'And as a rule, they were only two storeys high: the Great Hall was the living-room of the whole establishment, the other rooms opening out of it at either end . . . there was usually no staircase inside, the hall being entered by a flight of outside stone steps, though in some instances a spiral stone staircase was built in the thickness of the wall. In the earliest houses the windows were not glazed at all, but at night were closed by wooden shutters. Lastly, these houses had

no chimneys, the smoke from the fire on the open hearth in the hall finding its way out through the windows, or apertures in the roof.'

The half-timbered houses in which Shrewsbury is still so very rich, came into vogue only about the middle of the sixteenth century, though there were a few here as early as 1450 or thereabouts.

The essential feature of all half-timbered houses is that the skeleton or frame of the house consists of squared beams of timber, vertical or horizontal, mortised together and fastened by wooden pegs driven through the joints. The frame was first set up and was a firm structure independent of whatever was used to fill up the spaces between the timbers. 'This fact was exemplified,' Mr. Forrest says, 'some years ago when the Unicorn Hotel was restored: it was stripped of everything down to the main timbers so that one could look right through the house to the open air beyond; there it stood, strong and firm as ever — a great wooden skeleton. Some few timbers had to be replaced, but the majority were quite sound. The greater part of the present exterior is the original house so far as the frame is concerned.'

The Unicorn was probably built in 1603 — the year Queen Elizabeth died.

Straight lines, Mr. Forrest reminds us, 'are natural to this kind of architecture, but all stiffness of outline was avoided by breaking the surface — on the outer walls by projecting windows; along the top by pointed gables and dormer windows; both adorned, in the latter part of the period, by elaborately carved bargeboards and finials, the last being often in the form of human figures. In the earlier houses the timbers were close together and the spaces between them consequently narrow; but later on, these panels became larger and then the builders usually inserted a

piece of timber diagonally, which, besides stiffening the frame, added a pleasing variety to the pattern. To still further vary it they later on used curved timbers for the purpose, selecting as far as possible boughs having naturally the curve required.

'Another notable feature of many of these houses is the outward projection of the upper storeys; each of these projects from one to three feet further forward than the one below, the overhanging portion being supported on brackets or by prolongations of the floor beams. . . . In mediæval times the streets were often very narrow, with a gutter along the centre which received the slops and refuse from the houses. There was no separate footway for pedestrians, and the only paving was round cobblestones, not comfortable for walking on, but never muddy. The overhanging houses, whilst they made the narrow streets very dark, had the advantage of sheltering the sides of the street from rain and so afforded a dry path for foot-passengers.'

The frames of these houses were always filled in with 'wattle and daub,' which was the original form of lath and plaster work, not introduced until about the time of Charles I. 'Wattle' is a coarse basket-work of interlaced sticks.

The windows of the older houses were filled with horn or oiled linen. For, although the art of glass-making was known, no ordinary window-glass was made in England until 1567, and where window-glass was in use, it was imported at great cost from Flanders.

The framework of these half-timbered houses was all cut out and prepared beforehand, and numbered for fitting together, much as our steel and stone materials are for modern building. And the Tudor carpenters, who used Roman numerals because they are all formed by straight lines, easy to cut in wood, seem not to have known anything about

subtraction; for they never used IV, or IX, or XIX, but IIII and VIIII and XVIIII.

I don't know how many of Shrewsbury's old houses you will feel you must see. Perhaps 'enough is as good as a feast'; but I find it hard to get 'enough' of Shrewsbury's streets.

Suppose you begin your stroll through them by turning to your left as you come out of the Raven into Castle Street, and walking past Plimmer's where you may buy 'Shrewsbury cake of Pailin's own make,' which you will find an uninteresting kind of cooky, quite unduly celebrated. A little farther on, opposite Saint Nicholas's Church, is a fine statue of Charles Darwin, who was born just across the river, and educated in the famous Shrewsbury School, founded by Edward VI, and still (in Darwin's day) housed in the old buildings behind where his statue now stands. Dr. Samuel Butler was headmaster of the school when Darwin was a pupil there; but by the time Dr. Butler's grandson and namesake — who was to satirize Darwin, in 'Erewhon' and other books — came to the school, his celebrated grandsire was long since dead. The old buildings of the famous school (where Sir Philip Sidney was a pupil) are now a museum and free library, and the school occupies new buildings across Kingsland Bridge.

You may, if you like, climb the Castle Hill by the passage which leads up from near Darwin's statue. But I wouldn't do it. The railway station lies just beneath the castle, and robs it of all beauty and poetry. I'd come back on the other side of Castle Street to Saint Mary's Street, and walk along that even after it changes its name to Dogpole, and then follow it around a couple of angles until it becomes Wyle Cop and ends at the Unicorn Hotel.

At the first of these angles is Ye Olde House where little Mary Tudor lodged with the Rocke family when, as a child

of ten, she was on her way to Ludlow Castle. Anthony Rocke, who owned this house, was a servant of Catherine of Aragon and a beneficiary in her will, which left him twenty pounds. And in Wyle Cop, just below the Lion Hotel, is the house in which Henry, Earl of Richmond, lodged on his way to Bosworth Field to become Henry VII.

If you care about the town walls, you may see what remains of them by following Beeches Lane. But I believe you'll be better rewarded by returning on Wyle Cop and turning to your left into High Street, and threading in and out of the old streets until you're too tired to walk farther. Perhaps after dinner you will feel like another stroll; in which case, I'd stroll along Castle Street from the Raven in the other direction from the castle, and make sure that I hadn't missed Butcher Row in my earlier wandering; then, when I reached the old Market Hall, I'd turn north, up Mardol, and continue across Welsh Bridge to the suburb of Frankwell where there are some very quaint old houses. Or, if you are tired of old houses for the nonce, keep straight on past the Market Hall till you come to the public park called the 'Quarry,' with its grand avenues of trees and its 'Dingle.' The lime-trees of the Quarry were planted in 1719, and are the finest in Great Britain.

The battle of Shrewsbury, at which Harry Hotspur was killed, was fought about three-and-a-half miles north of the city, on July 21, 1403. Hotspur (Sir Henry Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland) had quarrelled with Henry IV, you'll remember, and the King had struck Percy in the face, called him a traitor, and drawn his sword on him. Percy is said to have answered, 'Not here, but on the field.' This happened late in 1402. The next year, Percy issued a proclamation that Richard II (the Black Prince's son, deposed, succeeded by his cousin Henry of Lancaster, and murdered at Pontefract Castle) was alive, and sum-

moned the opponents of Lancaster to fight against him under Richard's banner.

You may never have seen Shakespeare's 'Henry IV' on the stage, but are doubtless familiar with the touching lines the poet makes Prince Hal (later Henry V) speak after he has killed Hotspur:

> . . . Brave Percy, fare thee well, great heart!
> Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
> When that this body did contain a spirit,
> A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
> But now two paces of the vilest earth
> Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
> Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

When you leave Shrewsbury, you must do some heroic choosing; for your way into London forks, here, and only you can say which of the possible routes lies nearest to your heart's desire.

First of all, there is the route south to Much Wenlock and across to Church Stretton and down to Stokesay Castle and Ludlow, and thence to Worcester, and into London by way of Evesham and Broadway and Oxford.

Or, you may go straight east from Shrewsbury and have Lichfield and Tamworth, then down through the George Eliot country to Coventry and Kenilworth, Warwick and Stratford, and into London either by Oxford, or by Banbury and Sulgrave Manor and Saint Albans.

The first of these routes will give you the very heart of lovely Shropshire, with beautiful country, quaint houses, historic ruins; then the cathedral city of Worcester (where Shakespeare was married) and bring you through Broadway (the picturesque village where so many artists live) and the country of the Cottswold Hills to Oxford.

The second route will give you Shifnal (where Bishop Percy is said to have found in an old house in the marketplace the manuscript used for his 'Reliques of Ancient

Poetry'); and Tong (where Dickens placed the final scenes of 'Little Nell'); and Boscobel (where Charles II spent a day and a night in hiding after the battle of Worcester — the day in an oak-tree, and the night beneath the floor of Boscobel House); and lovely Lichfield (with its exquisite cathedral and its memories of Samuel Johnson and David Garrick); and Tamworth Castle (built by the daughter of Alfred the Great); and the George Eliot country between Nuneaton and Coventry; then the Shakespeare country — with an alternative for the last part of the route between Oxford and the country of the Washingtons, around Sulgrave Manor, with the magnificent cathedral of Saint Albans, the quaint old town of that name, the little 'Fighting Cock Inn' (one of the oldest inhabited houses in England), and the home and burial-place of Francis Bacon.

Don't ask me to help you choose! It is too great a responsibility. I will go no farther than to say that if you are going to make even one circular trip out of London, you may (unless it is to be wholly in the south of England) include some of these places in your 'loop'; also, that the Shakespeare country and the Washington country are both near enough to London so that they can be visited in day-trips out of there, if necessary. And, further, Shropshire does not swarm with 'trippers.' Neither does the country around Lichfield, for that matter.

As for me, I'm including the Washington country, the Shakespeare country, and Lichfield in our chapter called 'North to the English Lakes'; so I shall come down through Shropshire in this one.

From Shrewsbury (which I hope you will leave bright and early, if you're coming my way) our road leads across the Severn, which so nearly surrounds Shrewsbury as to make it all but an island, over the English bridge and through the suburban section known as Abbey Foregate,

with many picturesque old houses and the Norman abbey church; giving us a chance to glimpse these en route. Mr. Howells thought this 'the most beautiful old abbey church in the world: how old it is I will not say, and how beautiful I cannot, but it fills the heart with reverence and delight. I will not pretend,' he continues, 'that the inside is as lovely as the outside: that could not be, and any one outlive the joy of it; but it is within and without adorable.'

Now, we are close to Wroxeter and the ruins of an important Roman city, three miles in circumference, which the Saxons burned in the sixth century, and which the antiquaries of the twentieth century are excavating. If you want to see that, we must take the road for Wellington, follow the Wroxeter fork almost to Ironbridge, and then drop down to Much Wenlock.

Otherwise, we'll take the direct road for Much Wenlock, which I think you will find one of the most delightful places on all your way through England. Its history goes back to the early part of the sixth century; but I doubt if you will care about it except in a general way, as an impression of age; though you may like to know that one of the early benefactors of the abbey was Lady Godiva's husband who, besides gifts to the institution, used his great influence with Canute to get the abbey exempted from certain taxes. Later kings also showered favor on this abbey (which became Cluniac soon after the Norman Conquest) until it became very rich and very powerful. But about all that, too, you will care little in detail, I think. I'm almost sure that you will promise yourself, after an hour at Much Wenlock, that some day you'll come hereabouts and stay a month at least, exploring this country-side, with its wealth of picturesque old homes and its still pervading air of aloofness from the tooting, clanging twentieth century.

You may not have 'made up' any stories since you were

a child, but if you don't find yourself weaving romances as you wander about the little town of Much Wenlock or among the exquisite abbey ruins, I shall know you have no romance in you.

Much Wenlock is twelve miles from Shrewsbury. When you leave there, take the road for Church Stretton, about the same distance across country to the west. There is nothing here to stop for. We go on to Craven Arms (eight miles), one mile south of which is Stokesay Castle, the oldest and, some say, the finest example in England of a moated and fortified manor-house.

I'm sorry it isn't tea-time, so you can accept the offer of the exceedingly pleasant caretaker to have tea served you in the grassy yard. Because I know you would enjoy it so evidently, and so graciously, as to make her forget the American who had just preceded us there, and who answered her proffer with the assurance that 'Americans don't drink tea — we work! That's why we've got all the money in the world, and you people over here are all flat broke and borrowing from us.'

No matter where we go, we are likely to be hard upon the heels of that kind of an American, and to find the wounds he made still sore and rankling. Perhaps you don't feel called upon to heal them; but I do. I think that one of the very greatest satisfactions of travel is the knowledge that each of us is an active agent of good-will and mutual understanding between nations. Every time I see two persons, a native and a visitor, overcoming the antipathies which most of us have for whatever is strange to us, and finding a basis for mutual admiration, I feel that life is an exceedingly interesting and worth-while business. Whereas, every time I see a person able to enjoy all the glorious advantages of travel in storied lands, but unable to get anything out of it except an increased sense of his own and his country's

superiority in all points, I feel that 'human nature ain't so grand'!

Well, it being too early for tea, and even (I hope) for luncheon, we must inspect Stokesay Castle without thought of any repast.

The oldest part of the castle, the North Tower, with the moated courtyard, was built about 1115. The banqueting-hall and Solar, or drawing-room, were built about 1240; the South Tower, fifty years later; and the timbered gatehouse through which we enter, and in which the pleasant caretaker lives, is early Jacobean — probably about 1620.

Concerning the people who have lived at Stokesay (the castle has not been inhabited for two hundred years) there are just two or three things you may like to know. For instance, the owner who built the banqueting-hall and Solar went on a Crusade with Prince Edward (afterward Edward I) — the one on which Edward expected to join his uncle, Saint Louis of France, but did not; the one on which he was stabbed with the poisoned dagger by the emissary of The Old Man of the Mountain; the one on which he and Eleanor heard, at Sicily as they fared homeward, of the deaths of their two lovely boys, and of the old King, Henry III, Edward's father. Through all these events, the lord of Stokesay was with them.

His son sold Stokesay to a 'new-rich' woollen merchant of Ludlow, who built the South Tower, and embattled the whole structure.

Two centuries later, one of this man's female descendants married a younger son of Sir Henry Vernon, of Haddon Hall; and their daughter married Francis Curzon, of Kedlestone (where her people had then been living for more than four centuries), and became ancestress to the late Lord Curzon and to his daughters by lovely Mary Leiter.

Stokesay Castle is not at all in the frequented path of travel, and I doubt if many Americans have seen it; but I shall be greatly surprised if those who go there on my recommendation do not write and tell me they 'wouldn't have missed it for anything.'

Get on, if you can, to Ludlow (eight miles) for luncheon at the Feather's Hotel, one of the most elaborate timbered houses in the kingdom, with fine panelled rooms, exceedingly rich ceilings, and fireplaces said to have been brought from the castle.

Now, what shall I say to you of Ludlow Castle, for which I have an enthusiasm so great that I'm afraid it is extraordinary and must be restrained? My reason for finding it so very interesting may not appeal to you more than quite moderately; but I think you can hardly fail to delight in the quaint, story-book town of Ludlow and in the picturesque mass of the castle ruins.

And if you grew up, as I did, on stories from English history, you will revel, as I do, in repeopling Ludlow Castle with a succession of romantic figures.

In that case, how far back do your ghosts go? Mine have no relation to the earliest years of the castle, and they cease abruptly more than four hundred years ago. They all crowd within two centuries (which is a brief span in this castle's history), and I may as well admit that they have nothing to do with Samuel Butler writing 'Hudibras' in the Gatehouse, nor with Milton's 'Comus' being presented in the Council Hall.

My ghosts begin with Roger de Mortimer, who inherited Wigmore Castle, eight miles from here; and acquired Ludlow Castle by his marriage with its heiress, early in the fourteenth century. My fearful interest in Roger goes back to the days when I read of his high-handed 'doings' as paramour of Queen Isabella, 'the She-Wolf of France,'

without being at all sure what a 'paramour' was, but suspecting it to be 'something awful.'

Didn't I keep coming upon reminders of his 'scandalous relations with the Queen'? And didn't I know that whatever they were (those 'relations'!) they were responsible for the conspiracy which deposed poor Edward II and brought about his gruesome murder in Berkeley Castle? I was interested in Edward, the first Prince of Wales; I resented the scurvy treatment he met with; I rejoiced in the details of what befell at Nottingham Castle 'on a certain night' when the young King and his friends 'were brought by torchlight through a secret way underground, beginning far from that castle, till they came even to the Queen's chamber, which by chance they found open,' and Mortimer within; and of how they slew his defenders, and took him prisoner — Isabella shrieking for mercy the while; and of how Mortimer was brought, trussed like a fowl, to London, riding with his face to the nag's tail, for all and sundry to ridicule as he passed; and of how he was the first to be hanged at Tyburn, to which he was drawn in a mean cart, like the lowest of cut-throats.

At the age when we like our stories vivid and gory, I fed on these rather than on the penny-dreadfuls, and I can't say I'm regretful.

So, when I first saw Ludlow Castle, I saw Roger there, sumptuously entertaining Isabella and young Edward, while the deposed king from his prison wrote 'the most passionate letters of entreaty to Isabella to be permitted to see her and their son.'

Some years after this, Roger's great-grandson married a great-granddaughter of Edward II, and their descendants were of the House of York which played such an important part in English history for thirty or forty years. Being descended from Edward III's second son, whereas the Lan-

castrians were issue of that king's third son, they had, of course, the better claim to the crown, since there was no issue of his eldest son (the Black Prince) beyond Richard II, who recognized Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as his heir-presumptive. The name of Mortimer passed from the English baronage with the death of this Roger's two sons. It was their sister Anne, married to a son of Edward III's fourth son Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who brought the Mortimer blood and possessions to the House of York. Their son Richard was the father of Edward IV and Richard III, and Clarence, of the butt of malmsey, and of Margaret, who married Charles the Bold. And Ludlow Castle was the chief residence of that family group.

It may be that you will not wish to tarry with them, but will be in haste to see the castle in the years when it was the residence of Edward IV's little sons, Edward and Richard, and of their half-brothers (their mother's sons by her first marriage), under the guardianship of their mother's brother, Earl Rivers. Little Edward, Prince of Wales, was sent to this border castle 'for justice to be done in the Marches of Wales, to the end that by the authoritie of hys presence the wild Welshemenne and euill disposed personnes should refrain from their accustomed murthers and outrages.' His Council endeavored to realize this intention; but the small princes had, we hope, a good time in boy-fashion. We know that their play together was of like sort (in some particulars, at least) with the play of little brothers who are *not* appointed to keep down 'murthers'; for when their Uncle Richard, later on, had Edward in his keeping and, wanting to get little Richard too, urged that 'the King doth lack a play-fellow,' their mother (who saw through the pretext) said: 'Can none be found to play with the King but only his brother? as though princes, so young as they be, could not play without their peers — or children

could not play without their kindred, with whom (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers!'

So, we trust they had a happy, 'scrappy' time, here, and played with children not their peers, in the good, lively give-and-take which is a youngster's birthright. The air they breathed was full of battles; and you may like to see them hereabouts in mimic warfare, very bloodthirsty, of course, whilst their elders sat in Council for the restraint of the 'wild Welshemenne.'

Their sister Elizabeth, after their death in the Tower, was married to Henry Tudor, who became Henry VII, and went to Winchester for the birth of their heir, whom they named Arthur for the Great King. That Arthur, Prince of Wales, came in his infant years to Ludlow, to keep his court in jurisdiction over the 'murthering Welshemenne.' And hither, in the early spring of 1502, he brought his Spanish bride, Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Catherine, who was in her seventeenth year, rode on a pillion behind her master of horse, while eleven ladies-in-waiting followed her on palfreys. When she was tired, she rested in a litter borne between two horses. 'Such was the mode of travelling before turnpike roads had made the country traversable by wheel-carriages, for the horses which bore the litter made good their footing in paths where a wheel-carriage could not be kept upright.' This doesn't sound 'restful' — does it?

They seem to have stopped at Oxford, on the way, and to have been handsomely entertained there.

Their residence at Ludlow was a brief one; for Arthur died here, of the plague, on the 2d of April, in his sixteenth year, and was taken to Worcester for burial. Nevertheless, I see their ghosts, plainly; and Arthur's is always bewailing that untimely taking-off of his which left his virgin widow

to become his brother's wife and, by her repudiation, to set Europe by the ears.

After you have seen the castle and its ghosts, don't hasten from Ludlow without having seen its beautiful church, and some of the ancient houses, and old Ludford Bridge.

And then, difficult as it is to leave this picturesque town, 'essentially feudal, martial and aristocratic in air and tradition,' you must be on your way to Worcester, thirty miles nearer London.

What will principally concern you in a brief visit to Worcester is the cathedral, and perhaps the porcelain factory, and tea.

You will come in by Hylton Road, across the river from the race-course, and go over the Severn Bridge, hailing familiarly the river you left at Shrewsbury some hours ago. The cathedral is to your right as you cross the bridge; and so is the Royal Porcelain Works; and the Commandery, a building with some four hundred and forty years of religious, and then four hundred years of secular, history; and the Guildhall, with Cromwell's head (sculped) nailed by the ears above the doorway; and the delightful Shakespeare Café in a quaint timbered house on High Street, where you may have one of the best teas in England.

Now, it is fifty-seven miles from Worcester to Oxford, with several enchanting brief stops on the way. And you must decide whether you are going to get on to Oxford by nightfall (dining, perhaps, at the Lygon Arms, Broadway, and finishing your run in the long, lovely twilight, as I am so very fond of doing) or are too tired to go that far. Your 'run' from Shrewsbury to Worcester, as you have come, has covered about seventy miles; if fifty-seven more seems too much to undertake before bedtime, you may take your choice of these alternatives:

You may loiter in Worcester, and then drop down (eight miles) to Great Malvern, among the beautiful Malvern Hills, and spend your night there at a famous watering-place; and in the morning return to Worcester, and reach Oxford for luncheon and the afternoon.

Or, you may go fifteen miles south of Worcester to Tewkesbury, one of the most delightful towns in England; spend your night in one of its quaint inns, and motor through Cheltenham and Burford to Oxford (fifty miles) before luncheon next day.

Or, eight miles nearer to Oxford than Tewkesbury, is Cheltenham, not so quaint as Tewkesbury, but most wonderfully alluring to a road-weary pilgrim, and full of creature comforts and luxuries. You could see Tewkesbury and perhaps dine there, and sleep at Cheltenham, at the Queen's Hotel.

Another alternative is to go eleven miles beyond Tewkesbury and spend the night in the New Inn at Gloucester, whence it is fifty miles to Oxford by the main London highway.

Or, you may go twenty-seven miles from Worcester to Stratford-on-Avon; 'do' the Shakespeare country to-morrow, finishing the day at Oxford, but not trying to see Oxford until the next morning; then on into London.

When you have decided which of these most appeals to you, you will know how much time you may take for Worcester.

Worcester has stories aplenty, but we must not take space here for more than a very few.

King John is buried in Worcester Cathedral; and why it did not follow the noble example of Winchester with William Rufus, and fall upon his most ignoble bones, I know not.

John died in the autumn of 1216, at Newark-upon-

Trent. His barons had offered the crown to the French Dauphin Louis, and the latter had come to take it. Hunted into an obscure corner of his kingdom, John (carrying his regalia) was crossing the Wash from Lynn, en route to Swinshead Abbey, in Lincolnshire, when the tide, coming in unexpectedly, carried away many of his men, his splendid regalia (along with the rest of his baggage), and nearly got John himself. He was in a terrible temper when he reached the abbey, and, as he sat at dinner in the abbot's refectory, he was heard to mutter that 'he hoped to make the halfpenny loaf cost a shilling before the year was over.' Before he rose from that table he was stricken with his mortal illness. Some said he got it from overeating pears. It was probably typhus fever, contracted in the Norfolk fens. However, he ordered himself carried forward in a litter. But at Newark he knew he could go no farther; so he sent for the abbot, his host, made full confession of all his sins (surely he must have *lumped* them, or he would have died unshriven!), forgave his enemies, made his officers swear fealty to little nine-year-old Henry, ordered his burial to be at Worcester Cathedral close to the miracle-working tomb of Saint Wulstan, commended his soul to God, and expired. 'Hell,' said one of his subjects, 'felt itself defiled by the presence of John'; but Worcester Cathedral has not seemed to suffer anything as a result of sheltering his bones.

Its 'notables' are diversified enough; for besides wicked John and blameless young Arthur, it cherishes the memory of the author of 'East Lynne'; of Izaak Walton's second wife, who was Ken's sister; and has sundry fine tombs of ladies, early and late in the cathedral's history, concerning whom one knows only that their survivors' sepulchral taste was good.

When you have seen these, and the delightful cloisters, and the exceptionally interesting chapter house, and have

explored the crypt, perhaps you'll like to attend a wedding. Ceremonies are more or less always in progress in these old churches that we visit: christenings, marryings, burials, go on and on and on, and we are onlookers at the sacred offices of to-day while we strive to recall those of long ago. But this wedding to which I'm bidding you is not of the present; it is on a late November day in 1582. A young wastrel and ne'er-do-well, eighteen years old, has come all the way here from Stratford-on-Avon, to marry a girl of Temple Grafton, a village near Stratford. Her name is Anne Whateley. This lad is a minor, and ought not to be married without his father's consent; but he seems to have had no difficulty in getting a license, on November 27th. Before the nuptial knot is tied, however, there are more arrivals from Stratford — unexpected ones!

There is a buxom wench of twenty-six, tearful and full of wrath, and two farmers of her village, Shottery, one of whom is an executor of her father's will. There is a wedding, on the 28th, but Anne Whateley is not the bride. *That* young eloper goes home alone, cheated at the very altar, and consoled (doubtless) by her elders, when they have got through scolding her, by oft-repeated reminders that 'your miss is your mercy.' Whether or not they convince her, I can't say. But the *other* young eloper accepts his 'come-uppance' with a very poor grace — no worse, mayhap, than that of other lads similarly caught; but certainly no better.

His return to Stratford must be hard to face. There'll be his irate father, and the leering neighbors, and his jeering fellow loafers who haven't chanced to be trapped. Anne has a cottage all her own, and a tiny patrimony; there's at least a place to go, a thatch to keep the weather off! But the prospects are poor, for this bride and groom, we think, as we see the knot tied while grim Fulk Sandells and John

Richardson stand by to see that Dick Hathaway's lass is wedded, decent-like, and not left to bring a nameless babe into the world.

It isn't a pretty story, but it helps us to understand many things about this lad Shakespeare.

On the presumption that you're bound for Oxford, we'll move that way in this chapter.

Should you go to Stratford, you'll find suggestions for that vicinity in Part III, Chapter II; Gloucester and Tewkesbury are in Part III, Chapter I.

The main road from Worcester to Oxford goes to Pershore and Evesham. Pershore, which is nine miles from Worcester, is a delightful old town 'with all sorts of charming houses, each with its beautiful gardens — sometimes the garden better than the house; sometimes the house, if possible, better than the garden'; and an abbey, founded in the seventh century, of which not much remains except the church which has a lantern-tower that Sir Gilbert Scott thought, 'with the single exception of Lincoln, probably the most beautiful of its class to be found in any English church.' Certainly there is no other church of equal size in which anything comparable to this tower exists.

Evesham (five miles farther) has a very beautiful tower, too — all, except a gateway, that is left of its ancient Benedictine abbey, founded in the eighth century. This magnificent tower is a detached campanile, like the one at Chichester and another at Bury Saint Edmunds (which you may see when you go to Ely and Cambridge), and has fine bells which I hope you may hear, sending their lovely peals across the Avon and against the distant Malvern Hills.

It was from a precursor of this belfry, they say, that Simon de Montfort recognized the force coming toward Evesham from the north to be not that of his son, coming from Kenilworth to aid him, but Prince Edward's men.

'By the arm of Saint James,' he cried, 'they come on in wise fashion, but it was from me they learnt it.' And then to the little group around him, 'Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are the foes. Let us die like men; for we have fasted here and we shall breakfast in heaven.'

Then he led them forth, the white cross upon their shoulders, and his captive brother-in-law, King Henry III, in their forefront, where it might be that his own son's men would slay him. But so it was not to be. The royal arms were victorious; and Simon de Montfort, the doughty Crusader who had essayed to make King John's son respect the Great Charter, who had been the first to summon 'the merchant and the trader to sit beside the knight of the shire, the baron, and the bishop in the parliament of the realm,' lay dead, and mutilated, that August morning on the field, 'and with him the curtain seemed to fall upon all that was free and noble in the land.' 'But he had not lived in vain. England had learnt a lesson from him, and had seen glimpses of what might be.'

From Evesham to Stratford is fifteen miles by the road which leads due north, then forks to the northeast. Southeast from Evesham two roads run, one the highway to Oxford, with Broadway six miles distant; and the other a smaller road, more charmful, through Weston-sub-Edge and Aston-sub-Edge, to the foot of a hill three hundred feet high, by which you rise into Chipping Campden, the most beautiful, picture-book town in all this picture-book region, with a High Street well said to be 'perhaps the loveliest thing of its kind in England.'

You must see the stately church, the quaint almshouses and the beautiful Market Hall. Even if you have time only to drive slowly through the little town, and then to Broadway, you'll be abundantly rewarded for the slight detour. Chipping Campden is one of the places impossible to see

without mentally taking up residence therein and leading the so different life we all think we long for — and Barrie thinks we *don't*, as he reminded us in 'Dear Brutus.'

You may go back to Aston-sub-Edge and thence to Broadway; or take the road coming from Stratford and passing through Campden to the Oxford highway, then go west to Broadway; which is a little bit 'dressed-up,' now, and seems somewhat self-conscious, but is still charming in spite of its too great celebrity and its colony of authors, actors, and artists.

If you wish to spend the night this side of Oxford, you will find the Lygon Arms at Broadway the best place to do it; although you might prefer going on, five miles, to Moreton-in-the-Marsh and stopping at the White Hart Royal where Charles I spent a night in 1644.

(Should you be a specially ardent student of Tudor houses, you might like to make your night's stop at Moreton, and go up in the morning to Compton Wynyates, one of the most interesting Tudor mansions in all England; admission on Wednesdays and Saturdays when the Marquis of Northampton and his family are not in residence.)

From Moreton you may go to Stow-on-the-Wold (three miles) and thence (ten miles) to Burford, a delightfully quaint little town on the skirts of the main road from Gloucester to Oxford, and on by that road to Oxford; or, you may go by way of Chipping Norton (eight miles) to Woodstock (eleven miles farther) and from Woodstock into Oxford, which is eight miles.

Woodstock has many memories, but not much to show except Blenheim Palace (from a distance) and the deer-park, into which you cannot drive.

If you come in from Woodstock, you enter Oxford by the Woodstock Road, and Saint Giles Street; and as you drive south in the latter, you have the Ashmolean Museum on

your right and Saint John's College on your left, adjoined by Balliol. The Martyr's Memorial is opposite the Randolph Hotel, Oxford's leading hostelry, where you may wish to put up; but I'm inclined to think you may enjoy the Mitre more. It is at the corner of High and Turl Streets, and to reach it you continue due south to Carfax, the city centre, and then turn east for a block.

If you come into Oxford from Burford, on the Gloucester Road, you enter by Park End Street, take New Road (the first turning on your right after crossing the bridge), and at the end of New Road, after passing the scant remains of Oxford's Norman castle and the substantial modern police station, county jail, and courts, you reach Castle Street which presently becomes Queen Street and then High Street.

Now, for a half-day nibble at Oxford, there are several things from among which you may choose:

You may interest yourself in it as 'a college town,' and try to comprehend what you can of its collegiate life, its sports, etc.

Or, you may make its architectural beauties your chief objective, and see as much as possible of the famous old buildings.

Or, you take the whole thing as a picture, an impression, without trying to master details, and come away with a somewhat confused but withal very pleasing 'snap-shot' of Oxford.

Or, you may seek out as shrines specially sacred to you certain colleges where they studied whom you most admire.

And, for yet another choice, you may feel that in coming to Oxford you want to think of it only incidentally as a collection of venerable buildings traversed by a continuous procession of very young men shepherded by a few elders; but primarily as a place where great battles have been

fought for the emancipation and elevation of mankind. You have had, elsewhere, and will have again, reminders of kings and barons in their castles and in the field; of monks and bishops in their abbeys and cathedrals. It may well be that in your brief stop at Oxford you wish to reflect on the rise of the new Power (Learning) and what it did to make castles insecure and abbeys confiscate.

What these blithe youths who swarm the Oxford streets to-day in term-time will do with their learning, remains to be seen. But what other youths, in other times, have imbibed here has made many epochs in history. To review them all would fill volumes.

Mindful that your Oxford stay probably will not cover many hours, and that you are (I dare say) not a specialist, but an ardent pilgrim, zestful to feel as well as to see, I have thought that perhaps you would like, before reaching Oxford, a brief résumé of what we may call her *dynamics;* and then, a programme for a not too extensive stroll through her streets.

At the time Simon de Montfort was fighting to make Henry III abide by the Magna Charta wrung from his father, King John, Roger Bacon, at Oxford, was fighting in a different but more potent way for English liberties.

I know no better story of the Universities than that of J. R. Green in his 'History of the English People' (Green was a member of Jesus College, Oxford), from which, chiefly, I am quoting.

The Universities, he reminds us, were a mark of the new impulse that Christendom had gained, through the Crusades, in its contact with the more cultured East. 'The long mental inactivity of feudal Europe broke up like ice before a summer's sun. . . . The same spirit of restlessness, of inquiry, of impatience with the older traditions of mankind, either local or intellectual, that had hurried half

Christendom to the tomb of its Lord, crowded the roads with thousands of young scholars hurrying to the chosen seats where teachers were gathered together. A new power had sprung up in the midst of a world as yet under the rule of sheer brute force. Poor as they were, sometimes even of servile race, the wandering scholars who lectured in every cloister were hailed as "masters" by the crowds at their feet. . . . The feudal and ecclesiastical order of the old mediæval world were both alike threatened by the power that had so strangely sprung up in the midst of them.

'Feudalism rested on local isolation, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, barony from barony; on the distinction of blood and race; on the supremacy of material or brute force; on an allegiance determined by accidents of place and social position. The University, on the other hand, was a protest against this isolation of man from man. The smallest school was European and not local. Not merely every province of France, but every people of Christendom, had its place among the "nations" of Paris or Padua. A common language, the Latin tongue, superseded within academical bounds the warring tongues of Europe. A common intellectual kinship and rivalry took the place of the petty strifes which parted province from province or realm from realm. What the Church and the Empire had both aimed at and both failed in, the knitting of Christian nations together in a vast commonwealth, the Universities for a time actually did. Dante felt himself as little a stranger in the "Latin" quarter around Mont Sainte Geneviève as under the arches of Bologna. Wandering Oxford scholars carried the writings of Wyclif to the libraries of Prague.

'. . . And within this strangely mingled mass, society and government rested on a purely democratic basis. . . . Wealth, physical strength, skill in arms, pride of ancestry

and blood, the very grounds on which feudal society rested, went for nothing in the lecture-room. . . . Knowledge made the "master."

'If the democratic spirit of the Universities threatened feudalism, their spirit of intellectual inquiry threatened the Church. . . . The revival of classical literature, the rediscovery as it were of an older and a greater world, the contact with a larger, freer life, introduced a spirit of scepticism, of doubt, of denial into the realms of unquestioning belief.'

How Oxford came to be a celebrated intellectual centre, we do not know; but although its beginnings as such were obscure, at the opening of the thirteenth century it was without a rival in England, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools of the Western world.

That does not mean, however, that it foreshadowed even ever so faintly the Oxford of to-day:

'In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, or stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves, in church porch and house porch, drinking, quarreling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets . . . a seething mass of turbulent life. . . . But the turbulence and stir was a stir and turbulence of life. A keen thirst for knowledge, a passionate poetry of devotion, gathered thousands round the poorest scholar;' all the hitherto fixed values of life were undergoing an ardent revaluation.

I wish we dared take space here sufficient to permit Roger Bacon's grand and tragic figure to lead us through the Oxford he knew. But we mustn't.

I wish we might imagine ourselves here with Erasmus and Colet and Thomas More in those days, three centuries

after Roger Bacon's death, when the world was 'passing through changes more momentous than any it had witnessed since the victory of Christianity and the fall of the Roman Empire.'

'Its physical bounds were suddenly enlarged. The discoveries of Copernicus revealed to man the secret of the universe. Portuguese mariners doubled the Cape of Good Hope and anchored their merchant fleets in the harbors of India. Columbus crossed the untraversed ocean to add a New World to the Old. . . . This sudden contact with new lands, new faiths, new races of men quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe (which had lapsed again into arid scholasticism after the ardor of the post-Crusade era) into a strange curiosity. . . . The capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the flight of its Greek scholars to the shores of Italy, opened anew the science and literature of the older world at the very hour when the intellectual energy of the Middle Ages had sunk into exhaustion. . . . The poetry of Homer, the drama of Sophocles, the philosophy of Aristotle and of Plato woke again to life beneath the shadow of the mighty dome with which Brunelleschi had just crowned the City by the Arno.

'From the first it was manifest that the revival of letters would take a tone in England very different from the tone it had taken in Italy, a tone less literary, less largely human, but more moral, more religious, more practical in its bearings both upon society and politics.'

John Colet came back to Oxford from Florence, aflame with appreciation of Greek culture for one reason, and for one only — because 'Greek was the key by which he could unlock the Gospels and the New Testament, and in these he thought he could find a new religious standing-ground.'

It was at this time that young Erasmus, in despair of reaching Italy, made his way to Oxford to study Greek, and

wrote thence: 'I have found in Oxford so much polish and learning that now I hardly care about going to Italy at all, save for the sake of having been there. When I listen to my friend Colet, it seems like listening to Plato himself. And when did Nature mould a temper more gentle, endearing and happy than the temper of Thomas More?'

Great days to be in Oxford, those must have been!

And then, there came the days when Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, and Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, were drawn from their Oxford prison to be burned, opposite Balliol College, and Latimer cried, as the flames shot up around him, 'We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.'

Efforts have, indeed, been made to snuff that 'candle' — the most interesting of them those of the Tractarians, headed by Newman, in the mid-years of the nineteenth century — but Latimer's cry still rings practically unchallenged in Oxford.

With these things in mind, as a basis, suppose you sally forth from the Mitre and, after a glance along High Street, you cross it into Alfred Lane, opposite your hotel, and then bear to your right, in Blue Boar Lane, to Saint Aldate's Street, down which you go to Christ Church.

I'd cross the street, first, and have a look at Pembroke College, for Samuel Johnson's sake. His rooms are over the gateway.

'He was poor,' Macaulay wrote, 'even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. He was driven from the quadrangle of Christ Church by the sneering looks which the members of that aristocratic society cast at the holes in his shoes. Some charitable person placed a new pair at his door; but he spurned them away in a fury. . . .

The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy.'

Johnson told Boswell that the first day after he came to college, he 'waited upon' his tutor, Mr. Jorden, and then stayed away four. 'On the sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered, I had been sliding in Christ Church Meadow.'

'That,' said the servile Boswell, 'was great fortitude of mind.'

'No, sir,' retorted Johnson; 'stark insensibility.'

Now, cross to Christ Church, pass beneath Wolsey's great gateway, and enter Tom Quad; roam about there for as long as you like, then enter (from the eastern range of the quadrangle) the cathedral.

You will wish to see Christ Church Meadow, where Johnson slid, and to follow New Walk across it to the Isis where the College houseboats are moored. Then come north again (toward High Street) by the path crossing Merton Field and passing between Merton College, on your right, and Corpus Christi on your left. I'd give time (in this so hurried glimpse) to Merton rather than to Corpus Christi. Then cross quaint old Merton Street and follow the opposite side of it westward to Oriel Street in which Oriel College fronts. This you will want to see for its association with 'the Oxford Movement' — with Thomas Arnold and John Henry Newman and Edward Pusey; also because it was Cecil Rhodes's college, who, besides his foundation of Rhodes scholarships, made a large bequest to Oriel.

You are back in High Street now, and very near the new buildings (one 'block' east) of University College, which

St Mary's Church, All Souls University and Queen's College

claims to have been founded by Alfred the Great in 872, but will probably interest you more because Shelley was expelled from it. See the Shelley Memorial, with the pathetic marble figure of the drowned poet.

Across High Street is Queen's College, named for Philippa of Hainault, Queen of Edward III, and always under the patronage of the Queen-Consort. And from the corner of Queen's Lane, which skirts it on the west, the view of High Street is held to be particularly fine.

Continue down High Street, now, to Magdalen (pronounced 'Maudlin'), which is almost every visitor's favorite among all the colleges. It was founded by Waynflete, one of the great Bishops of Winchester who was also Lord Chancellor of England.

Return to Queen's Lane and follow it, along the side of Queen's College, to New College Lane in which is the main gateway tower of New College, founded by Waynflete's great predecessor at Winchester, Wykeham, founder of Winchester School. The buildings remain very much as Wykeham left them, in 1386. See the cloisters here, and the gardens, with the section they enclose of the thirteenth-century city wall.

I think now I'd retrace my way in Queen's Lane to High Street, and walk west in that famous thoroughfare to Saint Mary's Church.

Between Saint Mary's and Brasenose College, to the west of it, and Broad Street, to the north, lie Radcliffe Camera, the reading-room of the Bodleian Library, the Sheldonian Theatre, and the Bodleian Library.

Balliol College, Trinity, and Saint John's lie north of Broad Street. What you are to do about them with the remainder (if any!) of your half-day at Oxford, I can't imagine. Yet Trinity buildings are among the most charming in Oxford, and Saint John's Gardens are perhaps the love-

liest, and Balliol has such a host of distinguished associations that I don't see how one can feel quite *polite* who comes away from Oxford without having paid his respects there.

The new Ashmolean Museum is across the way (Saint Giles Street), and to neglect that is not only a pity, it is a great privation.

Also, most visitors, however hasty, go to the chapel of Keble College (on the northern edge of town) to see Holman Hunt's famous painting 'The Light of the World.'

Opposite Saint Michael's Church, on the other side of Cornmarket Street and only a stone's-throw from the spot in Broad Street where their 'candle' was lighted, stood the old Bocardo Gate in a tower of which the martyrs were imprisoned before being dragged forth to their burning.

Your route into London (fifty-five miles) takes you through High Wycombe, Beaconsfield, Uxbridge, and Ealing Broadway, into Shepherds Bush, then along Holland Park Avenue and Notting Hill High Street to Bayswater Road and Marble Arch.

If you landed in Liverpool on Saturday morning, it is probably now Wednesday evening. But you have seen a good deal of England and Wales without unduly 'skimming' any part of it except Oxford — to which you can easily return, if you wish to, from London for a full day, or two.

PART II
AND NOW YOU'VE COME TO LONDON

PART II

AND NOW YOU'VE COME TO LONDON

I

YOUR FIRST LONDON DAY

TRYING to give you some glimpses of London in seven chapters, whereas I had for Paris seventeen, is no indication that I think there is less than half as much to say about London. That I should attempt to write about London in less space than a very fat little volume, did not occur to me as a possibility. It occurred to those exceedingly good friends of mine, the booksellers, who know what people ask for and who like to have it to sell. No one knows better than do those booksellers how many books on London there are, and how fascinating. People into whose blood the spell of London has got, buy those books avidly, and can never get enough of them. For the most part, they are specializing books — on the Strand or on Fleet Street, on Westminster or South London, on Old Houses or Unnoticed Corners, on Thackeray's London or Shakespeare's, on Old Taverns and Coffee Houses, or London Galleries; there is scarce an aspect of London on which an absorbingly interesting book may not be written, has not been written! Even more comprehensively than I have collected books about Paris, have I collected books about London and Londoners.

I look at them, all about me as I sit a-writing. I remind me of their infinite enchantments. I recall the days and weeks and months on end that I have spent hunting out all

the places those books tell about, and the immeasurable joy I have had in doing so. And then I try to think about seven chapters on London — and my mind almost refuses to be summoned to the task.

Almost! But not altogether. Because I recognize the complete reasonableness of what the booksellers urge: people don't take those fascinating books with them to London; they can't! Those are for fireside evenings after they come home. What they need, in the vastness of London and its bewildering treasure, is a little counsel on how to make a *beginning;* how to plan a few days which shall be typical of the almost endless days they may spend there when they have got a sort of habit for it.

'You know,' these good counsellors remind me, 'how easily one going abroad finds himself with half a suitcaseful of books and maps, even at the minimum possible for each country. You want to give people something practical, easy to carry. All you can hope to do, anyway, is to help your reader initiate himself in the inexhaustible delights of associating his reading with his travels so that he may the better enjoy both. Give him one book on England, including London; and "if he hollers" for more, later on you can give it to him.'

So! — believing this counsel to be good, I have left largely for 'another story,' a later book, those leisurely strolls which are so large a part of London's charm to the unhurried sojourner, and have made myself think of London as travellers may see it in a week or ten days. And, that I might see how just these programmes 'worked,' I tried them out, this summer, on two friends: one who had never been abroad before and was getting all her impressions of London as I took her with me on these expeditions; and one who had been in London several times before, but who declared she had never before known anything about it; be-

cause she had not known how to organize her sight-seeing, she had done little, and even that was unsatisfactory.

I am, therefore, hopeful that, although I have had chiefly in mind the traveller on his first trip to London, these chapters (far as they are from being as comprehensive as I would like them to be) may be not without some helpfulness for other travellers who have not yet developed a pleasant plan for making London's acquaintance.

People who know London well differ as to what is her centre. I contend against no one's decision; but for me the hub of London is where Nelson stands atop his tall column in Trafalgar Square. And, by way of introducing you to London, I am inviting you to share his viewpoint for a few minutes — not actually, of course, but imaginatively.

You are looking south, past the Admiralty Arch and the Admiralty Building (whence Britain directs her operations as mistress of the seas), down Charing Cross and Whitehall, a broad, modern thoroughfare through the great royal demesne that surrounded Whitehall Palace. Government buildings flank Whitehall, Downing Street tucked in amongst them. New Scotland Yard lies just this side Westminster Bridge, and the superb Houses of Parliament just the other side of it. Westminster Abbey is there, close beside the Parliament Houses; and little Saint Margaret's Church, like the Abbey's lady-in-waiting. Still farther south, along the river, is Lambeth Palace, on the other side, and the Tate Gallery, on this side, with Chelsea yet farther south and west, around a turn in the river.

North of you, as you stand by Nelson, lies the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields, Leicester Square and the heart of the theatre district, Soho with its foreign restaurants, Bloomsbury with the British Museum completely surrounded by hotels and boarding-houses. Beyond Bloomsbury, what's known as

Somers Town, with the three great railway stations of Euston, King's Cross, and Saint Pancras; and, still northward, Camden Town, and Hampstead Heath.

Westward, in a broad sweep of vision, you have The Mall, leading to Buckingham Palace, and then (rounding the palace corner) Constitution Hill, leading to Hyde Park Corner, and the Duke of Wellington's house, and Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens and Palace, and Holland Park, and all *that* world; and Pall Mall, approached by Cockspur Street, with Club-land, backed by Carlton House Terrace and Saint James's Palace and Marlborough House; and Haymarket (also approached by Cockspur Street) leading to Piccadilly Circus, and Piccadilly, and Regent Street, and fashionable Shop-land.

Then, eastward, you look along the Strand, past Charing Cross, and Adelphi Terrace, and the Victoria Embankment with Cleopatra's Needle on it, and Somerset House, and the Temple and Law Courts; down Fleet Street to Saint Paul's, and thence northward to Saint Bartholomew's and the Charterhouse, or east on Cheapside to the Mansion House, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and perhaps on to Whitechapel and the East London slums; or on Cannon Street and Eastcheap toward London Bridge and the Tower.

If you will take a little time to get these groupings even roughly, approximately, in mind, I am sure it will very greatly simplify for you your 'attack upon London.' Generalizations are always dangerous, because there are exceptions which may seem to disprove rather than to prove the rule. But if you won't take it too literally, will use it merely as a first 'key,' you may say 'South to Governmental London, and West to Fashionable London, and North to Intellectual London, and East to Oldest London.'

Where shall you go first? It doesn't really matter. I

have arranged seven days for you that you may take in any order you prefer, since they all contain 'something old and something new,' and are planned to conserve your time, steps, and energy — it being impossible, in a vast place like London, to do sight-seeing chronologically or 'by subject,' unless one is making a leisurely long sojourn.

Should your first London day be Saturday, you ought to take our programme for the Fifth Day; because only on Saturdays can the Houses of Parliament be visited.

Other than that, these programmes are, in general, practicable for any day of the week, and in any order. And I hope you'll vary the town days with out-of-town days chosen from our chapter of suggestions for those. And you will, of course, have a good London guide-book to use complementary with this. I used the Baedeker for years and felt sure there could be nothing more satisfactory. Yet, when the Muirheads (who wrote the Baedekers) began publishing their Blue Guides, I found that I liked these even better; and wherever I go, now, a Blue Guide is sure to go too. The complete 'London' is wonderfully easy to carry, besides being so constantly rewarding for the slight effort of carrying it; and there is a new, Short Guide to London, by Muirhead, containing an excellent selection of matter in about half the extent of the complete book.

I think I shall serve you best if I assume that you have your Blue Guide or your Baedeker in hand or pocket; and, instead of taking any of this so-limited space for saying 'On your left, the War Office, built in 1906,' etc., I confine myself to a few suggestions and reminders that may enliven your course or make it more vivid and memorable. Such, for instance, as that you allow yourself to see Lord Kitchener in and about the War Office, from the time he took up his duties there as War Minister, on August 6, 1914 (the day after England ordered mobilization), when he re-

marked, on reaching his office that first day, 'there is no army'; to the time, early in June, 1916, when he left here to go to Russia to discuss the rearming of the Czar's forces — and sank, with the *Hampshire*, off the Orkneys, after his ship had struck a mine.

So, suppose yourself, please, to be starting south from Nelson's Monument, toward Westminster.

Poor Charles I, looking at the scene of his execution from the site of the execution of his regicide judges, seems to be marshalling us on our way to Westminster Hall, and Whitehall Palace where his mistakes as a sovereign were tried and expiated, and where his nobility as a Christian gentleman outlives all other memories about him.

I hope I shall not offend your dignity if I suggest that you may like to do as I do in the matter of making (for my own help, in keeping things straight and making them more definite) one story *link* with others, so as to become part of an endless chain which is perpetually moving before me. Perhaps you don't need any little aids like this; but in case you do, you may link up our Dover story of Hubert de Burgh and the smith, who, when ordered to shackle him, said, 'I will die any death before I put iron on the man who freed England from the stranger and saved Dover from France,' with Whitehall Palace; for here was Hubert's London house, and he gave it to the Black Friars, or Dominicans, who sold it to the Archbishop of York. Here the Archbishops of York held sway until Wolsey, the proudest of them all, fell from favor and his archi-episcopal residence, like all else that he had, was seized by Henry VIII.

In Wolsey's day, the magnificence that he maintained here was the subject of much satire. His palaces (this and Hampton Court, in particular) were said to be

> 'More like unto a paradise
> Than an earthly habitation';

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THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE BEFORE HENRY VIII

By Edwin A. Abbey

and it was reputed that his Cardinal's hat 'was set on a cupboard and tapers about it so that the greatest duke in the land must make curtsey thereto; yea, and to his empty seat, he being away.'

Shakespeare makes Henry VIII first meet Anne Boleyn at a gay masquerade at York House; but this is a dramatic license, as Anne was a maid of honor to Henry's sister, Mary Tudor, Queen of France, and doubtless got well acquainted with Henry during the whole month that Henry, Queen Katherine, and all the court waited at Dover Castle for weather sufficiently untempestuous to permit Mary's crossing with her maids and other attendants (including Charles Brandon!) to Boulogne.

Henry's first residence at Whitehall (then York House) was when he borrowed it of Wolsey so that he could be nearer to Anne Boleyn and visit her less observedly (after he had installed her in Suffolk House, next door) than from his palace at Westminster. And it was in 'an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall' that he was married to Anne, in the presence of three witnesses at a very early hour in the morning of January 25, 1533. One of the three witnesses was Henry Norris, a Groom of the Bedchamber to Henry, who was to share Anne's fate in three years' time.

It was in the Gallery of Whitehall Palace that Henry's order for the arrest of his sixth wife, Catherine Parr, was dropped by the Lord Chancellor and picked up by one of Catherine's attendants. Henry was lying sick in the palace when this happened, and was either moved or annoyed by Catherine's shrieks of hysterical terror, to the extent that he visited her (in her adjoining room) to quiet her. And Catherine assured him that her ear-splitting woe was because she had seen so little of His Majesty of late that she was afraid his love for her was growing cold. Henry assured

her that such was not the case; and the next evening, Catherine, attended by her sister and little Lady Jane Grey, returned the King's visit, and was so meek and dutiful that Henry kissed her with much tenderness, and all was well between them. On the morrow, when the Chancellor and a guard of forty men, entered the garden to carry the Queen to the Tower, Henry, who was there sunning himself in Catherine's smiles, yelled, 'Beast! Fool! Knave!' at the astonished man, and bade him 'avaunt from our presence.'

Henry added many new buildings to the Palace of Whitehall, and died here. Little Edward lived here, more or less, and died here; and Mary used it as her chief residence; Elizabeth preferred Greenwich, her birthplace, and Richmond, but she was buried from Whitehall, brought here by water from Richmond where she died. And her people wept so much that it was said:

> 'I think the Barge-men might with easier thyes
> Have roude her thither in her people's eyes!'

Her successor, James I, planned the erection of a magnificent new palace, but he was no builder; and the only part of his scheme that was carried to execution was the banqueting-hall, designed by Inigo Jones and decorated by Rubens, which was to be so sadly associated with his son's tragic death.

You will visit the banqueting-hall, of course. But before you do, you'll pay your gaping respects, I doubt not, to the gorgeous troopers of the Royal Horse Guards posted on duty on the opposite side of Whitehall; and if it doesn't happen to be 11 A.M. or thereabouts, you will make a mental note of your resolve to be here some day at that hour and see the ceremony of changing the guard.

This guard-house is not the one that stood there on the January day of Charles's execution; but it is on the same

site as one that was built by Charles's orders; and from it, on that morning, issued the troopers of Cromwell.

Charles was brought to Whitehall from Westminster Hall where he was arraigned and sentenced. The concluding words of his death-warrant were:

'These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall . . . with full effect.'

And that night (Saturday) he was deprived of any snatches of rest, such as might otherwise have come to him, by the hammering of the carpenters erecting his scaffold. It was then that he wrote his pathetic verses:

'Felons obtain more privilege than I;
They are allowed to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why?

'Yet, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as (thou knowest) know not what they do!

'Augment my patience, nullify my hate,
Preserve my children, and inspire my mate;
Yea, though we perish, bless this church and state!'

On Sunday, Charles was removed to Saint James's Palace where, on the morrow, he had his agonizing parting from the only two of his children then able to come to him: little Princess Elizabeth, twelve years old, who was to die a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, holding out her hands and crying 'Father!' and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, her younger brother, who was to die of smallpox shortly after the restoration of the throne to their eldest brother Charles.

Elizabeth put in writing her childish account of that most sad interview: 'He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land. . . . Above all, he bade me tell my mother that his thoughts had never

much in Whitehall and its continuation which is called Parliament Street, but get on my way toward Parliament Square.

I like, when taking friends who are new-come to London over this route, to take them halfway across Westminster Bridge, for the view up and down the river, and the sight of the Houses of Parliament from the water-side.

I shall not attempt to tell you anything about the Houses of Parliament, as everything you can wish to know about them is in your guide-book, even back to the Westminster Palace that occupied this site for so many centuries.

There are stories without end that we might tell about happenings in the old palace; but as most of them concern personages who are commemorated in and about the Abbey, I think we won't try to recall them in connection with any part of the palace that is no more — only with the sole remaining section of it, Westminster Hall, which is so easily one of the most interesting places in London that should it not be open to the public when you first seek admission, I urge you to learn when you *can* get in, and make sure that you include it in your London sight-seeing. For you will see little else so venerable, and so evocative of England's past, anywhere in all Britain.

In particular, Westminster Hall is associated with the development of English law and liberties, and, as incidents in that development, with some very famous trials.

William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, built the hall; and it is barely possible that he might have been brought to some sort of justice there if an assassin's arrow in New Forest had not cut short his horrid reign. But though England was to try and depose several kings there, it was a barons' affair, in the interest of another royal claimant, each time till Charles I stood here, five and a half centuries after Wil-

NORTHWEST VIEW OF WESTMINSTER HALL

From an old mezzotint after an eighteenth-century drawing, showing coffee-houses erected in front

liam Rufus's day; and the most ill-used of Rufus's commoners probably never dreamed of a day when a king could be brought to the defendant's bar.

It was Edward I who established Parliament at Westminster and the higher courts of law in Westminster Hall. And as, in the words of J. R. Green, 'with the reign of Edward begins modern England, the constitutional England in which we live,' I like to think on the strange new order of things he established here.

'The Parliaments which Edward gathered at the close of his reign,' Green says, 'are not merely illustrative of the history of later Parliaments, they are absolutely identical with those which still sit at Saint Stephen's; and a statute of Edward, if unrepealed, can be pleaded in our courts as formally as a statute of Victoria.

'In a word, the long struggle of the constitution for actual existence has come to an end. The contests which follow are not contests which tell, like those which preceded them, on the actual fabric of our political institutions; they are simply stages in the rough discipline by which England has learned, and is still learning, how best to use and how wisely to develop the latent powers of its national life, how to adjust the balance of its social and political forces, and to adapt its constitutional forms to the varying conditions of the times. From the reign of Edward, in fact, we are face to face with modern England. King, Lords, Commons, the Courts of Justice, the forms of public administration, our local divisions and provincial jurisdictions, the relations of Church and State, in great measure the framework of society itself, have all taken the shape which they still essentially retain.'

Edward, the Crusader, the husband of the 'dear queen,' the father of the first Prince of Wales, whom we have seen victorious at Evesham, and laid low by an assassin in the

Holy Land, and wildly lamenting his father's death (news whereof reached him in Sicily), and conqueror in Wales, we now see at Westminster as the great organizer of turbulent feudal factions into a modern state.

'In his own time, and amongst his own subjects,' Green says, 'Edward was the object of almost boundless admiration. He was in the truest sense a national king. At the moment when the last trace of foreign conquest passed away, when the descendants of those who won and those who lost at Senlac (Hastings) blended for ever into an English people, England saw in her ruler no stranger, but an Englishman.

'The national tradition returned in more than the golden hair or the English name which linked him to our earlier Kings. Edward's very temper was English to the core. In good as in evil he stands out as the typical representative of the race he ruled, like them wilful and imperious, tenacious of his rights, indomitable in his pride, dogged, stubborn, slow of apprehension, narrow in sympathy, but like them, too, just in the main, unselfish, laborious, conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious. . . .

'He was the first English king since the Conquest who loved his people with a personal love, and craved for their love back again. To his trust in them we owe our Parliament, to his care for them the great statutes which stand in the forefront of our laws. . . . Few scenes in our history are more touching than that which closes the long contest over the Charter, when Edward stood face to face with his people in Westminster Hall, and with a sudden burst of tears owned himself frankly in the wrong.'

I dare say that when you were twelve, or thereabouts, you hated Edward, as I did, with a righteous hate, for William Wallace's sake. The bewildered look of the gray-haired

hist'ry teacher is still with me, to whom I hotly replied that William Wallace was *not* hanged at Tyburn, as she said, and as a horrid fat red hist'ry book seemed to substantiate — a nasty, dry-as-dust compendium that began with Assyrians and went straight through to Zulus (I am not vouching for this, for I learned none of it) and violated all the canons of decency regarding my favorite heroes and heroines.

'He was not hanged *any*where!' I told that astonished teacher. 'His noble heart broke, of anguish, ere ever the hangman's noose had sullied his fair neck.' Or words to that effect, only still more Jane-Porterish, I doubt not.

Marvellous Jane Porter! Incomparable 'Scottish Chiefs'!

As a matter of fact, 'of Wallace himself, of his life or temper, we know little or nothing,' as Green says; 'the very traditions of his gigantic stature and enormous strength are dim and unhistorical. But the instinct of the Scotch people has guided it aright in choosing Wallace for its national hero. He was the first to assert freedom as a national birthright, and, amidst the despair of nobles and priests, to call the people itself to arms.'

And that he was tried, here in this Westminster Hall, and here condemned, then hanged at Tyburn (or at Smithfield; accounts differ) is one of the reasons why you should try to realize, here, what it was that Edward felt his task to be, and why he not only did not intervene to save Wallace from death (he who, in his old age, said, 'No man ever asked mercy of me and was refused'), but permitted Wallace's head, mockingly crowned with laurel, to be exposed to scorn on London Bridge.

I'm afraid we mustn't go into the case, pro and con, here. But if you enjoy making yourself see 'the other side,' especially of decisions in which you have been ardently partisan, let me suggest that you give Edward I another trial.

I don't ask you to exonerate him from blame for Wallace's death — only to see what he thought were the reasons for it. Every exercise of this sort is good for our mental and spiritual 'muscles,' besides being exceeding interesting.

It was in 1305 that Wallace was condemned here. The first Prince of Wales was twenty-one years old then, and his aged father was not many months short of finishing his earthly course.

In January, 1307, young Edward became King; and twenty years later, at a meeting of Parliament called by his Queen, 'the she-wolf,' Isabella of France, Edward's misdemeanors were discussed, his deposition decreed, and his eldest son was elected to his office and immediately proclaimed King, in Westminster Hall.

Isabella, having brought about that which she desired and for which she had plotted and conspired, essayed to divert suspicion from herself by raising a loud 'boo-hoo' of pretended grief for her poor dear husband. And so successful an actress was Isabella, that her young son, the newly proclaimed King, sought to console her by declaring that he would not accept the crown unless his father voluntarily resigned it to him.

What Mortimer (the 'paramour') said to Isabella when they found young Edward adamant in his decision, I don't know. But thirteen commissioners had to go to Kenilworth Castle, where Edward was then a prisoner, and force a resignation from him. We shall recall that pathetic scene when we're at Kenilworth; but here, I'm sure you'll want to hear Isabella 'boo-hoo.'

When Edward III's grandson, Richard II, stood here, seventy-two years later, and agreed to his deposition, did he (we wonder) recall his great-grandsire's murder, and suspect that his own was imminent?

It was he who rebuilt, or reroofed and renovated this

great hall; and here he took leave of sovereignty and almost of the world.

That Richard was not a popular king was somewhat to his credit as well as somewhat to his shame. His nobles didn't like him because he was of no mind to carry on war in France, in prosecution of his grandfather's claim to the French crown. And the landowners didn't like him because he wouldn't sanction their oppression of the land laborers. And the Church didn't like him because he showed no zeal against Lollardry, the sect of Wyclif, which held the right of every man to examine the Bible for himself, and decried pardons, indulgences, absolutions, and worship of the saints. Richard's first wife, Anne of Bohemia, a granddaughter of blind King John of Bohemia who was killed at Crécy fighting for the King of France against Richard's father and grandfather, and whose crest and motto Richard's father appropriated and all Princes of Wales have worn ever since — Anne was tainted with Lollardry, and sent it home to Bohemia, to smite John Huss with its fever; and anything that his gentle Anne favored had the tenderness of Richard, if not his embrace.

Mistakes Richard did indeed make; and wrong he did indeed commit. He was in some respects a reactionary, and in others a too-great liberal. But my heart aches for him, as it does for any one whose perplexities and responsibilities are beyond his capacity. He was a tender and devoted son, the most adoring and unswervingly loyal of husbands, and in any other situation of life might have been happy and acclaimed. So I weep for him, as I do for that gentle little man who was lately done to death in a Siberian prison.

The higher courts of law which Edward I founded sat here in Westminster Hall for six hundred years — until they were moved, in 1882, to the new Law Courts at Temple Bar.

I wish we might come here for the trial of Sir Thomas More, whom Henry VIII's terrible Minister, Thomas Cromwell, sent to the block because he was at the forefront of the New Learning which was as dangerous to the absolutism of kings as to that of the Church. And to the trial of Essex, fickle Elizabeth's sometime favorite. And to that of Strafford, with King Charles I looking on.

'If my own person were in danger,' Charles declared as he yielded and signed Strafford's death-warrant, 'I would gladly venture it to save my Lord Strafford's life; but seeing my wife, children, all my kingdom are concerned in it, I am forced to give way.'

Browning, when he wrote his play 'Strafford' for Macready, was only twenty-five years old, and helping his friend, John Forster, on 'The Life of Strafford.' Macready said to him: 'Write me a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America.'

Perhaps you'd like to imagine yourself here at the trial of Warren Hastings; but if there is any 'appeal' inherent in that, it was killed for me in school when we droned over Macaulay's essay — or whatever it was that we parsed or dissected or did something to, in a spirit of boredom unutterable. *Why* does any one administer such a dose to youngsters of thirteen or thereabouts?

But we mustn't stay longer in Westminster Hall; not even to recall in any least detail the trial of Charles I.

As we return to New Palace Yard, and make our way across St. Margaret's Street, not knowing where to look first at all there is to see, suppose we let it be at the east end of the superb Henry VII Chapel of Westminster Abbey, which is south of Saint Margaret's Church and just about opposite Old Palace Yard where the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion is. The Lady Chapel of Westminster, built in 1220, stood there, where the Henry VII Chapel now stands, until

about 1503; and abutting on it was the White Rose Tavern, with a tenement house beside it which Chaucer leased, late in the fourteenth century, and where he died, in October, 1400.

Some seventy-five years after 'the morning star of English literature' had taken his place forever among the immortal, there came back to England, after five-and-thirty years abroad, one who had been a Kentish boy when, roundabout Canterbury, there were still many persons living who had known Geoffrey Chaucer in the flesh. This William Caxton was bred to the silk mercer's trade, and for many years was profitably engaged in it at Bruges, then one of the great markets of Europe. As a man of such importance that he was concerned in international trade conferences and treaties, he came in contact with the leading personages of the Burgundian and English courts. And when the young English Princess, Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV, of Richard III, and of 'Malmsey' Clarence, was married to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, Caxton, her countryman, seems to have entered her household, probably as a sort of business manager or commercial adviser.

Bruges was a great centre of learning, in those days, a city of art and culture and magnificence; the love of books was strong there, and Caxton had access to libraries unsurpassed in their time.

Just how or why he came to be a copyist I have never read. But as only the very richest could afford to own books, perhaps even this cultured man of successful affairs could possess a book only if he could copy it. At any rate, he made books so, before he learned the brand-new art of printing. The first book he printed was the 'Tales of Troy' which he had translated from the French for Duchess Margaret.

'For as much as in the writing of the same,' he said in his preface, 'my pen is worn, my hand weary and not stead-

fast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address them as hastily as I might the said book, therefore I have practiced and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story here emprynted as ye see were begun in one day and also finished in one day.'

The printing-press and the skill to use it, and the love of books, and a good linguistic equipment making him a facile translator (as he had need to be, there being so little in English for him to print), Caxton brought with him from Bruges about 1476, and established himself in the Almonry of Westminster, a little enclosure containing a chapel and almshouses near the west front of the church, where the alms of the Abbey were distributed to the poor.

This he must have been enabled to do by consent of Edward IV, whose acquaintance he had made while the head of the House of York was in exile at his sister's court in Bruges, in 1470. There, too, Caxton met Edward's brother-in-law, Earl Rivers, whose compilation of 'The Sayings of the Philosophers' was the first book Caxton printed in England.

As you enter Saint Margaret's, look across Broad Sanctuary, over toward where the Westminster Hospital now stands, behind the Middlesex Guild Hall (which is the background for Saint Gaudens's Lincoln, a replica of the one in Lincoln Park, Chicago) and try to see the great comings and goings that were there, about the Almonry, in Caxton's day.

One day, 'having no work in hand,' as he explained, 'I, sitting in my study where as lay many divers pamphlets and books, happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which late was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France — which book is named Eneydos, and made in Latin by that noble poet and great clerk Vergyl — in which book I had great pleasure by reason of the fair and honest termes and wordes in French which I never saw to-fore-like, none so pleasant nor so well-ordered, which book as me seemed should be requisite for noble men to see, as well as for the eloquence of the histories; and when I had advised me to this said book I deliberated and concluded to translate it into English, and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or twain.'

He was busy, there, with his translation of the 'Golden Legend,' and 'half desperate to have accomplished it' and ready to 'lay it apart' save that the Earl of Arundel begged him in no wise to leave it, when Edward IV died, and Queen Elizabeth Woodville, fearful of her brother-in-law, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, fled with her younger son, the little Richard, Duke of York, to the refuge of the Sanctuary, hard by the Almonry.

The Sanctuary, which occupied a space at the west end of Saint Margaret's churchyard, was a strong, gloomy building of sufficient strength to withstand a siege. It was built by Edward the Confessor, and was of such strength that when it was demolished in the late eighteenth century, eight hundred years and more after its erection, the wreckers almost despaired of being able to level it.

Elizabeth Woodville was no stranger to it; for here, on the first of November, 1470, whilst her husband was in exile at Bruges, at his sister's court, and Warwick the kingmaker was in brief control of England, Elizabeth brought into the world her first son (but fourth child by Edward),

the little lad destined to be Edward V, but to die in the Tower before he had ever reigned.

The Queen was in a most destitute state, in want of everything; but the Abbot of Westminster sent various conveniences from the Abbey, and Mother Cobb, a well-disposed midwife who lived in the Sanctuary (having fled there for refuge from troubles of her own), assisted the Queen and acted as nurse to the little Prince — who was baptized in the Abbey, soon after his birth, with no more ceremony than if he had been a poor man's son.

When Elizabeth fled hither the second time, she brought not three children as at first, but six of the eight she had borne Edward; one was recently dead, and the young King, born here thirteen years before, was coming from Ludlow in custody of his false uncle.

The eldest daughter who came this second time to share her mother's refuge here, was Elizabeth, who was to become the mother of Henry VIII.

From this refuge, the Queen appointed May 4th to be her son's coronation day; but not until that day did he enter London. When he was in the Tower, where all monarchs awaited their coronation, his Uncle Richard's next object was to get possession of the little Duke of York. No use to make away with one heir and leave another!

The Archbishop of Canterbury (unsuspectingly, we must believe) lent himself to this plot, and urged Elizabeth to surrender her son (as we recalled at Ludlow) for a playfellow to his brother.

At last she said: 'I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truths.' Then, taking little Richard by the hand, she continued: 'Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me, if I were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood that, if they wist where any lay in their own bodies,

they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred: brothers have been brothers' bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children are safe while they be asunder. Notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful be ye I wot well, and power ye have, if ye list, to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little.

'And therewithal, farewell! mine own sweet son. God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!'

This is, to me, one of the most poignant scenes in English history, and always present with me in the Broad Sanctuary.

Caxton, working at his 'Golden Legend' only some very few yards away, must have heard it related, in full detail, by some of the witnesses to it. And how he endured the patronage of Richard III I cannot guess. Richard was King only two years, but Caxton's 'Order of Chivalry' was dedicated to him.

Caxton lived some six years under Henry VII's rule. He *almost* lived to hear of Columbus's discovery of the New World. And here, at the Almonry, 'many noble and divers gentle men of this realm came and demanded many and ofter times wherefore I have not made and imprinted the noble history of the "San Graal."' Here they discussed with him the historic existence of King Arthur — just as Tennyson may have discussed it with the Macmillans nearly four hundred years later.

Caxton was buried in Saint Margaret's, which was built in the eleventh or twelfth century as the parish church of Westminster, the Abbey being the property of the monks.

Raleigh, executed in Old Palace Yard, opposite, was brought here for burial.

Saint Margaret's is now best known for its fashionable weddings and perhaps for having been the scene of Samuel Pepys' marriage. But I am going to invite you to a funeral here, one of the most pathetic funerals imaginable — so very sad a funeral that I couldn't have the heart to remind you of it if there were not such a tremendous 'lift' in the sequel to it. There is no death sadder than that of a young mother who has died in childbirth. This funeral has for chief mourner a man who has twice been widowed in those pathetic circumstances.

He was not young when he first married; he was thirty-four, and a quiet, studious, serious fellow, an anti-Royalist. Why his choice fell on a light-hearted, fun-loving girl of seventeen, who loved dancing and all merriment, and who came of a family of ardent Royalists, I leave you to say — if you can. There were eleven children in the jolly household where Mary Powell grew up; and the lonely quiet of her grave husband's home terrified her. She begged his leave to go home on a visit, and when she got there she said she would never go back.

Thereupon, he scandalized London by saying that the notion of sacramental sanctity in marriage is a clerically invented superstition, and that incompatibility of temperament or of mind between two persons is perfectly just reason for divorce.

This opinion he made bold to print, without asking the censors of publications for the license he knew they would not grant. And in reply to the storm of abuse this drew down on him, he addressed to Parliament a plea for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing which raised an even greater storm and resulted in this disturbing person's withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church and his declaration that there should be many doctrines for many men, each to his own liking. Shocking!

After two years' absence, Mary asked to come back to him; and he took her. What's more, he took in all her 'raft of relations,' who seem to have been out of luck just then — as most Royalists were — and was very good to them, though his own funds were scant and he had his own old father to care for.

Mary was sobered, by this time, and able to appreciate him; and they seem to have got on very well. Two little daughters came to them, and then a son; and they took a pretty garden house, not far from here, in what was then called Petty France. But it was destined to be a house of sorrow. For only a few months after they moved into it, the breadwinner of the family became totally blind; and about that time his little year-old son died. The next year, Mary lost her life in giving birth to her fourth child, a third daughter, and left her husband in darkness and desolation, with three tiny girls, the eldest but six, the youngest newborn. Poor Mary was only twenty-seven when she went away this second time, on a journey from which there's no returning. And for three years that pathetic household struggled on, somehow, as motherless households do. Then a bride came to it, to be eyes to the blind and mother to the motherless. Her banns were published here in Saint Margaret's, and she was probably married here. Fifteen months later, her blind husband stood here and heard the service consigning her and their stillborn child to the tomb. Then he went home to his lonely house in Petty France, and to his bereft brood, and — began 'Paradise Lost'!

Now, here you are at the North Transept door of Westminster Abbey; and of all that might be said of the Abbey in a tight-packed tome, what is there that I can offer you in a very few pages?

In no case should I attempt to write of it architecturally, or to discuss its monumental sculpture, nor its musical his-

tory, nor its notable deans and their achievements — all of which would make interesting and informing reading if better done than I know how to do them. In no case, methinks, should I attempt any pictures of the almost innumerable coronations. And I admit that it costs me no pang to hurry through the North Transept, which looks like the work-yard of a tombstone-maker catering to new-rich patrons of excessively shoddy taste.

Some day, perhaps, a renaissance of true reverence for this glorious old minster will sweep it clear of all its clutter of monstrous eighteenth and nineteenth century statues, all its memorials to persons buried far elsewhere and more fittingly commemorated where they lie, and leave the beautiful, hallowed place to its ancient dead, and to such stones as some of those in the floor of Poets' Corner 'which tell all, and set the passer-by to dreaming.'

If I could have my way, I'd never let a friend of mine enter by that North Transept door, with its offending counter of guide-books and picture post-cards. I'd take my friend through Old Palace Yard and down Abingdon Street alongside the Victoria Tower Gardens (where stands Rodin's great group of 'The Burghers of Calais') to Great College Street; and before we ventured into the Abbey church at all, we'd have browsed and brooded in every one of the drowsy old pastures of peace that are left open for inspection in the former Abbey precincts: the Great and Little Cloisters, the Dark Entry, the Norman Undercroft, and the Chapter House where the House of Commons was born and held its meetings till 1547, when it moved to Saint Stephen's Chapel in Westminster Palace. Here met Simon de Montfort's ideal of a Parliament, of twenty-three barons, one hundred and twenty churchmen, two knights from each shire, and two burghers from each town; and thus it became the 'cradle of representative and constitutional government throughout the world.'

From the end of the East Walk of the Great Cloisters, I'd enter the South Choir Aisle of the Abbey, and find myself at Poets' Corner. And, lest I grow bewildered here with so many reminders of great creative artists, I'd rather rigidly exclude all emotion over personages not buried here.

What your shrines may be in Poets' Corner is not for me to guess. But mine are Chaucer's tomb, and the pavement stones beneath it which lie above the dust of Tennyson and Browning; poor Edmund Spenser's grave, not because his 'Faerie Queene' means anything to me, but because of the pitifulness of his life and death, and because Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and probably Shakespeare stood here when he was buried, and threw into his grave their elegies for him along with the pens that wrote them and should do no meaner service. I pay my tribute to Jenny Lind, and to the composer of 'The Messiah'; I count it a high privilege to muse above the dust of Samuel Johnson (though I don't feel at all near to him here) and his fellow adventurer David Garrick; and Henry Irving. These, and the stone above Dickens's grave, are what hallow for me this South Transept. Your interest may be much more inclusive.

From close beside the Poets' Corner, we enter the Ambulatory and Choir Chapels, where (except on Mondays) we pay sixpence for admission and are hurried through under the conduct of a not unnaturally bored verger with a 'rigmarole.' I have tried this method, times innumerable; and I have tried going on Monday and taking my own time for it. No; I cannot say which is least satisfactory.

On one of the Monday trials I gleaned *this* from an English 'tripper' come to town on an excursion: 'Ow, there eyen't nothin' to see *'ere;* let's go to a cinema.'

There's a great deal of that sort of thing 'of a Monday.' There is nearly always a grievous accompaniment of cheap

'humor' (irreverence passes for humor with a multitude of persons) which is thrust upon every one's notice in direct proportion to its offensiveness and to the shame that should be felt for it. Westminster Abbey is too much an excursionists' 'sight' (what with the Coronation chair and backgrounds, and latterly the grave of the Unknown Soldier) to afford any reverent pilgrim opportunity for such emotion as he may have many places elsewhere. If there is any poetic, *exalté* time for seeing it, I have never found it out. But I incline to believe that the least unsatisfactory thing to do is to 'lurk' and watch until a verger and his flock have just started upon their round; then buy a six-penny ticket as if to join them, and loiter as far behind as you can.

If it were my pleasure to be with you in the flesh, instead of between covers, of course I would linger with you where your interest was most intense; and if your memory failed at certain points you wished to recall, I'd see if mine would serve. But as that can't be, we must do the only other thing possible, and stop here and there at tombs which for one reason or another have specially interested me and likewise have interested friends with whom I have visited these chapels.

I wonder if the records we have of royal and princely progeny impress you, as they do me, with the sense of *human waste* there was when women, even those who commanded the maximum of care for their children, bore a dozen babies to bring three or four to maturity?

Here, for instance, in one small altar tomb near the entrance to the chapels, lie four little brothers and sisters of Edward I, and four of his children dead in their infancy.

In the Chapel of Saint Edmund (the first we enter) is a slab marking the grave of Bulwer-Lytton. But where I do my musing here is beside the tomb of that unpleasant lady,

the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey. She was the daughter of Charles Brandon, you'll remember, and of Mary Tudor, sometime Queen of France, who were so hastily, unceremoniously wed in the Cluny Palace at Paris when Francis I discovered them there together very, very soon after poor old Louis XII had died of trying to keep pace with Madcap Mary. Brandon, whom Henry VIII made Duke of Suffolk, had three children by Mary Tudor, but their son died in infancy; his title and estates descended to his sons by his fourth wife (Mary was his third), who died of the sweating sickness within four hours of each other, when little Lady Jane was fourteen, leaving the bulk of their wealth to their half-sister, Frances, whose husband was made Duke of Suffolk in the following year. (Poor madcap Mary had no bed of roses with her plebeian Charles, and was dead long before her ill-fated granddaughter came into the world.)

This Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, was much like her father — intent upon nothing much except her own wishes and advancement. Her only son died of the plague while still a baby, which left her claim to the English crown vested in her three daughters to whom she was a selfish and at times a cruel mother.

Under Henry VIII, his niece Frances was a schismatic like himself; under her little cousin, Edward VI, she was a zealous Protestant; under her older cousin Mary (who sent her husband and daughter to the block) Frances was a pious Catholic; and under her other cousin Elizabeth, Frances was a prominent member of the Church of England.

Frances was in the Tower with her husband and her daughter, during Jane's nine days' reign, but seems to have hastened to prostrate herself before her cousin Mary Tudor and to have kept herself thereafter safely aloof from the tragedy which swept to the scaffold her husband, her

daughter, her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and others of her relations by marriage; and, within a fortnight of her husband's execution and a month of her young daughter's death on the scaffold, Frances married her late husband's Groom of the Chambers, a red-haired lad of middle-class origin, named Adrian Stokes. This marriage seems to have been agreeable to the new Queen, for it further removed Frances from any probability of being put forward as a claimant to the crown; and Adrian had a great time 'swanking' at court all through Mary's reign (no ill-feeling cherished — none whatever!) and in the beginning of Elizabeth's.

Frances's mother (a queen, and a queen's daughter) was laid to rest in the Abbey Church at Bury Saint Edmunds; but the pliant Frances was given sepulture in the burial-place of England's kings, and great was the pomp of her funeral when she was interred here in December, 1559. And, somewhat curiously, not only is she in Saint Edmund's Chapel, but her monument occupies the exact site of Saint Edmund's shrine.

In the next chapel lies the Duchess of Somerset, who outlived her husband, the Protector, by thirty-five years. Her son was married to Frances Brandon's daughter Catherine, whose tomb we visited at Salisbury. This lady's husband, who perished on the scaffold in 1552, is buried in Saint Peter ad Vincula beside Tower Green, side by side with his enemy who compassed his fall, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey; and on one side of the two dukes lies Anne Boleyn, and on the other side Catherine Howard.

The Northumberlands who sleep beneath the Duchess of Somerset are not John Dudley's kin — they are the Percys to whom the title belonged before Dudley helped himself to it, and to whom it has, since his downfall, belonged again;

the Percys descended from Queen Adelicia's brother, Josceline of Louvain.

Now we enter the superb Henry VII Chapel, begun as a shrine for Henry VI, but never so used. And the first tomb we note here is that of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, who was the same relation to Henry VIII and his brood that Frances Brandon was. Margaret was a daughter of Henry VIII's elder sister Margaret, who became Queen of Scotland; as Frances was a daughter of his younger sister Mary, who became Queen of France; but in each case, the descent was not from the royal husband, but from a second marriage. The Countess of Lennox was the mother of Lord Darnley — that was *his* claim to the English throne — and half-sister to King James V of Scotland, whose daughter Mary, Queen of Scots, married Lord Darnley.

(Don't protest that this is too much genealogy! If we don't get these 'claims' straight in our minds, the most fascinating pages in English history are a mere muddle to us.)

Lady Lennox lived a good many years after her son's mysterious death for which his wife was blamed; she lived to see her little grandson King of Scotland, and his mother a prisoner of Queen Elizabeth's.

Close to her, in death, lies her daughter-in-law, Mary, Queen of Scots, in a tomb which her son erected for her and to which he removed her remains from Peterborough. We shall more particularly recall Queen Mary there, where there are fewer stories to crowd upon hers; but this is, of course, a shrine of tenderest interest to Mary's lovers. I hope she was an idol of your very early childhood, as she was of mine; and that you have never ceased to thrill to her poignant story. Well I mind me of my emotion when I first saw this tomb (I was six years old) and of my wonderment. I supposed that the recumbent figure was that of

the dear lady (as a *very* young relative of mine once asked me: 'What *else* has to happen to you, after you die, before you turn into a statue?'), and I walked round and round and round it, many times, marvelling that the neck showed no sign of the severing axe, and concluding that in some wise the miraculous reassembling of the resurrection had in her case begun early.

Mary's granddaughter, 'the Winter Queen,' through whom the House of Hanover came to the English throne when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart sovereigns died, pre-deceased by all her two-and-twenty children (talk about human waste!), lies in the same vault; as does her dashing son, Prince Rupert.

In the next tomb rests Margaret, Countess of Richmond, a very remarkable lady. She was a great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt by his mistress (perhaps Chaucer's sister-in-law) whom he subsequently married; his nephew, Richard II, legitimating their offspring. Margaret was only four years old when she was left fatherless and a great heiress; and by the time she was nine, she had to choose between rival suitors clamoring for her estates. One of these was Edmund ap Tudor, a half-brother of Henry VI, and him she chose; to him she was married when she was fourteen; and by him she was left a widow when she was sixteen — a widow with a little boy-baby six months old, whose title to the English throne, faint as it may seem, was sufficient to make his young mother fearful for him from the moment of his birth. When presented by his mother to his great-uncle, Henry VI, that unfortunate 'Harry of Windsor' blessed him and said, 'This pretty boy will wear the garland in peace for which we so sinfully contend.' Three years later she made a second marriage; but soon after that her little boy was taken from her and brought up by Yorkists until he was fifteen. Margaret recovered her

boy, briefly, whilst Edward IV was in exile and the Lancastrians were again in power; but Edward was soon back again, and Margaret's boy had to flee to France. She saw little of him for years thereafter; but she was active in promoting his marriage with the eldest sister of the little murdered princes, and in furnishing him with means to fight for the English throne against that blood-stained Richard who was the murderer not only of the little princes, but of Henry VI. Bosworth was fought and won on August 22, 1468, and Margaret's 'pretty boy' was now King of England, and the Tudor dynasty was begun.

All through her son's reign, Margaret lived. She mourned the death of her young grandson Arthur, at Ludlow. She offered what consolation she could to her son when his consort, Elizabeth of York, died in child-bed on her thirty-seventh birthday, after bringing her seventh child into the world. She was Regent of the Kingdom after her son's death, until her grandson Henry VIII attained his eighteenth birthday (from April 22, 1509, to June 28th, of that year) and died the day after her regency was done.

She was the first English authoress, a great patron of learning, and a noble lady most of whose progeny did her scant credit.

The Florentine sculptor who executed the tomb of Henry VII and his Queen is the one who broke Michelangelo's nose!

I wish we dared take space for a detailed picture of little Edward VI's burial. The frail, weary lad died on July 6th, during a terrific hailstorm which wrought havoc of destruction and fear in the city and roundabout. On the 10th, Lady Jane proceeded to the Tower to await her coronation; on the 19th, her 'reign' was over and Mary's was begun; but not until August 6th was the body of Edward consigned to its resting-place. Many children in white sur-

plices were gathered to attend him to his tomb, and Cranmer read the Committal from the Book of Common Prayer — it was his last service of State!

When Mary Tudor died, knowing that Elizabeth was to be her successor, she believed that Elizabeth would 'carry on' in the Catholic religion. If she knows what Elizabeth did, it's a wonder she lies peaceably in the same grave with her. But perhaps by the time Elizabeth was brought here to share it, Mary had learned something beyond bigotry.

The bones, supposed to be those of the murdered princes, lie near by.

Now, with Margaret, Countess of Richmond, still in mind, let us visit the tomb of her sprightly mother-in-law, Catherine of Valois, the wife of 'Harry of Monmouth' (Henry V) and the mother of 'Harry of Windsor' (Henry VI). Wilful Kate! Henry, dying at the Château de Vincennes, near Paris, after only two years of wedded life, charged the Duke of Bedford, 'Comfort my dear wife, the most afflicted creature living' — and doubtless believed her so to be. But his splendid funeral, here in the Abbey, was still fresh in all men's memory, when his handsome Kate (widowed before she was twenty-one) began to be enamoured of one of the soldier guards of her infant son at Windsor Castle, Owen Tudor by name, belonging (as her ladies ventured to remind her) to 'a barbarous clan of savages, reckoned inferior to the lowest English yeomen' — meaning the Welsh. Catherine made this 'barbarian' her clerk of the wardrobe; and sometime or other she probably married him, either before or after she had borne him three sons; but she managed to keep her relations with him secret till after the birth of their fourth child, when she either went or was sent to the Abbey of Bermondsey, across the river, where she soon died. Owen, meanwhile, had been thrown in Newgate Prison, whence he

escaped. Years later, he was beheaded at Hereford by order of Edward IV.

Catherine was buried, first, in the Lady Chapel, which her grandson Henry VII demolished to make room for this chapel that he began as a shrine for her unfortunate son. Her tomb was taken down, but her corpse was not disinterred, and it seems to have been extraordinarily preserved and to have been shown, in its coffin with a loose cover, 'to be handled of any who much desire it,' for at least three centuries. Samuel Pepys paid tuppence for the privilege of kissing it. It was not withdrawn from 'exhibition' until about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Catherine was, you'll remember, daughter of the mad King (Charles VI) of France and of his wicked wife Isabeau of Bavaria; and sister to Charles VII and to Isabella, the child-wife of Richard II.

At the other royal tombs we must not linger, much as they tempt us to — not even at that of the 'dear queen.'

You will find in your guide-book all needful details about the Stone of Scone and the Coronation Chair.

And for the Unknown Warrior's grave, near the West Door of the Minster, you need no suggestions.

You'll doubtless wish to pay your reverent tribute at the graves of Sir Isaac Newton, of Sir John Herschel, and of Charles Darwin, in the North Aisle of the Nave, and to David Livingstone and Robert Stephenson in the South Aisle.

And by this time you are almost certainly thinking of luncheon. Where shall you take it?

Well, were it my choice, I'd probably say in Fuller's on Regent Street, or across the same street at Dickens and Jones's department store tea-room (in the Lincoln Room they serve American dishes); or at Marshall and Snelgrove's tea-room (another department store) on Oxford

Street, at the head of New Bond Street; or in Selfridge's. I'm afraid I don't actually *like* the food at any of these tea-room places; but I find them convenient, at times. And after Whitehall and Westminster, I'd be in the mood for some shops. Take a taxi to whichever one you choose.

If you feel that you should 'get in' a little more sight-seeing on this day, you can easily reach the Wallace Collection (five minutes or so from Selfridge's) or South Kensington Museum — in which latter case, however, you might prefer to omit the shopping district and go straight out to Kensington, which is about two miles nearly due west of the Abbey. There is a lunch-room in the Museum.

An outdoor afternoon, after a glimpse of the shops, might be spent in Kensington Gardens and a short visit to the Palace; or, by the Thackeray-lover, in those Kensington districts where he lived: Number 16 Young Street, where he wrote 'Esmond,' 'Pendennis,' and 'Vanity Fair,' and was visited by Charlotte Brontë, and Number 2 Palace Green, where he died, after having corrected the close of Chapter VII in 'Denis Duval,' the last words being, 'and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' Kensington Square, with the home of Lady Castlewood, Beatrix and Henry Esmond, is close by. And not far away is Onslow Square where Thackeray lived at Number 36 for eight years while writing 'The Newcomes,' 'The Virginians,' and many of 'The Roundabout Papers.'

II

YOUR SECOND LONDON DAY

On your second day in London, you might go east. I'd start again from Nelson's Monument, if possible; because I think you'll find yourself less confused about directions if you keep radiating from that hub — which, fortunately, is about the best transportation centre in London.

And before you leave Trafalgar Square this time, mark where the offices of the English-Speaking Union are, at the top of Northumberland Avenue, above the office of the *Chicago Daily News*, and opposite the side of the Grand Hotel.

If you don't belong to this Union, I hope you'll lose no time about filing your application for membership. This I would urge upon you as part of your duty toward international amity, were there no advantages for you involved except the always delightful sense of having done the right thing; but the purely selfish reasons for belonging to the English-Speaking Union are so numerous, so weighty, and so out of all proportion to the trifling cost, that I think every English-speaking traveller should belong to it for his pleasure and comfort, not in England alone, but wherever he may go — for it has branches, and interesting members, the world around.

It aims at no formal alliances, has nothing to do with Governments, but is merely an attempt to promote good-fellowship and understanding among the English-speaking democracies of the world. The Earl of Balfour, K.G. (Knight of the Garter), is President (the American president is the Honorable John W. Davis, our former Ambas-

sador at the Court of Saint James's); there are thousands upon thousands of members; the club-rooms in London, with all their conveniences, sociability, and helpfulness, are in themselves more than enough to make the dues seem trifling, and very rapidly there are coming to be similar rooms in dozens of cities visited by travellers abroad. An interesting monthly magazine, *The Landmark*, is sent free to every member. There are frequent luncheons with notable speakers; and daily excursions to places of historic and other interest; and weekly dances; and so on. Members desiring special privileges are aided in getting them: architects and interior decorators may obtain permission to visit private mansions of the type they desire to study; educators are put in touch with those most congenial to them; garden enthusiasts and agriculturalists and handicraft workers and social service students, all are introduced in the quarters where they will find most to get and where they can in their turn give of their experience to most eager fellow workers overseas.

Membership in the English-Speaking Union means just the difference between being an outsider in London and an insider. And all it costs us is five dollars a year.

Don't go in there before beginning your stroll; or, the first thing you know, your morning will be pleasantly flown away. Make your visit there toward tea-time some afternoon when you've been tramping about in galleries or other early-closing places. One of the things which has to be learned, before travel becomes the sheer delight it should be, is how to arrange our days so that we use our fresh energy when and where we need it most, and know where to betake ourselves in the 'odd' times and foot-weary hours. There are parts of almost every sight-seeing day in London when the deep-cushioned, chintz-covered easy-chairs, the chat and the other attractions of the

English-Speaking Union's rooms make them a haven to body and spirit. But if we're to see London, we must keep resolutely away from there at *other* times.

And we must not go after our mail at 10 A.M., and hang around waiting for it, and reading it, and looking over the visitors' register, and standing in line to get some money on our letter of credit — and then find it's so near lunch-time there's no use trying to see anything. The time for 'chores' (and *waiting* for home letters is a chore, though *getting* them is a delight) is *not* around 10 A.M.

When we reckon what it costs us to get to Europe, and what it costs us per day to live and travel there, it is a simple problem in about fourth-grade arithmetic to figure up the wasteful expense of days that are 'shot to pieces' with ill-planning and hanging over counters trying to work out the details of 'where do we go from here,' and such occupations. If we kept the proper sort of expense accounts, we'd have a daily balancing of 'so much' *for* 'so much' — lodging, meals, tips, cab or bus or tube fares, and 'etceteras' — against what unfading glories snatched from those surrounding us, or what frittering chores most of which could have been better done at other times.

So if, after having cast your eye up at the club-rooms of the English-Speaking Union (as directed), you will start eastward in the Strand not later than ten o'clock, we'll see that thoroughfare as well as one may in a single transit, making a few very short turns out of it, here and there; and pass on into Fleet Street, and lunch at the Cheshire Cheese; then see the Tower, and after that go for a drive over London Bridge to Southwark, to the sites of the Tabard Inn and the Globe Theatre and the Marshalsea Prison; and so on. And whatever your expense account for this day, I'm sure you'll say that you have seldom in your life got so much for that amount of money. A friend of mine, who has made

several trips to Europe, once covered with me this ground over which I'm taking you; and ever since, her family has teased her about 'that day you spent in Europe' — it being, they say, the only one they ever hear about; no matter what reminiscence she indulges in, it's sure to be a part of 'that day.'

First to the Strand, then. It was really a strand, or river-bank, once; that is, it was the nearest thoroughfare to the river, with nothing between it and the Thames except some country houses of a sort whose owners felt to be fairly safe outside the city walls. Usually, these were bishops of important sees like Durham and York and Exeter, who maintained London residences here for their own accommodation and that of their clergy and clerks when obliged to be in London on church business; and whose dwellings were sufficiently respected by the turbulent elements of the populace, to make them secure in this quiet and airy seclusion.

And now we come to 'Uncle Peter'! A diminutive young relative of mine, who has not yet seen London except in her very lively imagination, assures me that when she gets to the Savoy and sees the Crusader in gilt armor standing above the Strand entrance, she is going to say, 'Hello, Uncle Peter! I know all about you!' and feel perfectly at home.

I hope you feel the same. You know Uncle Peter! Dante gave to their tutor, Romeo, the credit for Count Bérenger's four penniless daughters becoming four splendid queens; but I'm sure their Uncle Peter had a hand in it, somehow. He was their mother's brother, and an enthusiastic matchmaker — as we shall see. If he didn't practice on those four charming nieces who found four crowns in two families, I'm very much mistaken in my estimate of him.

I don't know what effort Queen Marguerite of France made to get Uncle Peter cared for at the court of her hus-

band, Saint Louis; nor what Queen Beatrice of Naples did in his behalf, at the court of her husband, who was Saint Louis' brother. And it doesn't seem that the sister who married King Henry III's brother Richard, elected King of the Romans, gave herself much concern about her mother's needy brothers. But Eleanor, who was scarcely fourteen when she married the twenty-nine-year-old English King, worked her own will with Henry — perhaps because it had taken him so long to find anybody who would have him — and not only got him to indulge her in the most sumptuous splendors England had ever seen, but brought over 'a raft of poor relations' for him to set up in the world.

Uncle Peter was one of the first to come; and King Henry obligingly created him Earl of Richmond and gave him 'all those houses upon the Thames which sometime pertained to Briane de Insula de Lisle [I don't know where Brian went, but he had probably lost his head and had his property seized], without the walls of the City of London, in the way or street called the Strand.'

And when Uncle Peter met the rich nobles of his new nephew's court and saw what wealth and power was theirs, he went back to Savoy and Provence and brought over a houseful of the prettiest girls he knew and with Queen Eleanor's help got them all rich husbands.

He was no mere parasite, though; he took an active and not altogether selfish interest in English affairs, and allied himself with Simon de Montfort to curb that very royal power by which he himself, and his brothers, had benefited. (You will, I think, like to recall that the Castle of Chillon was another of Uncle Peter's homes, and that we see it very much as he left it.)

When Eleanor of Castile (the 'dear queen') came to London as the bride of Prince Edward, she was lodged in the Savoy.

Uncle Peter had an only daughter, provided for elsewhere among his possessions; and he bequeathed the Savoy to the Friars of Mountjoy, who sold it, two years later, to Queen Eleanor, for a dower house. She gave it to her son Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster; and then began its long and most interesting association with the House of Lancaster and its illustrious friends and retainers.

When King John of France was taken prisoner by the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers and brought to England, he was lodged at the Savoy; and it was on his way thither that he rode, honorably, on a richly caparisoned steed while his chivalrous captor attended him humbly on a little black hackney, as Froissart tells us. King John died at the Savoy; and his sumptuous funeral, paid for by Edward III, left here, attended by the English King in person, on its way to Dover and Saint-Denis.

Froissart was often hereabouts; Chaucer lived here, and was married in the chapel (not the present one) to the sister of John of Gaunt's 'lady friend' who was later to become his third duchess. It was through his first duchess, Blanche, a daughter of Edmund Crouchback's son, Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, that John acquired his title and this property.

In the Peasant Revolt of 1381, the Savoy Palace was burned by the invading country-folk, and stood a ruin for many years. Henry VII left, by will, a sum of money to build a hospital there; and a hospital of varying sorts it was until the beginning of the eighteenth century. But our interest in the Savoy is concentrated in Uncle Peter's connection with it, the stay of King John, and its association with Froissart, Chaucer, and Wyclif.

They were among the earliest of the long line of notables whose memories crowd the Strand and make progress along it slower far than the traffic congestion necessitates. What

we shall do in the press of that most fascinating multitude, I find it hard to think. When I have done my best to lead you on your way toward the Cheshire Cheese and London Tower, I shall feel tuggings at my sleeves, and nudges on my arm, and meet indignant or gently reproachful glances saying, 'What about *me?*'

But as the art of living is a matter of choosing — of eliminating what we can't manage, and then being 'game' about our decisions — I see nothing for it but to return a firm, though polite, protest to the pleas of those who mislike being left out:

'I have, sirs and madams, one hundred and fifty minutes, by the clock, in which to conduct my friend to Wine Office Court, off Fleet Street. Now, how can we call upon all of you, in a morning's stroll? Be not too importunate; consider the pressure upon our days; don't crowd, nor jostle; and, so we be not too confused, mayhap we'll come again, and pay our respects to more of you.'

If we treat ghosts pleasantly, they're really very kind!

Now, if you please, we are threading our way through the very flesh-and-blood crowd that is making a continuous and furious onslaught upon busses, beside the Grand Hotel; and I dare say we're reflecting how much better-mannered ghosts are, and wondering if the shade of any of these bus-stormers will ever hallow Charing Cross for our descendants.

Northumberland House long stood here; and when it was demolished, in 1874, 'London saw the last of that series of great mansions which once lined the Strand from Charing Cross to Temple Bar.' Many pomps and pageantries had their background at Northumberland House; but if we were going to call on its ghost to-day (and of course houses have ghosts, as well as people), my choice would be for going with Oliver Goldsmith the time he mistook one of the servants for the 'great man.'

What is now called Northumberland Street used to be known as Hartshorne Lane when a little boy, who was going to be a bricklayer and a poet and forever known as 'rare Ben Jonson,' lived there with his mother and stepfather.

In Craven Street, at Number 7 (now Number 36), in the house of a Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin found lodgings in 1757, and they 'proved so convenient, comfortable and every way pleasant, that he made his home there during all his long subsequent residence in London, embracing, in the two missions on which he was sent thither, about fifteen years,' on the last occasion remaining here for over ten years.

Hungerford Market, which stood (in Franklin's day) where Charing Cross Station stands now, was built on the site of Hungerford House Gardens. Sir Edward Hungerford, who lived here in Charles II's time, was a great spendthrift who was reputed to have given five hundred pounds for a wig and to have made ducks and drakes of a vast patrimony. Hungerford House burned down in 1669, and to recoup his fortunes, Sir Edward opened a market in the grounds.

When John Dickens was haled off to the Marshalsea Prison and his wife had parted with nearly the last of their household goods, to buy bread, a relative heard of their straits and got little Charles a job at Warren's Blacking Manufactory, Number 30 Hungerford Stairs.

'It was a crazy, tumble-down old house,' Dickens wrote of it, 'abutting, of course, on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscotted rooms and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up vividly before me as if I were there again.'

And with his magic pen, in 'David Copperfield,' he made it stand there forever, thinly disguised as Murdstone and Grinby's 'down in Blackfriars.'

The smeary little lad roams these parts always, with me; gazing into the windows of the cheapest eating-places; trudging over Southwark Bridge to visit his family, now all living at the Marshalsea; and then (before he moved to Lant Street, beside the prison) dragging his weary little legs 'way back to 'Mrs. Pipchin's,' in Camden Town, far up beyond Saint Pancras.

Fred Barnard's drawing of 'Dickens at the Blacking Warehouse' is one of the most pathetic pictures I know. I dare say I ought to be consoled by the thought of all that lies ahead of the poor 'queer small boy.' But I'm not. He suffered horribly, and I suffer with him.

Villiers Street, on the east side of Charing Cross Station, marks what was once the west boundary of York House and its gardens.

The first York House became Whitehall Palace when Henry VIII wrested it from Wolsey. When Mary Tudor became Queen, she presented to the archbishopric of York a mansion in Southwark, erected by her Aunt Mary Tudor's husband, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. But the then Archbishop of York seems not to have liked living over beyond London Bridge, so he got leave to sell *that* Suffolk Place and to buy another mansion of the same name, near Charing Cross — that is to say, on this site. (I suppose these both become forfeit to the Crown after the execution, for treason, of the second Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey.)

But the Protestant Archbishop of York, in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, seems not to have cared for this residence, and leased it to the Crown for the official residence of the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal. And here, very

early in the days of 'good Queen Bess,' was born to Sir Nicholas Bacon a son Francis (January 22, 1561), in whose illustrious and eventful life York House was to be the background of many historic scenes.

The gardens were very splendid in his day, and in them stood the aviary over which young Bacon spent so much time and money. He was devoted to the place. 'York House,' he said, 'is the house wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed, and there will I yield up my last breath, if so please God, and the King [James I] will give me leave.'

But so it was not to be; Bacon died in the house of Lord Arundel, after his belovéd York House had passed into the possession of the King's favorite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose desire to have this property had more than a little to do with Bacon's downfall and disgrace.

From here he was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords to answer twenty-eight charges against him. He was too ill to attend, and was sentenced (after he had sent a letter of general confession and humble submission) to a fine and ransom of forty thousand pounds, and imprisonment in the Tower during the King's pleasure; also, that he should be 'forever incapable of any office, place, or employment in the State or Commonwealth; and that he should never sit in Parliament or come within the verge of the court.'

From York House he was taken, still ill, to the Tower. He had been told that if he would but consent to give up York House, 'the town were yours and all your straightest shackles shaken off.' But he could not make up his mind to the relinquishment.

Buckingham seems to have used his influence with James I to get Bacon out of the Tower, to have his fine remitted, and to have the ban against his presence at court

lifted. But even after this, Bacon was so loath to leave York House that, when permitted to return there to superintend the packing of his effects, he tarried so long that he was at last told that no further grace would be allowed him.

Buckingham intended to erect here, with the help of Inigo Jones, a splendid palace; but nothing was done except to pull down the existing mansion, build the lovely York Watergate (which you may stroll down to see this morning, or save until to-morrow afternoon when your way lies along the Embankment), and construct a large temporary structure which was chiefly used as a storehouse for Buckingham's art collections, and as a setting for his gorgeous garden fêtes; one, at least, of which (in the year that Bacon died) is said to have cost four thousand pounds, a stupendous sum for an entertainment in those times.

A few years later 'all was in the dust,' as Evelyn put it. The splendid Duke of Buckingham was dead, at Portsmouth, by John Felton's hand; his son sold the property to building speculators, and himself died miserably 'in the worst inn's worst room'; and the gardens that had known Francis Bacon in his frail youth and in his sad maturity were cut up into streets named for Buckingham: Villiers, Duke, Buckingham, and even 'Of,' which once designated an alley now known as York Terrace. In 'Peveril of the Peak' Sir Walter Scott said: 'Those who live in Buckingham Street, Duke Street, Villiers Street, or in Of Alley, probably think seldom of the witty, eccentric, licentious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose titles are preserved in the names of their residence and its neighborhood.'

What most visitors to Buckingham Street think about is that Samuel Pepys lived there for many years, issuing thence on his deliciously inquisitive, zestful excursions in London, and returning thither to record his impressions.

Across the Strand from Charing Cross Station is the pre-

sent Coutts's Bank, into which I hope you'll step on some pretext or other

Soon after the York House property was cut up, a firm called Middleton and Campbell established themselves in the Strand next door to the Globe Tavern, on a site now covered by Charing Cross Station. Later, they moved a little farther east on the south side of the Strand, and there the name of Coutts first appeared in the firm in 1754, Mr. James Coutts of Edinburgh having married Miss Polly Peaguin, niece of George Campbell, and been immediately received into partnership, the firm becoming Campbell and Coutts. When Campbell died, James took his brother Thomas into partnership, and then it was Coutts's Bank.

Thomas was a 'character.' After James's death, he was 'the richest man in London' (or so regarded), and yet somebody was always giving the shabby old fellow a penny. He had three beautiful daughters, all married to men of title, and one of them the mother of Lady Burdett-Coutts who had a so remarkable career in Queen Victoria's day.

In 1768 the Coutts brothers employed Robert Adam to reconstruct and enlarge their premises on the south side of the Strand, and there their bank carried on till 1904, when the present building was erected and to it were brought from the earlier house the fine marble mantels, the Chinese wall-paper, many portraits (including one by Reynolds); 'but above all, the title deeds and papers belonging to the innumerable illustrious people whose accounts have been, and are, kept at Coutts's. The English Royal Family, from George III downwards, the French Royal Family, as well as other crowned heads, and such notable men as Wellington, Nelson, Dr. Johnson, Pope, Charles Dickens, Lord Tennyson, among many others, have been customers of this great and historic house. It is probable, too, that in the strong-rooms of the Bank are stored documents and valuables

destined never to be claimed; for many of them must have belonged to the nobles who lost their lives during the French Revolution, and who had sent them to the safe asylum of the Strand.'

When you leave the bank, stay on the north side of the Strand till you come to Bedford Street, then turn up a short block to Maiden Lane, and walk through that, past Number 26, where there used to be an old house on the ground floor of which was a barber-shop.

Narrow stairs, steep and winding, led to low, dark living-rooms above. And here, on April 23, 1775, a son was born to the barber — a son who continued to live here until he was five-and-twenty and well embarked on his career as a painter: Turner, who might almost be called the painter of Apocalyptic visions, since everything he did was filled with a glory as of the New Jerusalem.

I have a strong feeling that we ought to make ourselves see that dingy barber-shop before we see the Turners of the Tate or the National; and that we should see the house in Chelsea where he died.

Voltaire lodged at the White Peruque in Maiden Lane while he wrote his 'Essay on the Civil Wars in France' and made notes for those 'Letters on the English' in which, among other things, he said that they have one hundred religions and one sauce! Some of the religions may have changed since his day, but the sauce hasn't, and every Briton regards it as one of the fixed facts of the universe. It is what I irreverently call 'poster paste,' and it must be very handy to have about the house, equally good for hanging wall-paper, sticking on labels, gumming stamps, mending crockery, and putting on vegetable marrow. Perhaps you have discovered even other uses for it — none of them culinary!

Now, turn down Southampton Street toward the Strand.

Nance Oldfield lived in Southampton Street, once, and at Number 27 David Garrick lived for twenty-three years, the most successful and notable of his life. It is here, doubtless, that we should make our chief effort to meet him; but I find this easier to do at Adelphi Terrace, across the Strand, which we shall visit in a later chapter — though you may, if you wish, combine the latter part of our third London chapter with the early part of this one, and the early part of that one with the latter part of this. That will save you some travelling, but will give you less varied and more fatiguing days, I think.

The Strand Palace Hotel occupies ground once covered by Exeter Hall, where Mendelssohn played the organ, and conducted his 'Elijah,' and Jenny Lind sang the soprano part in the latter which he had written especially for her. Before Exeter Hall, Exeter House stood here; it was sometimes called Burleigh House, and sometimes Cecil House, and was built by Sir Thomas Palmer who suffered death with the Duke of Northumberland for putting Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Elizabeth gave the property to Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, who spared no expense in extending and elaborating it, and in keeping great state there with eighty servants.

One day the Queen came unexpectedly to see her favorite and found him suffering from gout, whereupon she made him sit in her presence, saying, 'My lord, we make use of you not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head.'

Lord Burleigh died five years before his sovereign, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, whom James I created Earl of Exeter in 1605, at the same time he created Thomas's younger and far abler half-brother, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. The latter, who was Elizabeth's 'little great

Secretary' of State, and the powerful partisan of James Stuart at her court, built Salisbury House (approximately where the Hotel Cecil now stands), and Queen Elizabeth was present at the house-warming, on December 6, 1602 — just before her last Christmas. Lord Salisbury, the great Prime Minister of Queen Victoria; his sons, Lord Robert Cecil, ardent advocate of the League of Nations, and Lord Hugh Cecil; their distinguished cousin, Lord Arthur Balfour — all are descended from the 'little great Secretary' of Salisbury House, and not from his brother of Exeter House across the Strand, whose descendants are now Marquesses of Exeter, though they have, I think, no other claims upon your interest, except that one of them, who lived at the beginning of the nineteenth century and married a simple Shropshire lass, was the original of Tennyson's 'Lord Burleigh.'

Lord Shaftesbury, who married Lady Frances Cecil of Exeter House, was living here when John Locke, physician to the household and tutor to its heir, wrote his great 'Essay concerning Human Understanding.'

In Exeter Street, but farther east (about where the beautiful building of the *Morning Post* now stands), at the beginning of Aldwych, Samuel Johnson had his first London lodging, at the house of Mr. Norris, a stay-maker. 'I dined very well for eight pence,' he said, 'and with very good company at the Pine Apple in New Street, just by [not 'just' by — for it is near Saint Martin's Lane, a good-ish bit northwest]; several of them had travelled; they expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.'

It was while he was lodging here, and working for the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, that an Irish painter told him how he might live in London, alone (he had left Tetty at Lichfield) on thirty pounds a year: ten pounds for clothes and linen, eighteen pence a week for a garret, three pence a day spent in a coffee house for good company, and an address where he might get his letters and be sought at a certain time each day by persons who need not know how humble his garret was; six pence for dinner, a penny's worth of milk and bread for breakfast; go without supper. *On clean shirt day*, the painter advised, 'pay visits abroad.'

But Samuel fetched his Tetty to London, and of their life in various lodgings during the first ten years of his struggle for life and recognition in London, we know little.

Before reaching the site of that first London lodging of Johnson, you crossed Wellington Street, a relatively modern thoroughfare, formed in 1829 as an approach to Waterloo Bridge which was originally called the Strand Bridge; and when Parliament had resolved to vote three hundred thousand pounds in honor of the victory of Waterloo, it seemed thriftier to save the money and commemorate the victory by giving its name to a bridge already built. The Duke of Wellington was the first passenger to cross it, and his toll-penny (it was a toll bridge till 1878) was religiously preserved.

At the corner of Wellington and Tavistock Streets was the office of *All the Year Round*, where Dickens had a suite of rooms in 1860 and 1867; and at the southeast corner of Exeter Street and Wellington Street was the office of *Household Words*, started by Dickens in 1850. On the west side of Wellington Street, between Exeter Street and the Strand, is the Lyceum Theatre of which Henry Irving became lessee and manager in 1878. 'Here, for many years, was produced, with a lavishness till then undreamed of,

that series of Shakespearean revivals and other notable plays, which may be said to have marked the renaissance of the English stage.' To-day it is a home of melodrama at popular prices; but I dare say that, no matter what the bill may be, you will attend one performance at the Lyceum where the play on the boards need hardly disturb you in the enjoyment of your own drama of recollection.

I have said nothing, just now, of Durham House and Adelphi Terrace, because I think we shall find it less confusing to consider them later; and the same is true of the Savoy precincts.

Sir Walter Scott was once financially (and disastrously) interested in the Adelphi Theatre, which you have just passed; later, it was the 'home' of the elder Charles Mathews when he was at the height of his comedy successes. Many notables of the theatre have been identified with this house; and one of them, handsome and much-beloved William Terriss, was murdered by a ruffian as he was entering the stage door, in Maiden Lane, in December, 1897.

Concerning the handsome crescent called Aldwych, which describes an arc from Wellington Street to the Law Courts, with the church of Saint Mary-le-Strand like an arrow ready to fly from its centre, I will leave your guide-book to inform you.

The steeple of Saint Mary-le-Strand, while not one of Wren's (as many persons suppose), is worthy of comparison with his. I wouldn't (on a week's survey of London) take time for even the most hurried inspection of this church's interior. The best it has to offer us is its spire which we find an ideal focussing-point in many of our London views! But of course we wish to remind ourselves, in passing, that here the parents of Charles Dickens were married.

The great Somerset House, which we see, was built at the time our colonies in North America were waging their

war for independence; it is considered the best-built and perhaps the finest example of classic architecture in London. The Royal Academy was housed here until 1863; the Royal Society till 1856. Both are now at Burlington House, Piccadilly. We shall meet them there. But here at Somerset House we must seek Sir Joshua Reynolds as its first president; here we must see his body lying in state in 1792, before its removal to Saint Paul's.

Somerset House is the great repository for those documents which appertain to the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; also to wills, deeds, taxes, etc. Wills dating back as far as 1382 are preserved here, including those of Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Van Dyck, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Nelson, Wellington.

The old Somerset House, begun by the Protector (Jane Seymour's brother), but not completed at the time of his downfall and execution, when the boy-king, his nephew (Edward VI), assigned it to his half-sister, the Princess Elizabeth, for her London residence. She came here from Hatfield on July 29, 1553, just after the collapse of Lady Jane Grey's nine days' sovereignty. From here she attended little Edward's funeral; from here she went to Aldgate to join Queen Mary in her triumphal entry into London. Here she stayed (when not at the Tower!) during her London visits in Mary's reign. Here she kept the seat of regal business for some weeks after Mary's burial and her own accession. Then she gave back a portion of Somerset House to the Protector's son, Edward.

James I granted Somerset House to his Queen, Anne of Denmark, and she held her own court here, quite distinct from his at Whitehall or Saint James's. She and James were both buried from here. Henrietta Maria was brought here on her arrival in London; here she began the alienation of her subjects' liking by permitting (if not encouraging)

her priests, who thronged the Palace, to proselytize. Here, after her many sorrows, she was again mistress after her son's restoration — and here she went on repeating those defiances which had cost her and hers so dear. From here was buried her son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, whom we saw at Saint James's Palace taking leave of Charles I on the eve of the latter's execution. Later in that same year (on Christmas Eve) her daughter, the Princess of Orange, died here (of smallpox, like her brother Henry), and was carried hence in a midnight torch-lighted funeral procession to Westminster Abbey, where she was laid by the side of her brother, dead on September 22d.

King's College, one of the incorporated colleges of the University of London, occupies the east wing of Somerset House. And alongside this wing runs Strand Lane, at Number 5 in which is an old Roman Bath which is, I believe, shown only on Saturday mornings.

You will wish to go into Saint Clement Danes (occupying the second island in the Strand, as Saint Mary-le-Strand occupies the first) because Dr. Johnson was a worshipper there. And it may be that you will want more than a passing glance at the handsome Law Courts — but not this morning, I hope. For here we are at Temple Bar, the boundary between the City of London (a very small area, by the way!) and Westminster; and Wren's gatehouse to the Temple, at Middle Temple Lane.

You will find the Temple, with all its history and associations, quite overpowering unless you do some sharply selective browsing there for a time or two. Ghosts come popping out of every place, all of them importunate for remembrance. Which among them you will find hardest to resist, I know not. But I tend to 'keep down' my calling acquaintances there to a small list that I can check off on my fingers. Perhaps you have your own list that serves

you perfectly. But in case you haven't, I'll offer you mine, to curtail, extend, or improve as you like.

First of all, in point of time, the round Temple Church, consecrated in 1185, which I revere because about it have eddied all the tides of English history since the first Plantagenet, and — standing here in such quietude as usually reigns in this backwater — I can hear the wash of all the ebbs and flows of human progress since Henry II came to grips with Thomas of Canterbury. I hope to bring you here to service on Sunday afternoon at three; so we won't stop now to knock at the great door and ask admission.

This morning, I think we'll content ourselves with recalling that about the time the order of Knights Templars was dissolved, in 1312, the clergy had ceased to plead and judge in the courts of justice, and law had become a profession by itself; so, when these premises were confiscated, they passed (by lease of the new owners, the Knights Hospitallers of Saint John) to certain professors of law, for the accommodation of their students. Such its use has been for nearly six centuries. The Middle Temple and Inner Temple are two of the four great Inns of Court which have the exclusive right of calling persons to the English bar. The Inns derive a considerable revenue from the rent of their chambers. They provide lectures for law students and examine candidates for admission to the bar.

The church serves both Inns, but each has its own library, and its great hall used for dining and assemblies.

Let us walk down Middle Temple Lane, from our entrance at Wren's gatehouse, to Middle Temple Hall, on our right, and visit the hall wherein Shakespeare is said to have taken part in a performance of his own 'Twelfth Night.' The large oak table is believed to be the one on which Elizabeth signed Mary Stuart's death-warrant — not in this hall, however.

Now, down to the Middle Temple Gardens, beside the Embankment, where Shakespeare placed the plucking of white and red roses as badges of York and Lancaster.

On your second visit to the Temple, let Johnson and Goldsmith keep you company. To-day should be consecrated to Charles Lamb.

Crown Office Row has been rebuilt since he was born there (in Number 2) on February 10, 1775; but the iron gates leading to Inner Temple Gardens, opposite, are the very ones 'through which the little curious, thoughtful boy,' Mr. Lucas thinks, 'must often have peered or wandered.'

His father was servant and assistant to Samuel Salt, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, 'at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer'; a brisk little man, he was, of about fifty when his seventh child was born. His wife Elizabeth was tall and stately, and said to suggest Sarah Siddons as her husband suggested David Garrick.

Four of the Lambs' children were dead when Charles, their last, was born. Their oldest boy, John, was twelve, and probably just beginning to be employed as an office-boy — which would, of course, make him very important, and perhaps rather scornful of baby brother. But Mary was 'goin' on 'leven'; and I imagine that, although she doubtless had to 'mind the baby' most of the time, she was glad to have him. I see her here so very plainly, with her tiny charge, guiding his first steps, smiling at his first stammering words, directing his attention to objects she thought fit for his admiration. Mary must have been familiar with the stories current about Goldsmith, who died in the Temple a year before Charles was born; she must have seen the well-beloved Irishman many times. And one of my most persistent 'haunts' hereabouts is Mary conducting her small charge past Brick Court and telling him about the woe there was when Dr. Goldsmith died.

Charles knew his letters before he could talk; and one day when Mary and he were in a churchyard, where he had been spelling out the praiseful epitaphs, he said: 'Mary, where are the naughty people buried?'

In 1799 he and Mary returned to the Temple (which he had left, at seven, to enter Christ's Hospital) and there resided for the next seventeen years; but both buildings are gone now, and while that is immaterial to such 'reconstructionists' as we are, I believe we shall drop in on the Lambs more satisfactorily in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

So that there be no crowding upon us in the Temple precincts, suppose we try to meet no one there but the little boy with the thin, frail legs, and the face of 'quivering sweetness,' closely attended by that adoring big sister who was to give him, to the end, such comradeship and such unavoidable sorrow.

Then, back into Fleet Street, which begins, or ends, here (continued to westward by the Strand). Number 1 Fleet Street, immediately below where Temple Bar stood, is Child's Bank, founded in 1674 and still owned by the founder's descendants. It is the Tellson's Bank of 'A Tale of Two Cities' (or, rather, its predecessor on this site was), and was, Dickens said, 'an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy, with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters,' etc.

Number 17 Fleet Street has, above an archway leading to Inner Temple Lane, a timbered house of 1610 containing a room which was probably used as the council-chamber of

the Duchy of Cornwall when the Prince of Wales (whose appanage this Duchy is) was Henry, the elder son of James I and Anne of Denmark.

The Cock Tavern, which used to be across the way when Tennyson immortalized 'the plump head-waiter at the Cock,' is now at Number 22, and preserves the fittings of the ancient tavern. Number 37, a few doors farther east on this same south side of Fleet Street, is now Hoare's Bank, on the site of the Mitre Tavern which Johnson and Goldsmith used to frequent.

Let us cross, now, to the other side of Fleet Street, and at Bolt Court (wherein Dr. Johnson lived for eight years, and where he died) let us pass through to Gough Square, and visit his house (Number 17) where he lived for ten years, and produced his great Dictionary.

Johnson was twenty-eight when we left him setting forth from his lodgings in Exeter Street and his dinners for sixpence, to fetch his plain, elderly wife Tetty (she was just under fifty) from Lichfield to share his fortunes in London.

Men of letters were ceasing, or had ceased, to live by the patronage of the great, and had hardly begun to live by the patronage of the many. And Johnson, as a 'hack,' consorting with derelicts and queer craft of many sorts, lived a wretched existence for ten years. During that time he wrote his poem on 'London,' an imitation of Juvenal's satire on 'Rome,' and after the death of Savage, in Bristol Gaol, he wrote an anonymous 'Life' of that unhappy young man. When it became known that Johnson was the author of this biography, he began to attract some notice, which led to several booksellers combining in an offer to him to prepare a Dictionary.

For this stupendous work, he got fifteen hundred guineas outright, but had to defray all expenses of his six assistants out of that.

It was then that he came to Gough Square; and here most of the work on the Dictionary was done. 'He works there forever now,' as Saint John Adcock says, 'in the study that used to be his, poring short-sightedly over books and papers; and in the queer, sloping-ceilinged garret above are his six assistants, copying, hunting out references, and busy with all the mechanical part of the undertaking.'

Here, in the midst of these labors, Tetty died, leaving her devoted Samuel in great affliction.

For two years before this he had been publishing 'The Rambler,' which came out on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and sold for tuppence the copy. Scarce five hundred copies were sold, and Johnson was ill-paid for his labors, so he discontinued them; the last 'Rambler' essay was written as Tetty died. Lonely and heartsick, he staggered on under the load of his colossal task. Even before Tetty's death he had begun to make his house the asylum that it became. The first of his odd collection of dependents was Mrs. Anna Williams, who had cataract in both eyes, and grew blind. As she had no other place to go, Johnson allowed her to become a member of his household, and she became the nucleus, so to speak, of that queer collection of human left-overs who quarrelled among themselves and plagued Johnson, though he hadn't the heart to turn them out.

The Dictionary was published in 1755, and was immediately a great success and Johnson the most famous man of letters in London. But he had long since spent what he was paid for it; and twice during the year 1756 he was arrested, here in Gough Square, and carried off to debtors' prisons whence he was rescued by Samuel Richardson, the novelist and printer, whose place of business was over the way in Salisbury Square close to Saint Bride's Church where he lies buried.

From this house he wrote his famous letter to Lord

Chesterfield, who had snubbed him years before and who was now anxious to appear as his patron. 'The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors,' Johnson wrote, 'had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.'

Now, return through Bolt Court, to Fleet Street, and turn into the next alley, Wine Office Court, where you will find the Cheshire Cheese, and have your luncheon — perhaps at the table where Johnson was wont to sit, pontifically, at the head of a worshipful group.

About 1760 (after Johnson had left Gough Square) there appeared here a young Irishman of thirty-two, who, after wanderings on the Continent, had for some four years been living a miserable existence in London as a drudge of many sorts. He was small — this son of Erin — and his limbs were 'ill put together'; he was pock-marked and harsh-featured; a blunderer, a butt. He had lived among 'thieves and beggars, streetwalkers and merryandrews,' and barely kept alive at that, because he knew nothing *well*, and what he could earn, slaving for booksellers, was scarce enough to keep him in squalid lodgings and scant food. But his stuff was readable, and presently he began to earn a fairly decent living. Then he moved to Wine Office Court, and seems to have had a lodging above or beside the Cheshire Cheese, and to have met Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, with whom (and five others of little interest now) he was soon a member of the celebrated Club which we shall visit some evening (in spirit) when we're dining in Soho.

'One morning,' says Johnson, who was then living in the Temple, 'I received a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible.

I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, and desired he would be calm, and we began to talk of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money; and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

After which, I'm sure, he returned to the Madeira.

The novel which thus 'extricated' him was 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' written here in Wine Office Court.

There are many other things about which you might be thinking, as you eat your pigeon or beefsteak pie (or mutton chop, or sausage and 'brown mashed') and top off with the famous toasted cheese; but reveries too mixed are as bad for mental digestion as food of too many varieties is for our tummies. So I'm offering you only this tidbit. But if you admit to me that, after having heard Johnson talk about the 'Vicar' and the landlady, here, probably in Goldsmith's presence, you have found your attention diverted to a pair of other ghosts, I shan't think any the less of you for *that*.

They look strangely alike, those others! Alike, and yet dissimilar. They are Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton, dining together after Darnay's acquittal at Old Bailey.

If you have walked all the way with me from Trafalgar Square, you have strolled something over a mile; but it may be that you took a bus for tuppence to the Temple — in which case you have walked very little.

I shall not, however, ask you into Saint Bride's Church, on the other side of Fleet Street, nearer Ludgate Circus, unless you have a special wish to stand above the dust of Richardson, and stroll into Salisbury Square where his shop was. I'm sure, though, that you will not wish to pass it without a thought of the Bridewell Palace which lay to the south of the older church. There was a holy well attached to the ancient church of Saint Bride (or Bridget) and it may have served the castle which was called the Bridewell.

In 1522, when Emperor Charles V's visit was impending, Henry VIII caused a beautiful new palace to be built, in six weeks, in the place of the pre-Norman castle, and a gallery to connect it with Blackfriars. Charles was lodged in the latter and his suite in the Bridewell. Seven years later, Charles's aunt, Catherine of Aragon, and Henry VIII were both lodged at the Bridewell Palace while the discussion of their divorce was going on at the Blackfriars.

In 1553, the last year of little Edward's reign, Bishop Ridley, soon to 'light a candle' at the stake in Oxford, begged the Bridewell Palace from the dying young King 'as a workhouse for the poor and idle persons of the city.' And we call our houses of correction 'bridewells' to this day.

I am not sure if there is a bus that goes from Fleet Street to the Tower. If there is, take it, and go atop. If there isn't, direct a taxi-driver to take you to the Tower by way of Cannon Street, the Monument, Eastcheap, and Great Tower Street.

When you reach Queen Street, prepare for College Hill, which comes next, and look to your right down this street where Dick Whittington lived, and died, and lies buried. Whittington may or may not have been a poor boy, once, with only a cat for his friend; but he was four times Lord Mayor of London, and left the whole of his vast fortune

(earned as a mercer) to London charities and public works, when he died in 1423. When Henry V brought his 'handsome Kate' as a bride to London, Whittington entertained them, here in College Hill, with a banquet whose magnificence astounded them, and burned in their presence bonds worth seven million dollars. And still he had enough left, three years later, to rebuild Newgate Prison, repair Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, build the Guildhall Library, and found Saint Michael's College and Almshouses.

Now, keep your lookout to the left for Saint Swithin's Church, opposite Cannon Street Station; and note, built around by Saint Swithin's Church, the 'London Stone,' 'an old, old, worn block,' protected by iron bars, which has stood here since the time of the Romans and was probably erected by them as a milliary, like that in the Forum at Rome, from which all distances were measured.

Shakespeare made Jack Cade strike his staff upon this stone and declare, 'Henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.'

The statue of William IV, Queen Victoria's uncle and immediate predecessor, stands on what is believed to be the site of the Boar's Head Tavern where Falstaff and Prince Hal caroused, as Shakespeare describes them doing in 'Henry IV.'

The tall monument, which commemorates the Great Fire of London in 1666, was erected five years afterward, from designs by Wren.

The Fire, you know, had been preceded by the Plague.

The summer of 1665 was strangely hot and dry. Every day, a blue sky, a scorching sun, and no breath of wind: no rain from May to September. And the Plague raging! The roads were black with refugees; business of all sorts was suspended; one hundred thousand workingmen were out of employment, a quarter of a million people were starving.

King Charles II ('restored' in 1660) sent a thousand pounds a week to the relief fund; the City contributed six hundred; altogether, a hundred thousand pounds a week had to be raised and distributed. The bells tolled an unceasing knell; the death-rate ran to more than a thousand a day, from the Plague alone, with a couple of hundred more from kindred causes. Carts came rumbling through the streets, and a man ringing a bell cried, 'Bring out your dead!' Then the full carts labored on to the common ditch wherein bodies were thrown in heaps, coffinless.

This went on until March, 1666. One hundred thousand perished.

There were still a few cases here and there in the stricken city when, early in the morning of Sunday, September 2d, the Great Fire broke out in the shop of a baker in Pudding Lane, Thames Street (202 feet from the Monument, which is 202 feet high!). All the houses thereabouts were of wood, covered with pitch. The baker's shop was full of fagots and of grease, and the fire waxed very fierce and spread rapidly in every direction. It raged till Friday, the 7th, when it was stayed by blowing up houses at Temple Bar, at Pie Corner, Smithfield, and elsewhere. It had consumed five sixths of the City, together with a great piece beyond the western gates, covering altogether an area of 436 acres, with 460 streets, containing more than 13,000 dwelling houses, Saint Paul's Cathedral, 89 parish churches, a property loss of £10,000,000, leaving 200,000 people homeless.

A few minutes' ride along Eastcheap and Great Tower Street, and you are at Tower Hill, outside the entrance to the Tower.

If there is a place on earth where one invites a more bewildering emotional glut than at the Tower of London, I do not know it. Even the Conciergerie makes a less distracting appeal, for our intensest interests there are pretty well

concentrated within about a year of history (Montgomery and Ravaillac and all the others who suffered there before '93 are really shadows to us), whereas at the Tower of London we have to keep our sympathies skipping over more than six centuries — even if our emotions are not stirred by anything that happened here after the execution of the Duke of Monmouth.

Having invited you hither for a couple of hours at most, I have tried to think what I might add to the very detailed information in your guide-book that would help you to 'bring back,' as you stand in this most storied place of all the world, the episodes of its past that have profoundly moved you since ever you began to hark to oft-told tales and then to read them.

And if, in making a selection among the stories of the Tower (which a portly volume does not suffice to hold), I seem to underestimate your capacity for emotional endurance in two hours' time, I can only crave your indulgence. As for me, with all my visits to the Tower, I have scarce begun, yet, to feel my way among its thronging ghosts. Every time I go there, I see the block and axe used at Lord Lovat's execution, without having (or *wishing* to have!) an idea who Lord Lovat was or why he died. And so with scores upon scores of other things at the Tower. Each time I go, I try to meet a new ghost (or, rather, an old one new to my calling-list), but I may as well confess to you that the ones I've known there since my childhood clutch and hold me so that the others have little chance.

My 'list' may not be yours at all. But, if haply it may serve you, here it is:

I have tried to feel William Wallace here, but without effect I begin to be on familiar ground, so to speak, only with the two husbands of sweet young Isabella of Valois, 'the fairest thing in mortal eyes,' who was first wed, when

she was a grave little lass of eight, to poor Richard II; and then, years afterward, to her first cousin Charles, Duke of Orleans, son of the Duke murdered in Paris by minions of his cousin the Duke of Burgundy.

Young Duke Charles, nephew and namesake of his imbecile uncle, King Charles VI of France, was scarcely out of his childhood when he was wed to his cousin Isabella, the widow of Richard II. But she, who had so sincerely sorrowed for her handsome, tender first husband (made to sign his abdication here), was dead in childbirth ere she was two-and-twenty, five years before her second husband, left for dead on the field of Agincourt, was dragged forth alive from a heap of slain, and brought captive to London, where he spent twenty-five years in the Tower (and other prisons), because he was, after Charles the Dauphin (Jeanne d'Arc's dauphin!), the next heir to his uncle's throne. He was here when his captor, Henry V, brought as bride to London Isabella's youngest sister Catherine. He was here when Catherine, after her secret marriage to Owen Tudor and her disgrace, had died and gone to her unhonored grave. He was a man past fifty when he was ransomed, largely through the instrumentality of the Duke of Burgundy whose father had murdered *his* father, and whose niece Charles then married. And it was not until he was past seventy that he became the father of the baby boy who was to be Louis XII of France.

In the British Museum is a volume of the poems of Charles of Orleans (who was one of the first lyric poets of France whose verses are still popular) with an illustration showing him in captivity in the White Tower. I dare say that you have seen a great many reproductions of this most interesting picture, and that it may have made you, too, feel 'at home' with Charles here.

There be those who affirm that Richard II abdicated in Westminster Hall, after his deposition was there decreed by

Parliament; and others there be who declare that he signed his abdication in the Council Chamber of the White Tower. I, of course, am not the one to decide between them. But I think it is undisputed that here in the White Tower Henry of Bolingbroke (John o' Gaunt's son and his cousin's captor), when Richard offered to resign the crown to him, told Richard that he was a bastard — not the Black Prince's son at all, but the son of a priest or canon of the Black Prince's household at Bordeaux. Henry declared that Edward III knew this, but for love of his oldest son would not see that son's reputed progeny dishonored.

I can't say that Henry VI makes any other appeal to me than by his misfortunes — but those are enough! His father's father (Henry IV) died a leper; his mother's father (Charles VI of France) lived and died a lunatic. Poor little 'Harry of Windsor' started life with a horrible handicap, and it held little for him but physical and mental suffering. I don't know whether he was a better or a worse king than might have been expected; but he was a man of many sorrows, and as such he has my sympathy. When he fled from the lost battle of Hexham, his loyal subjects in Westmoreland and Lancashire kept him concealed for some time; but he was at last betrayed to Edward IV and conducted to London in the most ignominious manner (much as his grandsire had brought Richard II!) with his legs fastened to the stirrups of the sorry nag on which he was mounted, and an insulting placard affixed to his shoulders.

He had endured a long and irksome captivity here, when the murder of his son after the battle of Tewkesbury put an end forever to the hopes of his Lancastrian house. Edward IV brought Margaret of Anjou and her young widowed daughter-in-law (Warwick's daughter, Anne Neville) to London in his triumphal procession, and ordered Margaret

CHARLES OF ORLEANS IN THE TOWER
From an old manuscript in the British Museum

to the Tower where her husband lay. She was not, however, permitted to see Henry. And that same night she was made a widow. Henry was at prayer in his oratory in the Wakefield Tower, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, he was done to death, 'the Duke of Gloucester and divers of his men being in the Tower that night.'

That was on May 21, 1471. And by bequest of an unknown benefactor, a sum of money was left to defray the cost of purchasing three Eton lilies, tied with Eton blue ribbon (Henry VI was the founder of Eton), to be placed on the spot where he was kneeling when murdered, each 21st of May, there to lie for twenty-four hours and then to be removed and burnt. A similar ceremony is performed by two King's Scholars of Eton at Henry's tomb in Saint George's Chapel at Windsor.

The Duke of Gloucester was not in the Tower on the night, twelve years later, when he took two more lives that stood between him and the throne. His first command, to the Constable of the Tower, was angrily refused; so he sent Sir James Tyrrel, with orders that the Constable was to hand over to him the keys of the Tower for one night.

As the ceremony of locking the gates of the Tower and delivering the keys to the Constable still takes place, unchanged through many centuries, this may be the best place in our reminiscence to bear it in mind.

At the hour fixed for the locking of the gates, the Chief Warder with the keys approaches the main guard of the regiment garrisoned in the Tower and demands an escort. The Officer of the Guard details an escort of one non-commissioned officer and four men, who then march off with fixed bayonets and carrying a lantern, closely guarding the Chief Warder and the keys. As the keys pass, civilians uncover, officers salute, and the Spur Guard turns out and presents arms to them. The Chief Warder and his

escort march thus to the outer barrier, being joined en route by a second Warder who assists in shutting the gates.

During the closing and locking of the gates the escort is ordered to 'present arms,' so that no felon may steal upon the Chief Warder, stab him in the back, and steal the keys; this is repeated at each of the first three gates through which we pass — the outer gate, the Middle Tower gate, and the Byward Tower gate. Then the procession passes along (as *we* do) between the King's House and Saint Thomas Tower, and when opposite the Traitors' Gate turns in under the deep and frowning arch of the Bloody Tower (where the little Princes were murdered).

There a sentry lowers his bayonet to the charge, and challenges:

'Halt, who comes there?'

'The keys.'

'Whose keys?'

'King George's [*then* it must have been 'King Edward's' — the little lad, upstairs] keys.'

'Pass, King George's keys. All's well.' And the sentry lifts his bayonet point.

The Officer on Guard then gives the order, 'Guard and escort, present arms,' the Chief Warder takes off his hat, and in a deep and reverent voice pronounces the words: 'God preserve King George!'

And the officer and men of the guard and escort together answer, 'Amen.'

Then the massed buglers blow the nightly 'Last Post,' showing that the soldiers' day has come to its end. And the keys are handed over to the Constable of the Tower, or his representative, and are locked up in a safe.

Tyrrel, whom Richard sent down from Warwick to be Keeper of the Keys for that one bloody night, had acted for Edward IV very much as Tristan l'Hermite did for

Louis XI, and was so hardened to murder that he directed the despatching of Edward IV's little boys as calmly as he had done that of Edward's foes. He was executed on Tower Hill, nineteen years later (but not for this crime), and before he went to his death told the details of the Princes' murder.

Richard was still at Warwick when Tyrrel reported to him that the deed was done, and the bodies buried in the basement of the Wakefield Tower, next door (where Henry VI had been murdered). Richard said they should be buried in consecrated ground, and the Constable of the Tower (restored to power now) ordered his priest to reinter them. This he did, in the Constable's own chapel. But the priest died immediately afterward, Brackenbury (the Constable) was killed at the battle of Bosworth, and the secret of that burial-place died with him. The Constable's Chapel became a Record Office in the reign of Charles II, nearly two centuries later, and during the alterations necessitated by this change, the bones were found and transferred to Westminster.

Sir Thomas More, who was to be a prisoner in the Bell Tower fifty years later, and to die on Tower Hill, left us an account of the wild grief of poor Elizabeth Woodville, in Westminster Sanctuary, when she heard what had befallen her sons: 'Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tare and pulled in pieces.' After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance; and when, in a few months, Richard lost his only son, the child for whose advancement he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared that the imprecations of the agonized mother had been heard.

The Bell Tower (the first on our left after we have crossed the moat, and passed beneath the ancient portcullis of the Byward Tower) was probably built about the time of

Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Its walls are solid for about ten feet above the ground, and then eight feet thick about the Strong Room where Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned. The only approach to this Strong Room is through the Lieutenant's Lodgings (now known as the King's House) added to the Bell Tower in Henry VIII's time and destined to be the scene of so many tragedies in his reign and those immediately succeeding.

That secret wedding in an unfrequented garret of Whitehall, on January 25, 1533, which made Anne Boleyn the wife of Henry VIII, was witnessed only by two of the grooms of his chamber and Anne's trainbearer, and was not announced. An open solemnization of the marriage took place on April 12th, although Cranmer did not pronounce the marriage with Catherine null until May 23d. Nearly a month before this, however, Henry had issued his summons to the wives of his peers, requiring them to be at Greenwich on the Friday before Pentecost, and to attend his 'dearest wife Queen Anne's' procession from Greenwich to the Tower, and from the Tower through the City of London, next day, to her coronation at Westminster.

In the utmost splendor of pageantry and jubilation, Anne was escorted to the Tower on the 19th of May, four days before Henry's previous marriage was declared null, and three years to a day before she was to perish there on Tower Green. And in the Tower she and Henry sojourned until her coronation on May 31st.

During that time seventeen young noblemen were made Knights of the Bath, as attendants on her coronation.

Very long before Anne's day, a king who was about to knight, for 'great and consistent bravery,' a doughty soldier (and a *sweaty* one!) found the ordeal too much for him, even in those times when bathing was probably not done by kings themselves as often as every Saturday night;

and he said: 'This brave fellow requires rest and refreshment after his prolonged heroism. Take him away and give him a bath, and fresh raiment, and sustenance, and then bring him again before me to be knighted.'

After that, the bath became a foregone part of the ceremony. Of course, as time went on and manners refined, the physical reasons for it grew less obvious, and it became a symbol of spiritual purification.

In one of the large halls in the White Tower, there were (on this occasion preceding Anne's coronation) seventeen baths ranged, filled with warm water and draped within and without with clean sheets, and over each bath a canopy. When the seventeen young noblemen had washed themselves, the King, attended by a distinguished train, entered the hall, approached each of the seventeen in turn, dipped his finger in the water, made the sign of the cross on his bare back, and said:

'You shall honor God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of Christ; you shall love the King your Sovereign Lord, and him and his right defend to your power; you shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights and shall suffer no extortion, as far as you may prevent it; and of as great honor be this Order unto you as ever it was to any of your progenitors or others.'

The knights-elect were then by their esquires, put each into a bed which stood behind his bath, 'to dry and warm'; after which the old bell on the Bell Tower summoned them to rise again and proceed, in cassock and cowl, to Saint John's Chapel, round which were arranged the armor and helmets that were to be theirs. Here they spent the night in vigil and prayer. The next day they were invested and given the accolade by the King; then mounted their chargers and joined the great coronation procession.

It was in January, 1536, that Anne found 'that wench,

Jane Seymour,' sitting on Henry's knee and receiving his caresses with every appearance of complacency and accustomedness; and was thrown into such grief and indignation that she gave premature birth to her second infant and brought forth a dead son, on January 29th.

Raging with disappointment, Henry told her 'she should have no more boys by him,' and after that they never met in private.

On Monday, May 1st, Anne saw Henry for the last time. There were May-day jousts at Greenwich, at which her brother, Viscount Rochford, was the principal challenger, and Henry Norris (one of the three witnesses of her marriage) among the defenders.

In the midst of the pageant, which was unusually splendid, Henry strode wrathfully out of the royal box, and the sports broke up. Rochford and Norris were immediately arrested. Anne had dropped her handkerchief from the royal box at the feet of Norris, who picked it up, raised it to his lips, and returned it to Anne on the point of his long lance.

Norris was on such intimate terms with the King that he was the only person who was ever permitted to follow him into his bedchamber. And when Henry started back for Whitehall, he took Norris with him, riding with him, apart from the others, and urging him to accuse Anne, acknowledge his own guilt, and ask for mercy. Norris refused, and was sent to the Tower.

Anne knew of her brother's arrest, but did not know the reason until the next day. She was terrified by the silence and averted glances of her attendants; and after dinner, her uncle-by-marriage, the Duke of Norfolk, Cromwell the Chancellor (whom Norfolk was one day to arrest and send to execution), and Sir William Kingston, the Constable of the Tower, appeared to arrest her and conduct her to the Tower.

Scarcely was she seated in the barge which was to take her to the Traitors' Gate, when Norfolk (who was to be in the Tower himself awaiting death by the axe, his son having already suffered it, when Henry's death saved his life) told her that her 'paramours had confessed their guilt.'

Before she passed through the Traitors' Gate she sank on her knees, exclaiming, 'O Lord! help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused!'

Of Kingston she asked, 'Do I go into a dungeon?'

'No, Madame,' he answered, 'to your own lodging, where you lay at your coronation.'

Thereat Anne fell into hysterical laughter far sadder, even, than her tears.

One of the most pitiless details of her imprisonment was that two of her most spiteful female enemies were put in constant attendance on her, taunting and trying her with impunity because they knew that she was doomed and that they would be rewarded for any evil they did to her.

On Saturday, May 6th, she wrote Henry that most piteous and beautiful letter which was found, four years later, among Cromwell's papers marked 'To the King, from the ladye in the Tower.' But if Henry ever saw it, he deigned no reply.

Anne and those arrested on the same charges with her were indicted on May 10th, and that same day Norris and the three other courtiers named with him were tried in Westminster Hall, and every effort was made to get them to furnish evidence against Anne; one of them, tortured on the rack, yielded to the point of signing a paper accusing Anne and confessing his own guilt with her. He was hanged. Norris was offered his life if he would confess, but declared he would rather die a thousand deaths than accuse the Queen of that of which he believed her in his conscience innocent.

When this noble reply was reported to Henry, he cried: 'Hang him up, then!'

For a very long time it was supposed by historians that the records of Anne's trial had been 'carefully destroyed.' But they were not. They are in the Record Office, in a bag of thin white leather or parchment, very roughly made, and drawn together at the mouth with a rude thong. The papers look as if they might be odd receipts or memoranda of a commercial sort, and have no appearance of importance. The indictment, in Latin, is as legible as when it was dated, May 15, 1536; but much of the matter in it is unprintable.

That same day she was brought to trial in the Banqueting Hall of the White Tower (below the Council Chamber) which was fitted up as a court of justice (!). Created Lord High Steward of England for this occasion, the Duke of Norfolk presided (he was the brother of Anne's mother) assisted by his son, the young Earl of Surrey. From the fifty-three peers of England, Henry had chosen twenty-six to 'try' his Queen. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was one of them; another was Henry's bastard son, the young Duke of Richmond (son of Lady Tailbois, born in 1519, and therefore only seventeen years old at this time), married to Norfolk's daughter. And another was Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had loved Anne since their youth and would have wed her but for Wolsey's interference (at the instigation of Percy's father); in revenge wherefor, when she was Henry's favorite, Anne strove for Wolsey's downfall. Northumberland was so overcome by Anne's plight that he was taken ill in the court, and died a few months afterward.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London also were present in their official robes, and four citizens from each of the twelve principal merchant companies. And there was a large number of spectators.

A gentleman usher called for 'Anne Boleyn,' and the Queen entered, between the Constable and the Lieutenant of the Tower, followed by her ladies in attendance. She wore a robe of black velvet over a petticoat of scarlet brocade, and a small cap with a black-and-white feather; she moved with great grace and dignity to her place on the platform, bowed gravely to the court, and took her seat in the chair, covered with purple velvet, which had been provided for her. There she heard those unprintable charges read. No witnesses were called. Anne was allowed no counsel, but pleaded 'not guilty,' and defended herself so convincingly that those who listened with an open mind could not see how she could be convicted; and when the verdict was read by her uncle, he wept copiously. It was that she 'be taken to prison in the Tower; and then, at the King's command, to the Green within the Tower, and there to be burned or beheaded as shall please the King.'

Anne's face went deadly pale, but after reiterating her innocence she left the hall with a firm step and her head held high in dignity and courage.

That same day Henry signed her death-warrant and sent Cranmer to receive her last confession. There was, however, another indignity in store for her. On May 17th she was taken to Lambeth Palace to appear before an ecclesiastical court, presided over by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, sitting in judgment on the validity of her marriage with the King. Instead of invalidating it by recalling that the King was not yet divorced when he married her, this court persuaded her to admit such pre-contract with Percy as bound her from making other lawful alliance. And this Anne did to escape the fire, although in so doing she acquiesced in Henry's plot to bastardize her little Elizabeth. The fiendishness of holding off this council until after her condemnation as an unfaithful *wife* is one of the

things which make her story so exceeding piteous. She seems to have been encouraged to believe that, by making the admission required of her at Lambeth, she would be able to save the life of her beloved brother and the lives of the three gallant gentlemen who had so stoutly maintained her innocence. But as she was being rowed back to the Tower, she heard the guns on Tower Hill booming their knell.

Anne had begged that if she must die it might be by the sword, and that in the hands of one skilled in such use of the sword, as were the executioners of France. Accordingly, a headsman was fetched from Calais; and in the Record Office is a bill for the costume that was made for him, and for his 'reward' of twenty pounds which Anne was given wherewithal to pay him for his services!

The execution, first appointed for May 18th, was delayed to Friday the 19th, perhaps because of the delay of this man's arrival from Calais.

Can you bear to imagine yourself on Tower Green that May morning which was the third anniversary of Anne's arrival there for her coronation?

In her room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings (a low-ceiled, oak-panelled room, fourteen feet square, but only eight feet high, preserved much as she left it, but not shown to the public) she had written that poignant 'lullaby':

Oh, Death! rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell, —
For I must die,
There is no remedy,
For now I die!

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcome my present pain,

I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remain.
Sound now the passing bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
For its sound my death doth tell:
Death doth draw nigh,
Sound the knell dolefully,
For now I die!

Never before had female blood been shed on a scaffold in England, and horror reigned over all those who knew that the execution was certainly going to take place — over all but two or three! Jane Seymour was at her father's house, Wolf Hall in Wiltshire, superintending the cooking of her wedding feast, scheduled for Saturday morning; and Henry had betaken himself to Richmond where, attired for the chase, with his huntsmen and hounds around him, he stood beneath a spreading oak on a spot of Richmond Hill whence he could see the smoke and hear the boom of the gun announcing Anne's death, and start at once for Jane and his wedding.

In the little space between the door of the Lieutenant's Lodgings and the scaffold on Tower Green were ranged two hundred Yeomen of the Guard, in the same costume as worn by them to-day. On a raised tribunal sat Norfolk and his son, Suffolk, Richmond, Cromwell, and other officials. To the right of the scaffold stood the Lord Mayor, several aldermen, some foreigners of distinction (ambassadors, perhaps), and a group of merchants from the City.

Anne had confessed herself and received the sacraments. Much has been made of her Protestantism, but she died a fervent Catholic.

She was dressed in a loose robe of gray damask over a petticoat of red. Round her neck was a deep white collar edged with ermine. Her beautiful black hair was covered with a white coif and a small black cap. At her girdle hung

a gold chain and cross. She looked extremely handsome, her cheeks were flushed, her black eyes shone brilliantly, her step was firm, even elastic.

On the scaffold (which was about five feet high, so that the execution might be seen by all) she spoke briefly, in a clear, unfaltering voice, and asked all present to pray for her. As she knelt in her last prayer, all knelt with her except Suffolk, Richmond, Cranmer, and a few others of the King's puppets. And in a moment more it was all over, with one stroke so swift that when the executioner held up the head, the lips were still framing that last little prayer.

The sickened onlookers dispersed, while the gun boomed, and Henry, at Richmond, cried, 'The deed is done! Uncouple the hounds and away!' At nightfall he was with Jane.

No preparation had been made for Anne's interment, but her weeping ladies procured an old arrow-chest and laid her mangled body in it as decently as they could, attending it to the shallow grave dug beside her brother's in Saint Peter ad Vincula, close to the scaffold on Tower Green. There she was interred without other obsequies than their choking sobs and whispered prayers. There is a tradition that her rude coffin was carried away, that night, to the church of Sall, in Norfolk, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns, where a plain black marble slab is believed to cover her remains; but an excavation made in 1876 at the reputed burial-place of Anne in Saint Peter's disclosed the bones and skull of a decapitated female of such age as Anne (thirty-six) and such dimensions.

On the 29th of May, ten days after Anne's murder, Jane Seymour held her first court at Whitehall and was publicly presented as Queen.

Less than six years later, Henry's fifth wife, Catherine Howard, another niece of the Duke of Norfolk, came to the

block here, in the twenty-first year of her age, and the eighteenth month of her marriage. But Catherine Howard has never much commended herself to the sympathy of the world save such as see in her a poor motherless girl neglected by her worldly grandmother, the dowager Duchess of Norfolk, and then used by her as a catspaw to pull chestnuts of royal favor from the fire of Henry's fatal regard.

The next story to engross us on the tragic spot, where the sinister-looking ravens stalk about as they did about the scaffold, is that of little Lady Jane Grey, the Nine Days' Queen. And her story, as it concerns the Tower, begins, I suppose, with the first of two graves made in Saint Peter's ad Vincula between the graves of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard — the grave of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, whose rise to supreme power in England began on the day after Anne's execution, when his sister Jane wedded Anne's red-handed widower.

It was an age characterized even more than most ages by such sudden rises to wealth and estates and power, and such lightning-quick falls therefrom, that if there had been Vehicles of Vaunting, like some of our success-worshipping popular magazines of to-day, methinks that many an edition would have had to be snatched off the press, because its leading story of achievement had been spoiled, overnight, by the axe and confiscation.

Somerset went up and up, and John Dudley went after him, and 'got him,' as we say to-day. Somerset was brought to the block and laid between the murdered Queens, and Dudley, now Duke of Northumberland, vaulted into command of the realm along with Henry Grey, who was now Duke of Suffolk by succession to his father-in-law, Charles Brandon.

Dudley was the bolder plotter. He saw death written in the pale face and shrunken form of the little King, and

'heard its stealthy advance in his feeble voice and hacking cough.' Henry VIII had, by getting both his first and second marriages annulled, illegitimated both his daughters, but afterward had named them his heirs after Edward. His next heir was the young Queen of Scots, over in Paris, affianced to the Dauphin; and, after her, the issue of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, by her second marriage, the heir of that line being her grandson, Henry, Earl of Darnley. But Henry VIII in his will had put his elder sister Margaret's heirs after those of his sister Mary. After Margaret's issue, the title to the throne lay in the issue of her younger sister, Mary Tudor, Queen of France and Duchess of Suffolk. Mary had two daughters, Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, and Margaret, Countess of Clifford; but their uncle, Henry VIII, had passed them over and named their heirs of the body as next in succession after Elizabeth.

Lady Jane Grey was, therefore, as the eldest daughter of Frances, in line for the crown *after* Mary and Elizabeth if their legitimacy and their father's will were accepted, or before them if the dying King could be persuaded to devise differently and the people could be persuaded to accept it. This persuasion was John Dudley's self-appointed task.

But first he must make it worth his while, by marrying his young son, Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane. This was done with great pomp and magnificence, at Durham House, as we shall recall to-morrow (or in our next chapter), probably on the 21st of May. And very shortly thereafter, the dying Edward wrote, at Dudley's dictation, that 'Devise' which was to bring about such a welter of tragedy.

Guildford was a tall, well-built, handsome youth of nineteen, of beautiful, fair complexion, light-brown hair, and soft brown eyes; a nice lad, from all accounts, and a good youth, but little Jane liked him not. Small difference did that make to her parents and his, however!

On July 6th, little Edward's spark of life flickered out, and John Dudley despatched to Mary Tudor a letter telling her that her half-brother, the King, was very ill and prayed her to come to him; then he laid his plans to seize her, en route, and whisk her into the Tower. These were frustrated, through being overheard by one who was loyal to Mary; she was warned, turned away from London, and galloped off into Suffolk.

On July 9th, Guildford Dudley's sister went to Chelsea Manor House whither Lady Jane had withdrawn (*without* her new husband!) a few days after her wedding, and told Jane 'that I must be that night at Sion House to receive that which was ordained for me by the King.' And then, to the shy, retiring little bride's distress, so that she 'swooned indeed, and lay as dead,' she was hailed Queen. And 'the following day,' as she wrote, 'I was conducted to the Tower.'

Jane was three months under sixteen years of age, very short and thin, her hair nearly red, her eyes a light hazel, her face freckled — a studious little creature withal, and averse from pomps and ambitions. On her splendid procession to the Tower, she was mounted on clogs 'to make her look much taller.'

As soon as she and her bowing and scraping escort (chiefly her family and her husband's) had entered the royal apartments of the Tower (those which Anne Boleyn had entered in triumph twenty years before), the heralds trumpeted, and Jane's proclamation was read.

The next morning there was a violent scene between Jane, her husband-in-name, and his overbearing mother whom Jane thoroughly disliked and who now demanded that 'her son should share the new Queen's bed and throne.' Jane declared that she 'could make her husband a Duke, but only Parliament could make him a King,' which infuri-

ated his mother. Guildford cried, his mother said she would not leave him with an ungrateful wife, and he would have gone with her but that other counsel prevailed on him to remain.

That day the Council received a letter from Mary, written July 9th, announcing her intention to claim the throne and ordering her accession proclaimed in London. Two days later, London learned that Mary was marching on it, gathering an army as she came, and John Dudley rushed north to stop her. But from the evening of Friday the 14th (Dudley had left London only that morning), bad news began to reach the Tower. On Monday, Dudley had been deserted by nearly all his defenders, and had determined to throw himself at Mary's feet and implore her mercy. By Tuesday, only two men of all Jane's Council remained true to her, Cranmer (who left that afternoon for Lambeth) and her own father.

Wednesday, John Dudley was arrested at Cambridge; and about six o'clock in the evening, Mary was proclaimed, the bells of the City churches pealed welcome to her, bonfires blazed in every street, feasting and drinking began, largesse was distributed, and a messenger came to Suffolk to order him to deliver up the Tower, and Jane to resign the title of Queen.

Suffolk went out on Tower Hill and announced Mary's accession, and then to Baynard's Castle (her temporary headquarters) where he signed her proclamation. Then the wretched man rushed back to his little daughter.

'He found her,' says Richard Davey, 'alone in the Council Chamber, seated, forlorn, under her canopy of State. "Come down from that, my child," said he, "that is no place for you." Then he gently told her all; and gladly did poor Jane rise and quit her hateful office. For a moment father and daughter stood weeping, locked in each other's

arms, in the centre of the deserted hall, through the open windows of which, borne on the summer air, came the exulting shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!"

'Then, after a pause, Jane Grey spoke four simple words, sublime in their pathos. "Can I go home?" she asked ingenuously. God help her! what a world of innocence was in that little sentence! Alas! poor little victim of so much ambition and such damnable intrigue, there is no more earthly home for thee!'

That night, in the Tower, little Jane had none with her but a few servants. She was transferred from the State Apartments to the rooms above the Deputy Lieutenant's, next door to the Lieutenant's Lodgings; and later, to another house, also on the Green, belonging to the Gentleman Gaoler, Mr. Nathaniel Partridge. She had six attendants, and a sum equivalent in purchasing power to nearly two hundred pounds a week, in modern coinage, was allowed for the maintenance of Lady Jane and her little household.

She was never formally arrested. She was simply detained in the Tower as a hostage and to prevent her being again used as a tool.

The day following her deposition, our old friend 'Willow Paulet' of Winchester, who had brought her the crown jewels on the second day of her queenship, came to take them away. He had lost no time in 'bending' when the wind began to blow from another quarter.

On August 1st the Constable of the Tower read to Jane the indictment returned against her that day at Guildhall (Norfolk still presiding) in which she, her husband and his brothers, and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, were charged with treason. And on August 3d, in the early twilight, booming cannon, flaring torches, hurrying feet, and hoarse commands told Jane that the new sovereign and her sister Elizabeth had come to the Tower to prepare

for the obsequies of their little brother — dead these four weeks.

Jane's father-in-law, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was tried on August 18th (Norfolk again presiding), and condemned to be hanged and then burned. The following day he made a public renunciation of the Protestant religion, but all he secured thereby was the privilege of being beheaded instead of hanged and burned. He died on Tower Hill, August 22d, and was buried *beside Somerset*, between Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard! It was nineteen months to a day since Somerset died on the Hill at Dudley's instance.

Mary did not visit Jane in the Tower, nor encounter her by any chance, either at the time of Edward's funeral or in September, when Mary was again in residence at the Tower prior to her coronation. It was an exceptionally sultry summer, and Jane languished in confinement; so she was permitted to walk in the Lieutenant's Garden; but he was doubtless careful to see that she did this when the Queen could not see her or be seen of her.

Jane's parents and friends hoped that, after the Coronation, Mary would liberate her young cousin. But Mary was now bent upon her Spanish marriage. And her other cousin, Emperor Charles V, although he had supported Northumberland until the latter's collapse, was now insistent that his prospective daughter-in-law's throne be made secure to her and Philip and their progeny by the removal of little Jane. Mary had but one idea now; and that was to please her young second cousin who was willing (for *much* consideration!) to be her bridegroom.

So Jane and Guildford and his brothers and Cranmer were taken to Guildhall for trial on November 13th, found guilty, and Jane was sentenced (Norfolk again presiding) to be burnt alive or beheaded, 'as the Queen

shall please.' But execution of the sentence was delayed till February.

Early in January, murmurings against the Spanish marriage rose into revolt, under Sir Thomas Wyatt, leading what we might call an 'England for the English' party. Mary summoned Jane's father (Suffolk) to fight and put down this uprising; but he thought he saw in it sufficient strength to make him secure in joining it. So he did join it — to his daughter's doom and his own. He was arrested, brought to the Tower on February 6th, and that day Mary signed Jane's death-warrant.

When told to prepare for death, little Jane said that her life had been a living death, and the sooner it ended, the better. But she pleaded for her husband.

To her father, imprisoned so near to her, Jane wrote: 'Although it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet can I patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woeful days, than if all the world had been given into my possession, with life lengthened at my own will.'

To her sister Catherine (presently to be a prisoner in the Tower) Jane sent her Greek Testament, with a most touching letter, saying (in part): 'I have sent you, good sister Catherine, a book, which, although it be not outwardly rimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is worth more than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord, . . . which shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die; it shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woeful father's lands.'

This volume and letter (written on the fly-leaves) and the prayer-book Jane carried on the scaffold are now in the British Museum. On the last page of the latter Jane wrote:

'If my faults deserve punishment, my youth at least and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor.'

The last we know, and the first we believe, to be true foresight.

I shall not ask you to relive the harrowing last scene, whereat the dimming old eyes of Norfolk again looked on.

But as you stand on Tower Green and note the ravens stalking by, let me lure your thoughts from bloodshed to a fact or two about these sinister-looking black creatures. They do not breed here — lacking the seclusion which they demand for that purpose — so, when one dies, another has to be sought and fetched to fill his place; for they are as regularly recruited and upkept as the 'Beefeaters.' One of their number (as I write) is Edgar, who was taken from a nest in the north of Scotland, when he was a baby, and brought up as a pet in a family, until he got too big and boisterous for that rôle, so he was presented to the Tower. But Edgar was unused to ravens. He likes 'folks.' He was haughty to the other ravens, and they snubbed him. 'His particular passion,' says Major-General Sir George Younghusband, Keeper of the Jewel House and author of a most interesting book on 'The Tower of London,' 'is directed towards little girls with long light stockings, but he is friendly with all. On Sundays Tower Green, his usual resort, being rather dull, owing to the absence of visitors, Edgar will hop down to Saint Thomas Tower, walk in at the front door and present himself there in the drawing-room, there to have his head scratched and to be made much of. If the front door is not at once opened to him he will throw one of the flower-pots down the steps, to draw attention to the fact.'

Some of Edgar's predecessors were undoubtedly stalking about on the Palm Sunday following little Jane's execution,

when the Princess Elizabeth was brought, by her sister Mary's orders, through the Traitors' Gate to be lodged in the Bell Tower. It was 'Willow Paulet' who told her that she must go to the Tower.

It was a rainy March day, and Elizabeth (who believed that she was to be executed forthwith) sat down, inside Traitors' Gate, on a cold, damp stone. The Lieutenant said, 'Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely.'

'Better sit here than in a worse place,' she replied, 'for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me.'

That was on March 18th. Elizabeth remained in close confinement for a month, in rather less close confinement for another month, and then was taken out of the Tower and removed to a no less strict captivity at Woodstock, where she was held till Christmas.

I always see her sitting on that damp stone, in the March rain, remembering her mother's fate and Lady Jane's. Elizabeth was twenty-one then. Four years later, she came to the Tower on the eve of her coronation.

Ask the Warder on duty to let you into Saint Peter ad Vincula. And it may be your good fortune (as it has once been mine) to find on duty, in Saint John's Chapel of the White Tower, an attendant very well-informed and full of reverence for the history of the place. In any case, go there if you would see ghosts. For, in truth, they are hard to see in other parts of the White Tower, cumbered with museum exhibits.

Saint John's Chapel is the oldest church existing in London, having been built in the reign of William the Conqueror. And here you may meet almost any ghost out of England's past. Perhaps it is the body of Henry VI that you wish to see, lying here after his murder; or that of Elizabeth of York, surrounded by eight hundred tapers —

Elizabeth, who died in the Tower as her little brothers had died there, but not by violence; she died on her thirty-seventh birthday, after her seventh confinement, which took place in the Tower. It was in this chapel that the Constable of the Tower was kneeling at his prayers when Richard's messenger sought him to get his connivance in the murder of the little Princes. Here John Dudley forswore Protestantism; and here Lady Jane Grey knelt, firm in that faith, during her nine days' reign.

If you see anything of instruments of torture in the Tower, you will, I'm sure, like to recall that it was John Felton, assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, who put an end to torture in this place. This he did by replying to Archbishop Laud, who threatened him with the rack: 'If I am racked, my lord, I may happen in my agony to accuse your lordship.' And, somehow, no chances were taken. But Felton was hanged at Tyburn; then his body, placed in an iron cage, was taken to Portsmouth, the scene of his crime, and there suspended till it had rotted away.

We have neglected Raleigh, at the Tower; and Essex; and Guy Fawkes; and others innumerable, including poor old Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Reginald Pole. But I am sure you have had all you can 'take in' on a first visit.

And when you come away, I hope you'll hire a taxi and say, 'Over London Bridge, please'; stop for a few minutes at Saint Saviour's Cathedral; then, down Borough High Street to the George Inn (Number 77), and, after a stop there, south in the High Street, past Marshalsea Road, to Lant Street; through Lant Street to Southwark Bridge Road, and up the latter to Park Street, to see the tablet on Barclay and Perkins Brewery marking the site of the Globe Theatre. Then to Bankside, and along to Blackfriars Bridge, and over it to the Victoria Embankment, and — home.

And I can only hope that you may happen upon a driver even half so interested as the one I hailed, a few months ago, to take two friends over this ground.

'Lady,' he said to me as we left him, 'I've lived in London forty year, and twenty years I've drove here; but I was never to these places before, nor heard of them. Wait till I get a load that wants to see something! Won't they think they've got a guide?'

I'd love to take that drive with him, 'unbeknownst'! If what he tells his 'load' gets a little mixed, it won't be because he failed to listen when he had a chance.

Of course, there's matter here for several chapters, and we must make several pages do.

In reality, there's almost nothing to see with the naked, unaided eye (after we leave Saint Saviour's) except the quaint old George Inn. But for the retrospective, reconstructive eye! La! la! but here's an eyeful!

And you, I'm sure, are not rattling across new London Bridge in a twentieth-century taxi. You are jogging across *old* London Bridge on a palfrey, perhaps. (Do you know what 'a palfrey' is? I don't. But it sounds so *much* more interesting than 'a horse.') And what company have you? The range for choice is bewildering; isn't it?

You may be ambling along by the side of Geoffrey Chaucer, going from his house in Lower Thames Street to the Tabard Inn to join his Canterbury Pilgrims. You may be crossing with almost anybody who ever set foot in London. Old London Bridge with its tall houses lining both sides, and its chapel to Thomas à Becket in the centre, was infinitely more picturesque than the new; but the new gives a view up and down the river which the old one did not.

As you leave the southern end of the bridge, you enter upon the Borough High Street which has, since Roman

times and even before, been the great highway to the southeast of England and to the Continent.

The first street on your left is Tooley Street leading past the site of Bermondsey Abbey, where Henry V's wilful Kate and Edward IV's unhappy Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, both died; and in Stoney Lane, which leads from Tooley Street to Pickleherring Street, lived Sir John Fastolfe, a doughty warrior and administrator (once Governor of the Bastille in Paris), who was charged with having run away at the battle of Patay where the English sustained a disastrous loss in France. Fastolfe demanded an investigation of this charge, and was acquitted. But, though he continued to receive posts of honor and distinction, there were enough persons who disliked the rich and testy old warrior to keep the calumny alive until Shakespeare's day, a century and a half after Fastolfe died; and then Shakespeare, by seeming to have derived his Falstaff from that Fastolfe, made the calumny immortal.

On the right-hand side of the Borough High Street (as you go south), about opposite the beginning of Tooley Street, stood the butcher shop of Robert Harvard, where, in 1607, the future founder of Harvard University was born.

I hope you will go into Saint Saviour's Cathedral for at least a few minutes. It is beautiful, and it is interesting, and it seems restfully remote and uninvaded. See the Harvard Chapel. See the lovely alabaster memorial of Shakespeare. See the Lady Chapel where Gardiner, in Queen Mary's day, sent so many good ecclesiastics to the stake. See the fine memorial windows, to Chaucer and Bunyan (who preached in a chapel near here), and Goldsmith (who set up as a doctor in Bankside), and Dr. Johnson (who was closely identified with the Thrale Brewery, now Barclay and Perkins, where the Globe Theatre once stood), and the

tomb of Gower, Chaucer's friend. See Shakespeare here, at the burial of his younger brother Edmund.

Then, when you come out, fix your attention first upon the ghosts of those famous inns which used to stand cheek by jowl on the east side of the Borough High Street: the White Hart, celebrated in Shakespeare and in 'Pickwick'; the George (of which more than the ghost survives; here you must visit, and get impressions which will help you to re-create the others); and the Tabard which did business here from Edward I's time to well on in Queen Victoria's.

Saint George's Church, at the corner of the Borough High Street and Long Lane, is where 'Little Dorrit,' the 'child of the Marshalsea,' was christened and married. The Marshalsea Prison was just north of it; there that 'very queer small boy,' who worked so dolefully in the blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs, came trudging to see his father, imprisoned for debt, and the rest of the family sharing his durance. And because it was so far for the undernourished little fellow to come a-visiting, and he was so forlorn by himself, 'a back attic was found for me at the house of an Insolvent Court agent who lived in Lant Street, in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterwards . . . a bed and bedding were sent over for me [from the Marshalsea] and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a Paradise.' 'The Crown Revenues,' he adds, 'are seldom collected in this happy valley; the rents are dubious, and the water communication is very frequently shut off.'

'There is,' Dickens continued, 'an air of repose about Lant Street, which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul. . . . If a man wished to abstract himself from the world, to remove himself from within reach of temptation, to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement

to look out of the window, he should by all means go to Lant Street.'

And to find it, you may use the directions which served Mr. Pickwick: 'Little distance after you've passed Saint George's Church — turns out of the High Street on the right-hand side of the way.'

David Copperfield lived in Lant Street to be near the Micawbers while they were in the King's Bench Prison, which was just south of Lant Street.

The street south of Lant Street is Great Suffolk Street, named for Charles Brandon, who built a fine house there for Mary Tudor soon after their marriage.

In those days and later, this was a gay neighborhood. Besides the great houses of many nobles and ecclesiastics, it had its inns for the reception of merchants coming up from Kent and the south country; it had a riverside people of fishermen and watermen, and a great number of residents who worked in the orchards and gardens hereabouts; and a lot of rogues and vagabonds, fugitives from justice, lying here in the so-called sanctuary. Besides all these, it had the Show Folk, 'not only a class apart,' as Sir Walter Besant reminds us in his 'South London,' 'but a class in contempt. No one, as yet, had made of music or of acting a fine art; no gentleman, as yet, and for a long time after, would take part in the buffoonery which the actor had then to exhibit. . . . On Bankside, where the City could not interfere, they "went as they pleased" . . . there was no fear of being haled before the Lord Mayor for making people laugh; there was no terror of pillory, and no man on their side of the river was "put in stocks o' Monday, for kissing of his wife o' Sunday." When the Show Folk were wanted in the City it was easy for them to go across: they were ready at a moment's notice to arrange a pageant, or to take part in one.

The Show Folk lived west of High Street, almost all the way to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace at Lambeth. And here 'from every tavern, all day long,' Besant says, 'came the tinkling of the guitar and the trolling of some lusty voice and the silvery notes of a girl who sang like the wood pigeon because nature taught her. Here marched along the bear rolling his head from side to side, a monkey chattering on his back, the tabor and pipe going before him. After him came the dogs straining at the chain which held them, barking madly in anticipation of the fight. Or it was a young bull who was led by two men to the ring where he would defend his life as long as the dogs allowed; or it was the arrival at Falcon Stairs of boats by the dozen, each turning out its complement of citizens and their wives who made for the theatre where the flag was flying. On the open bank were placed tables for those who drank; the ballad-monger sang his songs and sold them afterwards; the posturer spread his carpet and went through his performance; the boys cried nuts and apples; the drawer ran about and filled his cans. . . .

'And then to go home again across the broad and peaceful river at full tide, when the sun was set, and the river, like the sky, was aglow, and the people sang softly in the boats, and still from Bankside came the dying snatches of music, the soft breath of the cornet, and the tingling touch of the harp, and the voices of those who sang, and the baying of the hounds.'

When you halt before the tablet on the Brewery wall commemorating the Globe Theatre, I hope you can 'wish yourself' back in the circusy hurly-burly of Bankside when Shakespeare came and went hereabouts, acting and writing plays.

Then, along Bankside, especially if it's near sunset, for the glorious view of Saint Paul's. And so, home.

Don't think that, because this is a long chapter, it means a long, arduous day.

From Trafalgar to the Temple, on a bus, costs tuppence and takes ten minutes. All that I've written about the Strand you may review in that brief ride. See the Temple and Gough Square. Lunch. Ride to the Tower. Two to four at the Tower, let's say. Then a taxi-jaunt of an hour or so. Thronging reflections, I grant you. But not too many steps for an average mortal wistful to see London.

III

YOUR THIRD LONDON DAY

The day's programme offered in this chapter need not follow the programme in the preceding chapter. But I am giving it next because much of the matter it is concerned with 'fits in' best in this sequence.

This is another varied day; and like the route of London Chapter II, it takes us eastward, but by another and older main artery of travel; not so far as the Tower, but to the heart of the City, by way of Charterhouse and Bunhill Fields and Guildhall, to the Bank of England and the Mansion House. Then for a memorable luncheon in Cheapside; to Saint Paul's and its vicinity; back along the Victoria Embankment to Westminster Bridge, and thence by boat up the Thames to Richmond for tea.

Before you start on this programme, call up Simpson's Restaurant in Bird-in-Hand Court, 76 Cheapside, and ask for reservations at the Fish Ordinary, which begins very punctually at one o'clock, and you must not be late.

Then, if you are in or near Trafalgar Square, go north, by 'bus or taxi, up Saint Martin's Lane, between Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields and the National Gallery, past the Coliseum on your right and several other and smaller theatres on your left, to Longacre. And as you pass New Street, on your right, glance down it and recall young Samuel Johnson dining 'very well with very good company at the Pineapple in New Street.'

If you are bus-riding, you will probably go straight up to New Oxford Street, where you may have to transfer for a bus going east in Holborn to Charterhouse Street.

If you have taken a taxi (which I advise you to do, as far as Smithfield) you will turn northeast in Longacre, which cuts across Bow Street and Drury Lane, and continues as Great Queen Street (named for Henrietta Maria), where Joshua Reynolds and William Blake served their apprenticeships, and Sheridan wrote 'The School for Scandal' (at Number 55), and Boswell (at Number 56) wrote most of the last seven years of his 'Life of Johnson.'

This is not the time to visit Lincoln's Inn (I mean, if you were to stop here now you could not carry out this programme; and I am inviting you to come here another time), but you may, or should, drive along the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thence on to High Holborn which is part of a great east-to-west thoroughfare that connects the City with the highroads to the west country.

On your right, soon after entering this busy street, you have Staple Inn, where Samuel Johnson was living, after his removal from Gough Square, when his mother died, at Lichfield, aged ninety years, and he wrote 'Rasselas' in the evenings of one week to pay her debts and funeral expenses. He got a hundred pounds for it.

The gabled and timbered façade is the most picturesque part of Staple Inn, and you can enjoy that without stopping. But if you take five minutes to go into the Court, I'm sure you will feel repaid. On the other side of Holborn, a little farther east, is the high, red-brick office building of the Prudential Assurance Company occupying the site of Furnival's Inn where Dickens took his bride to live, where he wrote most of 'Pickwick,' and where he was visited by a young man who wished to illustrate 'Pickwick,' and showed specimens of his drawings, but was unsuccessful in getting the job. The young man's name was William Makepeace Thackeray.

At Holborn Circus you take the left fork of the road,

which is Charterhouse Street; and if you would love a glimpse of a London byway which few hurrying travellers know, step into Saint Etheldreda's Church, which was the thirteenth-century chapel of a palace belonging to the Bishops of Ely; and see the Mitre Tavern, in Mitre Court, Ely Place.

Should this not specially appeal to you, take the right fork of the road from Holborn Circus (which is Holborn Viaduct), and, at the corner of Giltspur Street, note the Church of Saint Sepulchre, where Captain John Smith is buried. Saint Sepulchre's bell used to toll whenever a prisoner was brought from Newgate (across the way) to execution, and it was customary for the cart carrying the condemned to stop before the church whilst a nosegay was presented to the doomed rider. This was provided by a bequest to the parish; another bequest paid a clerk to go across the road the night before an execution, ring a handbell (still preserved in the vestry) twelve times under the window of the death cell, and recite a call to repentance.

The Central Criminal Court, which stands where Newgate Prison used to be, is so full of fresh stories daily that one finds it hard to recall the famous old ones in which it figures. But (to mention but one or two of the latter) it was from Newgate that Jack Sheppard escaped, and that he at last went to Tyburn; here Fagin was hanged; and — oh! but what's the use of trying to go only a little farther in an interminable list?

Curving up toward Smithfield Market from the other side of Saint Sepulchre's is Snow Hill, where John Bunyan died at a grocer's shop, in 1688, and where, at the famous old coaching-inn, 'The Saracen's Head,' Mr. Wackford Squeers 'attended' daily, from one till four, when in town for new pupils, or for 'an able assistant — annual salary £5. A Master of Arts preferred.' On the front of the new

building that replaces Mr. Squeers's London headquarters is a bust of that immortal, and one of Nicholas Nickleby, and one of the man who made them haunt this vicinity forever.

Just beyond the Criminal Court, on your right, is Warwick Lane commemorating the fact that here the great King-Maker had his town house. In those days there were more palaces in London than in Verona, Venice, Florence, and Genoa all together; and they were huge edifices, accommodating retinues of from four hundred to eight hundred. When Warwick rode into London to occupy this house, he was followed by five hundred men in his livery. And for breakfast, each morning, in this establishment six oxen were consumed.

I'd go on, past Christ Church, so I could muse on its associations with Christ's Hospital, the famous Blue Coat School founded by little Edward VI and made almost sacred by the school days of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt and Coleridge.

Then turn up King Edward Street, past the Post-Office buildings on the former site of the Blue Coat School, into Little Britain which leads to Smithfield. Here I'd let the taxi go, and stroll until lunch time.

Smithfield (originally Smooth Field) was the tournament ground, and horse and cattle market, and fair grounds, and place of other uses (like public executions) for London for many centuries. Looked at with a 'camera eye,' it is an ugly, depressing place. But not thus to *you*, I know!

I can see your kindling glance flashing down Giltspur Street past Saint Sepulchre's to Newgate, and I think that what you are murmuring to yourself must be certain passages that I, too, like well, from Saint John Adcock's book 'The Booklover's London.'

'If you say that name [Giltspur Street] to yourself pro-

perly,' he reminds us, 'the sordid, red Market loses its solidity and rolls away like a cloud; the huge Hospital dwindles to less than a quarter its present size; the fountain and railed-in garden go from the middle of the square, and the subterranean Goods Station with them; the big new banks and taverns and warehouses shrink and vanish and their places are filled by a picturesque huddle of quaint old red-tiled houses and inns from the windows of which crowds of laughing ladies and gallant gentlemen look out upon a broad green field from which noisy swarms of the common city folk are shut off by stout wooden barriers; and presently up this same Giltspur Street a company of knights, flashing the sun back from their armor, ride in to a tournament.'

If the pageant you are seeing is of Edward III's or Richard II's day, you know it well through the gorgeous, gossipy 'Chronicles' of Froissart.

Some writers say that William Wallace was executed at Smithfield; others give Tyburn as the place.

At any rate, for nearly two centuries before Wallace's death, this great smooth field was the scene of Bartholomew Fair, held annually for several days about the feast of Saint Bartholomew (August 24th), at which the sale of goods was gradually overshadowed by the 'side-shows'; and this lasted until 1855, so that we have many, many references to it in English literature.

Just about the time that jousting went out of fashion, Reformation martyrdom came in; and, curiously enough, before Saint Bartholomew's Day in France came to be associated with the massacre of Protestants, the field of Bartholomew Fair, in front of Saint Bartholomew's Church and Hospital, became associated with the efforts to exterminate Protestantism in England.

When your grandma was a little girl she probably had to sit 'bolt upright' well away from the back of a stiff chair,

feet on floor, ankles touching, on Sunday afternoons, and read Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' (alternating with Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and 'Henry, On Prayer'), and she doubtless had a certain fearful enjoyment in the account of Anne Askew.

Anne was a Lincolnshire lass of good family, so unhappily married that she took to Bible-reading and became a dissenter from the doctrine of trans-substantiation. She came to London, aired her opinions, was arrested, and eventually brought to the stake by the efforts of those (headed by our old friend, Norfolk!) who were hopeful of embroiling (no pun intended!) Queen Catherine Parr too, as a sympathizer with Anne's dissent.

'As for what ye call your God,' Anne declared to her inquisitors, 'it is a piece of bread; for a more proof thereof, mark it when you list, let it but lie in the box three months and it will be mouldy and so turn to nothing that is good. Whereupon I am persuaded that it cannot be God.'

For this she was imprisoned in the Tower, where they piously endeavored to change her mind by stretching her limbs on the rack till she was so maimed and warped that she could not use her feet; then, as she still failed to see eye to eye with them, they decided that there was only one way left in which they could get the best of the argument. So, as Foxe has it:

'The day of her execution being appointed, she was brought into Smithfield in a chair, because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments. When she was brought to the stake, she was tied in the middle with a chain that held up her body. When all things were thus prepared to the fire, Dr. Shaxton, who was then appointed to preach, began his sermon. Anne Askew, hearing and answering again unto him, where he said well, confirmed the same; where he said amiss, there, said she, he misseth and speaketh without the book.

'The sermon being finished, the other martyrs [three men] standing there tied to three several stakes, ready to their martyrdom, began their prayers. The multitude and concourse of the people were exceeding, the place where they stood being railed about to keep out the press. Upon the bench, under Saint Bartholomew's Church, sat Wrisley [Wriothesley], Chancellor of England, the old Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Mayor, with divers other more. Before the fire should be set unto them, one of the bench hearing that they had gunpowder about them and being afraid the faggots by the strength of the gunpowder would come flying about their ears, began to be afraid; but the Earl of Bedford, declaring to him the gunpowder was not laid under the faggots, but only about their bodies to rid them out of their pain, so diminished their fear.

'Then Wrisley, Lord Chancellor, sent to Anne Askew letters, offering to her the king's pardon if she would recant. . . . Who, refusing once to look upon them, made this answer again: That she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. . . . Whereupon the Lord Mayor, commanding fire to be put to them, cried with a loud voice, *Fiat justitia.*

'And thus the good Anne Askew, having now ended the long course of her agonies, being encompassed in with flames of fire, as a blessed sacrifice unto God, she slept in the Lord, anno 1546, leaving behind her a singular example for all men to follow.'

'These things,' as Mr. Adcock says, 'do not pass away; and I can never cross Smithfield nowadays without hearing that loud cry of the Lord Mayor's thrilling above the dense mob again, without seeing the flames rise about the chained figures of the four martyrs, without seeing on the bench in front of this same old St. Bartholomew's Church that little group of elderly, gorgeously attired dignitaries, discussing the probable action of the gunpowder mercifully fastened

round the waists of the sufferers and fussily agitated by fears for their own safety. So long as Smithfield remains they keep their place in it for those who know where to look for them and how to see them.'

On the exterior wall of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, you may see a memorial to the martyrs of a few years later who perished here in Mary's reign.

Saint Bartholomew's Hospital and Church are parts of a great Augustinian priory founded in 1123 by Rahere, a favorite of Henry I, and the Hospital was handsomely remembered in Whittington's will just three hundred years later.

Step in, past the porter's door at the main entrance, to the great court of the hospital, where (if the day be bright) you will see convalescents on cots, visited by friends and relatives; and a continual passing and repassing of students, doctors, internes, nurses, peopling your mental picture of this place where works of mercy have been going on for more than eight centuries.

Then, go in beneath the timbered gateway of Saint Bartholomew the Great, and along the close or passageway leading through what used to be the nave of this great priory church, to the choir and transepts which still remain and are the oldest ecclesiastical architecture in London except Saint John's Chapel in the Tower, and probably the finest Norman remains in all England.

To realize this place as it was when Anne Askew suffered here, and for long time earlier, you must think of a really vast enclosure, walled all about, and containing the innumerable buildings of a great rich monastic establishment: the magnificent church and the hospital, the prior's house, the cloisters, the monks' dormitories and refectory, the work buildings, and the gardens. This monastery was famed for its mulberry garden.

All this was due, primarily, to Rahere, who is said to have been jester or court fool to Henry I, though I think that what is meant is not that he wore cap and bells, but that he was the leader in court frivolities. At any rate, he became ashamed of himself, in his maturity, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome, to atone for his follies and raise his mind to higher things. And on his return, he dreamed that he was standing on the edge of a bottomless pit with no hope of escaping it, when Saint Bartholomew appeared to him and commanded him to build a priory and hospital at Smooth Field, near London. When he told this dream to King Henry (to whom the ground in question belonged) the latter gave him permission to proceed with his building; and when the priory was finished, Rahere became its first prior. Here, in the choir of the church he builded, he lies; and if you try, I think you can see the choir full of chanting monks, and hear it full of their sonorous intoning, as it used to be.

This beautiful old church fragment is, I suppose, the most painted interior in London, and usually has from three to six artists busy at their easels.

To the lover of architecture, of antiquity, of the picturesque, it is a shrine preëminent in London. But to the ordinary sight-seer I'm sure it is uninteresting. And it happened, once when I was loitering here (as I unfailingly do at least once on every visit to London), that a group of my compatriots, to whom the place obviously meant nothing, entered with a 'guide' whom they had probably acquired around Smithfield Market. A very beefy, beery gentleman he was, and not fond of hard labor, I surmised; but he seemed willing to please — for a consideration. He must have felt the disappointment of his party, and feared a shrinkage in his 'consideration,' for with a sudden spurt of energy he lined them up before the imposing tomb of Sir

Walter Mildmay, founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and said:

'This, ladies and gents, is the tomb of the lyte King Philip the Second of Spyne, as was married to one of our Queens, and died 'ere courtin' hanother of 'em.'

Now, *that* was something to see! The conducted brightened, *wisibly*, and the conductor with them. I followed them all to Rahere's tomb, hoping to hear another flight of imagination, ascribing it to Columbus, perhaps; but I was 'withered' by a look from the fount of wisdom, who saw no reason why I should drink from the fountain for which I had not agreed to pay.

The Lady Chapel, behind the Choir, was once a printing-office, and Benjamin Franklin worked in it, lodging the while in Saint Bartholomew's Close, south of the church, where Hogarth was born and where Milton sought refuge when Charles II came back to his father's throne.

There is a story that Milton's friends got up a mock funeral for him, so Charles would not have him hunted out and executed; and that when Charles heard about this, afterwards, he laughed heartily.

Be that as it may, here blind Milton came, and hereabouts he lived most of his remaining years, and not far from here he lies buried. And you may see him passing beneath that 'old, old house that rises, looking as if it were built of the very stuff of dreams, above the gateway of Bartholomew Church.'

Turn to your right as you leave the church, and go through Cloth Fair to Kinghorn Street and thence into Long Lane and up ('first turning on the left') to Charterhouse Square.

You cannot visit Charterhouse in the morning, nor on any afternoon except Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from three to five. But you can have a peek at the court-

yard this morning, and decide for yourself whether you want to come back here on one of those afternoons. This you will almost certainly do if you are going to stay more than a very few days in London, or even if you have but a few days and are a Thackeray-lover, or minded to see the only sixteenth-century mansion that is left in London.

Among those Hainaulters (including Froissart) who came over to England in the train of Philippa, the Queen of Edward III, was Walter of Mausny (near Valenciennes) whom the English called Sir Walter de Manny. Froissart says that when this 'very gentil parfyte knighte' saw the heaps of bodies lying unburied in the streets in the Black Death of 1349, he bought from Saint Bartholomew's Hospital what was called No Man's Land, and caused thousands of them to be decently buried therein. And, this done, he laid the foundations of a chapel where survivors might pray for the souls of their dead. Some twenty years later, Manny founded here a Chartreuse (which the English called Charterhouse), and a monastery of that order it remained until Henry VIII hanged the prior of his day, seized the property, and granted it to Lord North, who built a mansion on the site of the Little Cloisters. Eight years later, North 'conveyed' it to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who fitted it up, before little Edward VI's death, probably as a home for Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey.

But they never came hither, and after they were all dead, North reëntered upon possession. Here Elizabeth visited him for six days about the time of her accession. But in 1565, after North's death, the mansion became the property of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, grandson of that Norfolk who saw his nieces die on the scaffold and Anne Askew at the stake, and who himself escaped death at the block only because Henry VIII died

before he could sign the death-warrant. Norfolk's elder son was not so lucky — nor was that son's son, this Thomas Howard, as we shall see.

Thomas was only twenty-nine when he became possessor of this mansion, but he had already lost three wives, all ladies of wealth, and was aspiring very high for his fourth — to Mary, Queen of Scots, in fact. He never saw Mary. As the Crown advocate said to him in arraigning him for that trial which sent him to the block:

'You never saw her, you could not then be carried with love of her person; you conceived ill opinion of her . . . the fame of her good qualities and virtuous condition you never heard much of except it were by herself or the Bishop of Ross.'

To Elizabeth herself, Norfolk, premier peer of the realm, had said:

'To what end should I seek to marry her, being so wicked a woman, such a notorious adulterer and murderer? I love to sleep on a safe pillow. In my bowling-green at Norwich, I account myself as good a prince as the Queen of Scots; the revenues of Scotland are not comparable to mine own that I enjoy by your goodness. If I should seek to match with her, knowing as I do that she pretendeth a title to the present possession of your crown, Your Majesty might justly charge me with seeking your crown from your head.'

Which is just what Her Majesty did. And though he may have loved 'to sleep on a safe pillow,' he certainly left undone nothing that might pillow his head on the block.

Released from a first imprisonment in the Tower, he came back here and went on with his plotting. Mary wrote him several loving letters, in cipher. These, Norfolk commanded his secretary to burn. But the latter hid them, and when put to the rack told where they were.

You may picture the seizure, here, of those letters, and

their being carried hence to confront the Duke again in the Tower. He lies in Saint Peter ad Vincula with his father and his two cousins, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. And his eldest son, the next owner of this mansion, died in the Tower under sentence of death, after having spent ten years in duress in the Beauchamp Tower as a martyr to his Catholic faith.

This house, known as Howard House, passed then into possession of the second son of Queen Mary's would-be husband, and Queen Elizabeth visited him here not long before her death, while Queen Mary's son, James I, spent the days before his coronation here in the home of his mother's suitor.

Soon after that, the mansion was sold to a 'captain of industry,' who bequeathed this property and a large endowment to found a hospital for eighty impoverished gentlemen and a school for forty boys, to be called the Hospital of King James in Charterhouse.

James wanted to divert the money to paying his army, but was put off with a gift (from it) of ten thousand pounds; and the new charterhouse came into history. The school, honored by such pupils as Addison and Steele, John Wesley and Blackstone, Thackeray and Leech, is now at Godalming, in Surrey, and has nearly six hundred boys in attendance. The old gentlemen now number only fifty-six. They receive each a room, dinner in the Great Hall built four hundred years ago, a black gown, and fifty-two pounds a year. They are bachelors or widowers over sixty years of age, who have served in Army, Navy, Church, Art, or the professions, and are members of the Church of England.

If you come in visiting hours, you will be shown the Great Hall, and Sir Walter de Manny's Chapel, and the magnificent staircase of carved oak that Norfolk had con-

structed when he was plotting marriage with Queen Mary, and the Great Chamber he prepared for her, which is the finest Elizabethan room in England. Also, the monks' kitchen, and Wash House Court, the best-preserved part of the monastic buildings.

Great men have come and gone, here. But the most pervasive presence is that of one who was never here in the flesh: Colonel Newcome, whom Thackeray brought here as a boy and again as an old man. They show 'his room' in Wash House Court, as definitely as they show Sutton's tomb in the Chapel. And in the Chapel you will see the Colonel, as Pendennis did, sitting among the black-gowned Brethren.

'As we face those picturesque precincts,' writes E. Beresford Chancellor of Charterhouse, in his book 'The London of Thackeray,' 'so peaceful a harbor from the stress of London's everlasting billows, the architectural beauty of the buildings fades away; fades away the beauty of carved stone work and age-sanctified oak, fades even the memory of the pious founder, and before eyes dimmed by the power of genius, stands forth the figure whose like is not to be found in any literature, and who, even with the "Adsum" of childhood on his lips, can never fade from our memories. It is of the greatness and privilege of genius, to revivify by such touches the cold stones of a past time.'

And he goes on to say that the famous passage, which tells so simply yet so eloquently of Colonel Newcome's passing in the fulness of a child's faith, cannot be repeated too often.

I know you will wish to say it over, softly, to yourself, even if you get no farther into Charterhouse precincts than the gateway; so I print it, as an aid to your memory:

'At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat

THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE

By Hubert von Herkomer

a time. And, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.'

One of the great reasons for going to Charterhouse in visiting hours is to see the manuscript of 'The Newcomes.'

Thackeray began the book at Baden, on July 7, 1853, and finished it in Paris on the 20th of June, 1855.

'I remember,' Lady Richmond Ritchie says in her introduction to the Biographical Edition of her father's works, 'writing the last chapters of "The Newcomes" to my father's dictation. I wrote on as he dictated more and more slowly until he stopped short altogether, in the account of Colonel Newcome's last illness, when he said that he must now take the pen into his own hand, and he sent me away.'

That was one hot summer's day, in a big shady room of his cousins' apartment in the rue Godot de Mauroy, looking toward the old street. And if you see the manuscript, you will note where Anne Thackeray's handwriting leaves off and her father's takes up the tale and carries it to the conclusion. That may serve to transport you to the big shady room looking toward the old Paris street, and help you to tiptoe in beside Thackeray as he writes those words you have just been repeating.

Thus do we come into that relationship with books which makes life, on almost any terms, an inestimable privilege.

Just west of Charterhouse is Saint John Street leading to Saint John's Gate, all that's left of the priory of the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, founded about 1130 and suppressed by Elizabeth. This gatehouse, erected in 1504, was used as the editorial and printing office of the *Gentleman's Magazine* when Samuel

Johnson worked here as a hack, 'eating his food behind a screen, being too shabby for publicity,' and his old pupil, Garrick, gave his first London performance before Johnson's fellow workmen and some of their friends.

If you go to see Saint John's Gate, turn east out of Saint John Street into Clerkenwell Road, and where the latter crosses Aldersgate, look north (left) up Goswell Road, this near portion of which was called Goswell Street when Mr. Pickwick lodged here with Mrs. Bardell.

Continuing east of Aldersgate Street, Clerkenwell Road becomes Old Street, leading (four blocks) to City Road, down (right) which you turn to John Wesley's house and chapel and his grave, and Bunhill Fields, the Nonconformist cemetery where John Bunyan lies, and Daniel Defoe, and Isaac Watts, and William Blake, and Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, and twenty more.

Just south of here is the armory and drill-ground of the Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military body in England and parent of the oldest in the United States.

And west of Bunhill Fields runs Bunhill Row, at Number 125, in which Milton died. (House gone.) Here 'Paradise Lost' was finished, before the Great Plague broke out.

Milton had married again, a young wife of twenty-five, whose good management of his household and his unruly daughters gave him the peace of mind he needed for the completion of his epic begun in Petty France under such sad auspices.

Fleeing from the Plague, with his family, to Chalfont Saint Giles, he took the manuscript of his poem with him. It was not published until after business had somewhat recovered from the Plague and the Great Fire. Milton's agreement with his printer (preserved in the British Museum) shows that he got five pounds down, and the promise of as much more after thirteen hundred copies were sold.

At the end of eighteen months he received this second five pounds. (These ten pounds were of the present value of thirty-five, or one hundred and seventy dollars; *that* for the epic of which Dryden said, 'It cuts us all out, even the ancients.')

After its publication, visitors of all ranks began wending their way toward Bunhill Fields, where, perhaps, they encountered the slender figure of the blind poet being led about the streets. He was under medium height, feeble-looking, and fair-skinned. Sometimes they found him sitting in the door of his house, if the weather permitted, wearing a gray coarse cloth coat over his black suit. His hands were gouty and gnarled with chalky deposits.

With strange visitors he was affable, with just a shade of stateliness. With familiars, especially at his table, he was the life and soul of the party, with a marked tendency to the satirical and sarcastic in his comments on men and things.

He was very temperate in his drinking and eating. He had ceased to attend any church, and had no religious observance in his family, but was profoundly religious in *mind*.

Walk back west (toward Charterhouse) in Chiswell Street to Milton Street (not named for the poet) which was the 'Grub Street' of Pope's obloquy. And at the foot of Milton Street turn west again, in Fore Street, to the church of Saint Giles Cripplegate, where Milton is buried. Sir Martin Frobisher lies here, too, and John Foxe, of 'The Book of Martyrs'; and Cromwell was married here. While, in the southwest corner of the churchyard is a bastion of London Wall built by the Romans probably in the time of Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine — fourth century. It was about eight feet thick, filled with concrete and rubble.

Go down Wood Street, running south from Fore Street

just east of Saint Giles, to Silver Street, and again turn west (right) for a block, to regard the corner of Silver and Monkwell Streets. Shakespeare lived here when he was doing his greatest work. The house he occupied is gone (swept away in the Great Fire), but it stood here, and he lived in it for at least six years and probably for twice that length of time.

This discovery was made, about 1909, by an American professor, Mr. Charles William Wallace, who, toiling through dusty piles of documents in the Record Office, discovered some that related the family discords of one Christopher Mountjoy, a French wig-maker, living above his shop at Silver and Monkwell Streets. Mountjoy had a wife, a daughter, an apprentice, and a lodger. The apprentice served his time and became a paid assistant to Mountjoy. He liked Mountjoy's daughter, and she was 'willin',' but the match seemed likely not to materialize because he was so shy. So Madame Mountjoy bespoke their lodger as an aid, and told him that if he could 'buck up' the young man to propose, a suitable dower would be settled on the young couple — say fifty pounds, equal to five hundred pounds to-day, and four times that amount in father's will. The lodger was interested, and successful as a match-maker; and the wedding took place on November 19, 1604.

Eight years later the son-in-law brought an action in the Court of Requests, to force payment of that promised dower; and the Mountjoys' lodger made his depositions as to what had been promised, etc. These papers, relating to an obscure family squabble about money, are what Professor Wallace found; and they are the first authentic revelation we have had as to where and with whom Shakespeare lived in London after his successes had lifted him out of the vagabondage of his earliest years there.

'Taking,' says Saint John Adcock, 'only the six years we

are certain of, he wrote between 1598 and 1604 "Henry V," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," and "Othello." In the two years following, whilst it is still pretty sure that he lived with the Mountjoys, he wrote "Macbeth" and "King Lear," and the fact that he had his home here during the period when he was writing ten of his plays — three of them among the greatest he or any man ever wrote — makes this corner of Monkwell Street the most glorious literary landmark in the world.'

When you retrace your steps in Silver Street toward Wood Street, you may be sure that he trod that way innumerable times before you. And if sentiment means more to you than foot-saving, or if you are willing to sacrifice seeing Guildhall, you may follow Shakespeare down Wood Street to Cheapside, where, almost facing the foot of Wood Street, stood the Mermaid Tavern (with a side entrance on Friday Street).

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtile flame
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.

Thus Beaumont wrote in his letter to Ben Jonson.

And Keats, writing his sonnet on Chapman's Homer, in that Bird-in-Hand Court whither you are bound for luncheon, said:

> Souls of poets dead and gone,
> What Elysium have ye known,
> Happy field or mossy cavern
> Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

Perhaps you know Theodore Watts-Dunton's 'Christmas at the Mermaid' just after Shakespeare had gone back to Stratford for good. Jonson is there, and Chapman, and Raleigh, and others of that Olympian company; and it is Heywood who speaks thus to 'rare Ben Jonson':

> More than all the pictures, Ben,
> Winter weaves by wood or stream,
> Christmas loves our London, when
> Rise thy clouds of wassail-steam:
> Clouds like these that, curling, take
> Forms of faces gone, and wake
> Many a lay from lips we loved, and make
> London like a dream.

Shakespeare lived there at Silver and Monkwell Streets during the years that his life was dominated by his torturing love for Mary Fitton. He lived there when Elizabeth's petty vanity sent his patron Essex to the block — and when she herself died, and he could not be persuaded to write one word of praise or regret about her.

It may be that you will wish (if not now, then on another occasion) to follow him from the Mermaid down Friday Street (or Broad Street, where he'd pass John Milton's birthplace) across Cannon Street and down to Queenhithe, where he must often have taken boat for Bankside, directly across the river.

But I (although a sentimentalist of the deepest dye — as you know! — and given to just such meanderings) am taking for granted that this morning you are following Shakespeare down Wood Street only as far as Love Lane; then turning (left) through that to Aldermanbury and south to Gresham Street.

Guildhall is entered from Guildhall Yard, off Gresham Street.

I'm not going to offer you anything at Guildhall, because it is all so very fully 'covered' in your guide-book. But I

hope you won't think I'm slighting its importance; and that, though you may not have time to inspect the Library, Museum, or Corporation Art Gallery, you will at least see the Great Hall and the Crypt.

A very short walk farther east in Gresham Street will bring you to the Bank of England; and skirting the east side of that, to Threadneedle Street, you reach the Royal Exchange, where you should see, if possible, the exceedingly interesting frescoes in the arcades of the court. This is like a gorgeous picture-book of London history. I'd love to linger with you before almost every one of the paintings, and recall the stories they illustrate. But it can't be done, here.

Now, Westward ho! for luncheon — past the Duke of Wellington's monument and the Mansion House, into the Poultry where some of the famous taverns of the literary lights used to be, before the Restoration, and some noted booksellers' shops of the eighteenth century. Here Boswell's 'Johnson' was published. Here Tom Hood was born.

Bird-in-Hand Court opens off Cheapside on your left (Number 76) soon after you leave the Poultry. And at the back of this court, where Keats wrote the greater part of his first volume of poems, is now, as it was then, Simpson's Restaurant, with a history of more than two hundred years in this spot.

Years ago the men who sold London its fish, at Billingsgate Market, had no good place near the market where they might eat. So they hired a tavern-keeper to come to Billingsgate and serve to them a noonday meal of their own fish. This was so good that it soon attracted merchants from 'the City.' And when the merchant patrons preponderated over the fish marketmen, the purveyor of that excellent 'fish ordinary' was persuaded to move to Cheapside and continue it there, along with a general eating-house

business. There it has been for over two centuries. And the 'fish ordinary' is served at the most extraordinary price of two shillings for five or six courses of superior food, well-cooked and served with picturesque dignity.

You should be ready to sit down at five minutes before one. It is a 'function' that you're attending; the three tables are arranged banquet-wise around three sides of a hollow square, in a room hung with quaint prints and other souvenirs of olden days. There is a presiding genius, an elderly gentleman of Pickwickian flavor, as fine as old port; and he begins the repast with 'grace' and concludes it with the giving of thanks. He serves each course, and seasons it with wit. The last course is cheese; and this introduces the ceremony of 'guessing the cheese' (its height, girth, and weight), a sociable bit of post-prandial fun, whether or not anybody guesses all three correctly. In the event of any one of the guests so doing, the management treats everybody present to champagne.

After luncheon, walk west in Cheapside (or ride, if you prefer) to Saint Paul's, less than a quarter of a mile. Bow Church is on your way; and even if you don't go in, you will wish to recall that in front of the old pre-fire church on this site was the permanent grand stand from which royalty, from Edward III to Charles II, viewed the processions and pageants for which Cheapside was the invariable thoroughfare.

At Number 5, Bow Lane, hard by Bow Church and under the very clappers of Bow Bells, in what was the Mansion House just after the Great Fire, is Williamson's Hotel, coeval with Simpson's in Bird-in-Hand Court. Here you may fare, simply but memorably, if you find yourself again in the City at lunch time.

The Mermaid Tavern stood on the same side of Cheapside as Bow Church, between Friday Street and Bread

SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WITH LORD MAYOR'S SHOW ON THE WATER

From a print published in 1804

Street. The house now at the corner of Friday Street and Cheapside (Number 37) is one of the first erected after the Great Fire. (And Friday Street got its name when it used to be fishmongers' row in the great market that was here, as one writer says, 'before the Fire, if not almost before the Flood.')

I'm not going to offer you any suggestions about Saint Paul's. Your guide-book is very detailed, here; and our space for London is so tragically insufficient. The great dead who lie in Saint Paul's are no whit less interesting than those who lie in Westminster Abbey. If we start musing by their tombs, we shall never know where to stop — for there are many here who command our reverence. But as for me, I am best satisfied to think of them, from a distance, as lying beneath that splendid dome. There are many of them for whom, if he were the only sleeper so canopied, I'd think the monument no more than adequate. But their mausoleum, when I enter it, oppresses me. I shall sit outside, whilst you dutifully visit Saint Paul's; or I may wander down Godliman Street toward the river, or browse over in Playhouse Yard, behind the Times Office, where the Blackfriars Theatre used to be when Shakespeare was acting and playwriting here.

If you'll meet me in Playhouse Yard (coming by Godliman Street from the south side of Saint Paul's, to Carter Lane; then west, past Bell Yard, and south a few steps to our rendezvous), we'll take tram or taxi, as you choose, from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, along the Victoria Embankment.

The easternmost of the great mansions which used to line the river from the Temple to Westminster, was Exeter or Essex House, where the Bishops of Exeter had their London inn until the Reformation, when it was given by Elizabeth to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who

married the widowed Countess of Essex, mother of the young man who succeeded Leicester in Elizabeth's favor. From this house, Essex was carried away to the Tower and the block on Tower Green. This house and its history are commemorated in Essex Street, where the English edition of this book is published.

Next to it stood Arundel House, which belonged at one time to Thomas Seymour, brother of Jane and of the Protector, and husband (after Henry VIII's death) of Catherine Parr whom he sought to replace with her young stepdaughter, Elizabeth. After Thomas Seymour's execution, the house passed into the hands of the Norfolk family — those Howards who made so much tragic history. One of them, who was Earl of Arundel through his maternal grandfather (having failed of being Duke of Norfolk because his paternal grandfather's title was forfeited with his head, for aspiring to wed Mary Stuart), made this mansion a great centre for art.

For a time before this, Arundel House was granted to the Earl of Nottingham whose countess was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Elizabeth. Essex, when he lay under sentence of death in the Tower, sent Elizabeth a ring she had once given him, saying that if ever he forfeited her favor the sight of this ring would ensure forgiveness. After she had signed his death-warrant, she waited for the ring to come, suing her tenderness; and when it was not asked, she ordered the execution to proceed. The ring, meanwhile, had been delivered by mistake to the Countess of Nottingham, whose husband was the deadly foe of Essex; and was by her withheld. 'God may forgive you,' Elizabeth said to her, when she heard of it, 'but I never can.'

Now we pass Somerset House, and Savoy Street, the Savoy and the Cecil, and come to Adelphi Terrace where Durham House used to stand — built in the time of

Henry III (builder of Westminster Abbey), given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, and owned for a time by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Here Lady Jane Grey was married to Lord Guilford Dudley. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it on Sir Walter Raleigh; and one who visited him there wrote: 'I well remember his study, which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world.' James I dispossessed him, and he was as hard to dislodge as Bacon from York House, next door.

The district known as The Adelphi was laid out in what had been the grounds of Durham House, by the brothers Adam, architects and designers.

The Adelphi is matter for a volume and not for a paragraph. But I see that it must wait for that more comprehensive book on London which I hope I may do some day. Do note, though, that Garrick died at Number 5 Adelphi Terrace (he had once been a wine merchant — of a sort! — in Durham Yard); that Barrie and Shaw and Joseph Pennell have lately added to the long list of Adelphi associations, and that at the Adelphi Hotel Mr. Pickwick dissolved the Pickwick Club.

And be sure you come, afoot, some time to see the beautiful Water Gate that belonged to York House.

At Westminster Bridge, see if you can get a steamer to Richmond, for tea.

IV

YOUR FOURTH LONDON DAY

A REALLY very nice American woman, mother of three young collegians whom their parents were taking on a European tour, once asked me, in London, if there was anything to see in the British Museum.

I knew what she meant. A scant thirty minutes in the Louvre had sufficed them, I happened to know; but they had seen the Venus de Milo, the Wingèd Victory, and Mona Lisa, and could truthfully declare that they had, when they returned home. In London, they had seen Saint Paul's, the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and had (I dare say) begun to feel that they were through, when some tormenting person reminded them of the British Museum. They were appalled at the thought of 'tackling' it, but would do so, gamely, if I said it should be done.

Trying to see it from their point of view, I thought very fast for a minute.

Would they care for the Elgin Marbles? For the remains of the original Mausoleum? For the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians? For the Portland Vase? For the Magna Charta? For the prayer-book Lady Jane Grey carried to the scaffold? For the unfinished letter of Nelson to Emma Hamilton, before Trafalgar? For Milton's contract for the publication of 'Paradise Lost'?

They wouldn't!

But they were disturbed by the fear of seeming ridiculous if they had to admit, on returning home, that they had not seen the British Museum. I don't know why; because most Londoners have never been inside it — as Lonsdale reminded us in 'Aren't We All?'

Happily, I bethought me of the free lectures by official guides, and suggested that they try one of these. They went to it dutifully. And when next I saw them they were quite radiant about their experience. They had seen the remains of a man who died twenty-five thousand years ago.

'You never can tell!'

I'm not urgent about the British Museum 'taken' as most sight-seers must take it — with no special objective among all its inexhaustible treasures.

But if you were aboard the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbor, and would like to see her log-book, or Nelson's own draft of instructions for the battle of Trafalgar, or that unfinished letter to Emma, I'd go to the Manuscripts Saloon for those (to your right, as you enter — on the ground floor, close to the main door); and if you can get out of that place without spending a never-to-be-forgotten hour, I think you should do it!

Or if, after visiting the Tower, you wish to see that prayer book of little Jane's, you will find it in Case IX of that same saloon. And in Cases X and XI are autograph manuscripts of many of the greatest works in English literature.

If you are in England after having had a Mediterranean cruise which took you to Athens, the Parthenon sculptures at the British Museum will be one thing in London that no one could make you miss.

And, as a result of your Egyptian stay on that cruise, you will be bent upon seeing the Rosetta Stone.

And so on.

If you have an objective, you will be directed to it by the Superintendent of Subordinate Staff, in the entrance hall.

If you haven't one, I heartily advise your joining a conducted party or securing a special guide for yourself. For it seems to me practically impossible to go about with one of

the guide-lecturers maintained here, without learning something of interest and value.

Left to my own devices in the British Museum, I spend all my time between the Manuscript rooms, the illuminated books of the Grenville Library, and the Elgin, Ephesus, and Mausoleum rooms. But whenever (in the interest of friends I may be accompanying) I am 'conducted' in other departments, I invariably have a most satisfying experience. So much so that I have often contemplated as an 'adventure,' going to the British Museum, walking resolutely past those right-hand doors that give access to what I know so well, and at the Superintendent's desk requesting a special guide to some part of the Museum which least interests me because I know nothing about it. I'm sure I should come away with a quite lively interest in something which had never appealed to me before. And that would make any day a successful day — wouldn't it?

Suppose that you adventure, some morning, into the British Museum driven by no sense of duty, but lured by the hope of discovery; and see what happens to you.

Once, when I was there (yes! en route to the Manuscript rooms!) I saw three or four awed, bewildered youngsters, unattended, stand in the great entrance hall, staring about them. And an attendant near me beckoned to them. My impression is that he was a policeman. Perhaps I'm quite wrong. Perhaps policemen are never on duty there. Perhaps this was at a time when suffragettes were behaving so violently in the effort to get notice taken of them, that all treasures were under special guard. I can't remember. But it once served my purpose, with a person undisposed to quibble about such details, to say that he was a Bobby with his hat-strap across his chin; so I shall stick to it, as it was very successful.

I saw him beckon, and the youngsters approach. I saw

him lead them to a glass-covered case, and reverently draw back a silk protector, and disclose — the Magna Charta. I heard him discourse on it to his awe-struck audience. It was a picture I shall never forget. And in a way it was a point scored for those 'impressionists' among picture-makers whom I have not yet learned to admire sufficiently; for the details of what I saw are largely lost, and all I remember is what I was made to think and feel — of the way we've come since King John was forced to sign that Charter and his son Henry was forced to respect it.

Thereafter came a day when a lady not yet three, playing with a box of pictures, extracted one depicting John signing the Magna Charta, and in the tone of one accustomed to command said, 'Tell about it!'

What to tell a lady of half-past two, or so, about the great charter of English liberties? A lady who could not comprehend distance nor place nor time, to say nothing of liberties!

But it had to be attempted. Fortunately, she comprehended 'pleecemans.' So I made the most of that Bobby and his funny hat and his cockney speech, and the little raggedy children, and the old piece of 'paper' which the 'greedy, grabby king' had to sign, promising that he wouldn't be so greedy.

Very popular, this proved to be, with a lady struggling (perforce, not from conviction of sin!) against her human tendency to grab and hold. And very glad was I that I was on terms so intimate with the Magna Charta.

A like reward may well be yours, as a result of your voyage of discovery in the British Museum. And if you go there in the hope of it, I'm sure you'll have a good time.

Bloomsbury, the district in which the British Museum stands, is a fascinating place for sauntering — full of interesting small shops purveying reproductions of art treasures and knick-knack novelties; of nice little tea-rooms and

cheap restaurants; of stately Squares with green centres; of amiable ghosts.

To do justice to it, you must spend many half-days there. But, lacking time for that, suppose you give yourself, as you leave the Museum, just a taste of its flavor.

Take Montague Street, north, to Russell Square. (Montague House, here, was the first repository of the national treasures which were the nucleus of the British Museum; it was demolished about 1850.) And on the north side of Russell Square note Number 13, where for over twenty-five years Sir George Williams lived, who was the founder of the Y.M.C.A. I am sure that every one will wish to pay a tribute to his memory.

Then, follow Upper Bedford Place to Tavistock Square, where Dickens lived for ten years (house demolished) and wrote 'Bleak House' and 'Little Dorrit,' among other things, and was visited by many eminent persons.

In Tavistock Place, close by, is what is now called the Mary Ward Settlement, in honor of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose book 'Robert Elsmere' inspired Mr. Passmore Edwards to found it. You may not get out to the People's Palace in Whitechapel, which resulted from Sir Walter Besant's 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' or to any of the other places in London where an author's ideal of better relations, better conditions, has been realized. But at least you can see Mary Ward Settlement, and reflect — if you like — on its resemblance or lack of resemblance to Hull House and other Settlements that you may know. To England's idealism we owe the Sunday School, the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, and we are proud to follow her in them all. But when the history of Social Settlements is written, I believe (as England is always so glad to testify) that Jane Addams's name will 'lead all the rest.'

If you are 'cruising' hereabouts in a taxi, direct your driver to take you to Old Saint Pancras Church on Saint Pancras Road, behind Saint Pancras Station, so you may see the cemetery where, beside her gifted mother's grave, Mary Godwin first met Shelley. Note, too, the tombstone erected by Cecil Rhodes to his ancestors who were farmers in this district.

Then drive to Number 13 Johnson Street, where, in a house that Charles Dickens lodged in as a little boy, there is now the first Children's Library in London. And through Mornington Road, past Mornington Place, where the Wellington House Academy was that Dickens attended, and depicted as 'Salem House' in 'David Copperfield.'

You will now be close to the Gloucester Gate of Regent's Park, where the 'Zoo' is, and the Royal Botanic Gardens.

You may lunch at the Zoo; there are several refreshment rooms, one of them very close to the Broad Walk, the Zoo's eastern boundary, and not far from Gloucester Gate.

Then, see the Zoo, the Botanical Gardens, and if you can get another taxi, drive all around the western rim of Regent's Park; if not *all*, then especially in the vicinity of Hanover Gate, where one gets London pictures of a kind quite fascinating to London visitors, I find: terraces of houses in the neo-classic style, somehow suggesting to us innumerable stories on which we feasted in our most romantic youth.

Near Hanover Gate is Saint Dunstan's Lodge, built for the 'wicked' Marquis of Hertford who was the original of 'the Marquis of Steyne' in 'Vanity Fair,' and of 'Lord Monmouth' in Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' and whose son Sir Richard Wallace was reputed to be the Wallace whose priceless 'Collection' is now housed at Hertford House, Manchester Square, which was Wallace's home after the death of the last Marquis of Hertford, his half-brother.

This 'lodge' has the old clock that used to be on Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, with the figures that smite the hours; and, beneath it, some sculptural representations of King Lud and his sons, which used to ornament the Old Ludgate that spanned the east-and-west highway on Ludgate Hill, a little west of Saint Paul's.

From Hanover Gate, drive southeasterly in Park Road and then south in Upper Baker Street, to Marylebone Road (alas! ten thousand times alas! that I cannot direct you to Madame Tussaud's) and the Church of Saint Marylebone, where the Brownings were married, and where Dickens, writing 'Dombey and Son' in Devonshire Terrace, close by, brought Dombey for his wedding and little Paul for his christening.

Here I'd dismiss the taxi, and begin a stroll. You'll surely want to visit the church where those mature 'elopers,' Elizabeth Barrett (aged forty) and Robert Browning (aged thirty-four), were married so secretly. And to go behind it (in High Street) to the older church, successor to the one in which Francis Bacon was married, wherein Byron was baptized — you are presently to see his birthplace — and Emma Hamilton's daughter by Lord Nelson, Horatia; where Sheridan was married; where Hoyle, the whist authority ('according to Hoyle'), and Charles Wesley, hymn-writer, author of 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' are buried in the churchyard.

Devonshire Terrace, where Dickens lived at Number 1 for twelve years of his early prosperity, is at the top of High Street, at the corner of Marylebone Road. Here he wrote 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Dombey and Son,' and part at least of 'David Copperfield.' This was his home when he made his first visit to America.

Opposite the little old chapel of Saint Marylebone, and

REGENT'S PARK: EAST GATE, A VILLA, AND SAINT KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL

From a print published in 1828

the graveyard, begins Beaumont Street, at Number 4 in which J. R. Green lived when he was writing his 'Short History of the English People,' the four-volume, lavishly illustrated edition of which, edited by Mrs. Green, is one of the things I cannot imagine myself keeping house without. It is never much farther from me than my elbow. So you may know that this house is a shrine to me.

At Devonshire Street turn east for a few steps, to Wimpole Street, 'the long unlovely street' of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' whence Arthur Henry Hallam, the historian's son, went forth on that voyage without return. The Hallam house was Number 67, and I know you will wish to stand before it and repeat, to yourself:

> Dark house, by which once more I stand
> Here in the long unlovely street,
> Doors, where my heart was used to beat
> So quickly, waiting for a hand,
>
> A hand that can be clasp'd no more —
> Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
> And like a guilty thing I creep
> At earliest morning to the door.
>
> He is not here; but far away
> The noise of life begins again,
> And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
> On the bald street breaks the blank day.

From Number 50 Wimpole Street, on January 11, 1845, the frail, couch-bound Elizabeth Barrett wrote to Robert Browning, thanking him for his letter, just received, in praise of her poems: 'I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett'; to which she replied: 'I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart.'

Nice, commonplace, 'folksy' expressions from those Olympians! Although, under date of May 2d. ere they had met, she wrote him: 'People say of you and me, dear Mr. Browning, that we love the darkness and use a sphinxine idiom in our talk.'

In the volume of her poems that elicited his first letter, were these lines, in 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship':

There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
Made to Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various of her own;
Read the pastoral parts of Spenser, or the subtle interflowings
Found in Petrarch's sonnets — here's the book, the leaf is folded down!
Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie, —
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

Two years before this, indeed, she had written to an American editor of Browning:

'I do assure you I never saw him in my life — do not even know him by correspondence — and yet whether through fellow-feeling for Euleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him.'

Also in that volume with 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' was this sonnet:

PAST AND FUTURE

My future will not copy fair my past
On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,
Supernal Will! I would not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat. My wine has run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled; yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground, — content until
I sit with angels before better food:
Dear Christ! When Thy new vintage fills my cup,
This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

In that first letter of his to her he went further than I told you! He said: 'I love these works with all my heart — and I love you, too.'

And he told her that he had once been near to meeting her, but had just failed of it. Which made him feel 'as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just sufficient bar to admission, and the half-opened door shut and I went home many thousands of miles, and the sight was never to be!'

To which she answered:

'You know, if you had entered the "crypt," you might have caught cold, or been tired to death, and *wished* yourself "a thousand miles off"; which would have been worse than travelling them. It is not my interest, however, to put such thoughts in your head about its being "all for the best," and I would rather hope (as I do) that what I lost by one chance I may recover by some future one. Winters shut me up as they do dormice's eyes; in the spring, *we shall see!!*'

In the meantime, it was long to spring, and something like seven-and-twenty letters passed, through the post, between them; letters which developed a wonderful community of interests and made Browning mad with impatience to see her. But she dreaded seeing him, even while she yearned for it.

She was so little and frail and plain of face, such a victim of draughts, so at the mercy of every wind that blows. And he was so vigorous, so *alive*, so full of energy and so unused to suffering.

She told him that she believed 'no least straw of pleasure' could go to him from knowing her 'otherwise than on paper.'

'There is nothing to see in me,' she said, 'nor to hear in

me — I never learnt to talk as you do in London. If my poetry is worth anything to any eye, it is the flower of me I have lived most and been most happy in it, and so it has all my colours; the rest of me is nothing but a root, fit for the ground and the dark.'

Browning retorted that this was mistrusting his 'common sense — nay, uncommon and dramatic-poet's sense, if I am put on asserting it!'

To which Miss Barrett replied that her mistrust was of herself and not of him, and begged him to come to see her on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

Hitherto, he had refrained even from walking down Wimpole Street, past her house — as if that might seem like 'spying her out.'

On Tuesday the 21st of May, at three o'clock, he came, for the first time, into Wimpole Street and up, here, to the door of Number 50. And I know that your heart, like mine, is thumping excitedly as you seem to see him approaching — almost as excitedly as *his* must have been.

He stayed an hour and a half, and went home and wrote her a little note, asking her if he tired her or in any way jeopardized his chance for further visits. To which she replied that there was 'nothing wrong and everything right' about his visit, and repetitions of it must ever be a delight to her.

Whereupon, Robert Browning — the vigorous, the active, the travelled, the petted young man of London society — sat down and poured out his soul to the lonely little woman, six years his senior, in the darkened sick-room of Wimpole Street, and told her that he had no other wish than that he might always be near her, in all her frailty and all her strength.

At least, we suppose that is what he wrote, judging by her reply and his subsequent letters; but that letter itself

was destroyed, by common consent, and is the only one missing in all that passed between them.

Whatever he said in it, we know it was a declaration of love, and doubtless a very ardent one, because nearly six months afterwards, when matters had at last been settled between them, he spoke in another letter of that one returned to him and by him burned:

'Poor letter! yet I should have been vexed and offended *then* to be told that I *could* love you better than I did already. "Live and learn!" Live and love you — dearest.'

She saw in him a rare, chivalrous soul, prone vastly to overrate her, she believed, and to be over-tender with her for pity's sake. And with her whole soul she shrank from the idea of his falling in love with her under the impulse of this tenderness, and burdening his splendid young life with her frailty.

In this protest of heart she wrote that one of her famous 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' which has been called peerless in our language:

> If thou must love me, let it be for nought
> Except for love's sake only. Do not say
> 'I love her for her smile — her look — her way
> Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought
> That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
> A sense of pleasant ease on such a day' —
> For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
> Be changed, or change for thee, — and love so wrought
> May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
> Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, —
> A creature might forget to weep, who bore
> Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
> But love me for love's sake, that evermore
> Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

It was September when he gained her consent to marry him if she ever got any better in health. They had threshed over the whole question of her weakness and melancholy, and he wrote to her:

'I desire in this life (with very little fluctuation for a man and too weak a one) to live and just write out certain things which are in me, and so save my soul. I would endeavour to do this if I were forced to "live among lions" as you once said — but I should do it best if I lived quietly with myself and with you. That you cannot dance like Cerito does not materially disarrange this plan — so that I might (beside the perpetual incentive and sustainment and consolation) get, over and above the main reward, the incidental, particular, and unexpected happiness of being allowed when not working to occupy myself with watching you, than with certain other pursuits I might otherwise be addicted to — *this*, also, does not constitute an obstacle, as I see obstacles.'

Nor did he see in their comparative lack of means any obstacle. True, he would have to give up the luxury of perfect leisure to do as he liked, to write as he felt need and so 'save his soul'; and he would probably have to do some literary 'hack work,' but even *that* he counted no hardship if done for her. And after months of impassioned pleading with her, she promised 'that none, except God and your will, shall interpose between you and me. . . . I mean, that if He should free me within a moderate time from the trailing chain of this weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose . . . whether friend or more than friend . . . a friend to the last in any case. So it rests with God and you.'

In gratitude for that promise he wrote, years after, begging her recollection of the time they plighted their troth, and saying:

> I am named and known by that moment's feat;
> There took my station and degree;
> So grew my own small life complete,
> As nature obtained her best of me —
> One born to love you, sweet!

Meanwhile, there was Elizabeth's tyrannical father, whose petty, violent jealousy of his own supremacy in the lives of his children had made it necessary for all her friendship with Robert to be carried on under the strictest secrecy, and which left the possibility of gaining his consent to her marriage utterly out of the question.

For a year after their troth, they waited, and wrote. She wrote the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' (so called, when published, to cover their personal nature) which she never intended for other eyes than his, and which she gave him as a wedding-gift. They are matchless in any literature. Perhaps you have a tiny, vest-pocket volume of them with you as you stand in Wimpole Street. Perhaps many of them are deep-graven in your memory. If neither of these be your case, you will be grateful (I'm sure) for a reminder of this one:

> Beloved, my Beloved, when I think
> That thou wast in the world a year ago,
> What time I sat alone here in the snow
> And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
> No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
> Went counting all my chains as if that so
> They never could fall off at any blow
> Struck by thy possible hand, — when, thus I drink
> Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,
> Never to feel thee thrill the day or night
> With personal act or speech, — nor even cull
> Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white
> Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,
> Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Saturday, September 12, 1846, the members of her family being absent at a picnic at Richmond, Elizabeth Barrett, accompanied by her maid, Wilson, took a cab and was driven to Marylebone Church where, between the hours of 10.45 and 11.15 A.M. she was married to Robert Browning in the presence of his cousin, who acted as witness.

Then the lovers separated, and the bride of forty years, sick with fear of the wrath to come, went back to her home.

It was their ninety-first meeting, according to Browning's carefully kept record — that hurried morning ceremony in the quiet church. After it was over, they did not see each other again for a week, but they exchanged no fewer than eighteen letters and notes. And then they stole away to Italy, she escaping from the house while her family were at dinner. They were never separated again for more than a few hours. In the fifteen years of their wedded life he ate but one meal away from her.

Her father never forgave her, never saw her again, never opened any of her letters to him. But neither severed family ties, nor frail health, nor scant means, nor 'height, nor depth, nor any other creature,' was able to mar the bliss of their perfect union.

Go down Wimpole Street to Wigmore Street; and if you're in the mood for a shop, you'll find yourself close to Debenham and Freebody's which is a handsome and ultra-elegant department store.

A block east (left) in Wigmore Street is the northwest corner of Cavendish Square, at Number 32 in which Romney lived for over twenty years during which nearly all the great world of his day came here to sit to him, and where he painted many of his famous canvases of Emma Lyon before she was Lady Hamilton. Number 20 was long the residence of the Asquiths; Nelson lived at Number 5, which had once been the home of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. And in Holles Street, leading from Cavendish Square to Oxford Street, Byron was born; a bust of him marks the site, but the house is gone.

Cross Oxford Street, at Holles, and go down Harewood Place to Hanover Square where Talleyrand lived (at Number 21) when he was Ambassador to England. You may be

interested to go as far as 'Saint George's, Hanover Square,' which is in George Street, a block south of the Square, to see where Emma Lyon was married to Sir William Hamilton, and George Eliot to Mr. Cross, and the Right Honorable H. H. Asquith to Miss Margaret Tennant, and Theodore Roosevelt to Miss Edith Carow.

Brook Street, which runs west from the south side of Hanover Square, leads, past Claridge's Hotel, to the north side of Grosvenor Square and then on, as Upper Brook Street, to Park Lane and the ultra-fashionable east side of Hyde Park.

It was in an anteroom of Lord Chesterfield's house in Grosvenor Square that Samuel Johnson was kept waiting like a lackey.

In Upper Grosvenor Street, leading west from the southwest corner of the Square, is the entrance to Grosvenor House, the town mansion of the Duke of Westminster, with many great art treasures.

Walking north in Park Lane, you come to Marble Arch, at the west end of Oxford Street. Walking south in Park Lane, you pass Dorchester House, one of the most magnificent mansions in London, which was the United States Embassy under Whitelaw Reid; pass close to Chesterfield House (where the Earl was living when Johnson's scathing letter reached him) which is now the residence of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles; and arrive presently at or near Hyde Park Corner where Apsley House is, which belonged to the Duke of Wellington. Were you to enter it (which you probably cannot) you would find Canova's colossal nude statue of Napoleon, completed in 1811 (a copy of it is in the courtyard of the Brera Gallery, Milan), standing at the foot of the staircase. Even without entering, you may decide what you think of it forever confronting the incomer to Apsley House.

Sydenham Hill with the Crystal Palace shining out white and clear, past Big Ben and the Abbey, and the Mother of Parliaments, to where the ridges above Guildford and Dorking fade away into "the fringes of the southward-facing brow" of Sussex and Hampshire, towards the English Channel. Innumerable slender church spires point upwards to the wide overarching sky. Northward, again, are the wooded heights of Highgate and Hampstead, and the long battlemented line of the fortress at Holloway. What a view! On Primrose Hill on a summer's evening the Londoner feels, indeed, that he is a citizen of no mean city. Wordsworth, truly, thought that "Earth had not anything to show more fair" than the view from Westminster Bridge in the early morning. But it needs a modern poet — a poet of the whole English-speaking race — to do justice to this view of the great city on the Thames, lying bathed in the magic glow of a summer sunset beneath Primrose Hill.'

V

YOUR FIFTH LONDON DAY

THE Houses of Parliament have to be seen on Saturday, unless you are escorted by a member of Parliament. I advise getting there (beside the Victoria Tower, at the South end) a little before 10 A.M., and going through with the first crowd.

I'm not taking any of our space here for comment on these buildings, since your guide-book deals with them in great detail.

It may be that this would seem to you the most convenient time for visiting the new Westminster Cathedral, the largest and most important Roman Catholic Church in England. If so, take Bus Number 11, running southwest in Victoria Street, and get off (in five minutes, or less) at Ashley Place, opposite Belgravia Chambers. A very short walk down this street will take you to the London Cathedral of the old faith, the Church of Rome, as Saint Paul's is the London Cathedral of the newer faith, the Church of England.

If you do this, I should think your best plan for the rest of your Saturday would be to get on another Number 11 Bus, where you got off the first one, and ride on to Chelsea, covering the itinerary which I am giving as part of a possible Sunday programme, in our next chapter. Going to Chelsea on Saturday has the advantage over going on Sunday, that on the former day you can visit Carlyle's house, and the latter day you cannot. And, further, you could probably on Saturday (if you have written asking for permission) see Lambeth Palace, after visiting the Tate Gallery.

Supposing, however, that Westminster Cathedral does not seem to you one of the things in London that you must see, even in a hurried week, or that you are planning to attend service there on Sunday, I suggest that you take a taxi to the London Museum, in Lancaster House, west of Saint James's Palace.

For every reason, this is one of the places that no visitor to London should miss; and yet most of them do miss it.

One reason is that here is probably the most magnificent mansion in London, permitting those of us to whom the other 'great houses' of royalty and richest nobility are closed, to wander at will over a town house which is said to have made Queen Victoria, when a guest in it, say to the Duchess of Sutherland: 'I come from my house to your palace.'

Lancaster House, which was formerly Stafford House, and before *that* was York House, was built for that amiable and popular uncle of Queen Victoria's whose statue stands atop the high column in Waterloo Place at the head of the Duke of York's steps leading down to the Mall and Saint James's Park. If you don't mind a little walking which could be avoided, direct your taxi-driver to set you down at the foot of those steps, and make your acquaintance with the Duke of York before you proceed along Pall Mall and Cleveland Row to Stable Yard and Lancaster House.

As you ascend the Duke of York's steps, the first of the mansions in Carlton House Terrace on your left is the German Embassy.

At the intersection of Pall Mall and Waterloo Place, you have, on your right, the United Service Club for army and navy officers, and on your left, the very famous Athenæum Club, where Macaulay and Thackeray and other illustrious members studied and wrote.

Then, turning west (left) in Pall Mall (which you must

call 'Pell Mell') you pass, on your left, the Travellers' Club, the Reform Club, where the leading Liberals foregather, and next door to it the Carlton Club, founded by the great Duke of Wellington, where the leading Conservatives 'sit tight' for the traditions of Old England, in a clubhouse modelled on Sansovino's celebrated Library of Saint Mark's on the Piazzetta, Venice. Across Pall Mall from the Carlton Club is the Junior Carlton Club where the scions of aristocracy who can't get in, yet, to the stronghold across the way, keep in training for the defence of their forefathers' institution.

Next door to the Carlton Club, on the south side of Pall Mall, is the Royal Automobile Club, very sumptuously furnished and equipped for social purposes and possessed of a lovely garden. I hope you have a guest membership in it, for it is an exceedingly pleasant and convenient place.

At Number 80 Pall Mall, Gainsborough lived for fourteen years, and died. And Number 79 was given by Charles II to Nell Gwynne, who died here, at the age of thirty-six. Charles first gave it to Nelly on a long lease under the Crown; but saucy Nelly said she would not accept it until it was conveyed free to her by an Act of Parliament made on and for that purpose. And Parliament complied! You will be interested, I'm sure, to know that at one time Nelly's house (now occupied by an insurance company) was headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

There are two Oxford and Cambridge clubs, the Marlborough Club, the entrance of Marlborough House with its picturesque sentries pacing back and forth like mechanical toys outside their boxes, and then Saint James's Palace, with the stately Holbein Gate, and more sentries of the Royal Guards.

Following Cleveland Row, the long length of Saint James's Palace, you come to Stable Yard and Lancaster House.

The money to build this mansion for George IV's next-younger brother was advanced, 'tis said, by the Marquis of Stafford, who (perhaps therefor) was made the first Duke of Sutherland. The Duke of York had no mistress for this superb palace, his German wife from whom he was long estranged being dead before it was designed, and his lady-love, Mary Ann Clarke, being far from the sort he could publicly install here. And as it happened, he himself died before the house was finished, and some years later the Crown lease was sold to the son of that man who had advanced the money to build it, named Stafford House, and became one of the greatest social backgrounds London ever knew.

Just before the Great War, the Duke of Sutherland sold it to Sir William Lever (later Lord Leverhulme), of Port Sunlight, and Sunlight Soap, who presented it to the nation. Its name was then changed to Lancaster House, in honor of the King, who is Duke of Lancaster, and of Lord Leverhulme's home county; and London's 'Carnavalet' was opened to the public in 1914.

The exhibits are arranged in the Carnavalet manner, and are so grouped and marked that the visitor needs no other aid to enjoyment of them than, perhaps, a suggestion or two as to his choice of rooms, in case his time is too short for a general survey. I suppose the Costume Gallery, especially the Royal Room with costumes worn by many members of the reigning house, has an appeal as wide as anything in the Museum. Children will love the Children's Room almost as much as they love the doll-houses in South Kensington Museum (and I know 'children' of many years who delight in both these exhibitions), and students of the

Commonwealth find the Cromwellian collection of extreme interest.

While splendor often leaves me cold (or, at best, grateful that I don't have to live with it), I must admit a great enjoyment of these magnificent apartments, and especially of their outlook.

And, whatever you do, don't neglect the basement. If your time is limited, make a non-stop tour of the main or drawing-room floor, and then descend to the basement. Neither air nor light is too abundant in that gallery where the Joicey Models of Old London are; but if you are really intent upon your mental reconstructions as you go about London, you won't think of anything else but how these models aid you in that effort.

Unless you linger with a specializing interest over some portion of the Museum exhibits, I think you will find an hour fairly sufficient for this visit. And it is now, probably, about 12.30. You want luncheon; and you are in a region where the choice is bewildering.

You may follow Queen's Walk up along the eastern edge of Green Park, and lunch at the Ritz, or, across Piccadilly, at the Berkeley, or go up Dover Street (beside the Berkeley) to that delightful home-like hotel, Brown's, which scores of your friends 'swear by,' doubtless.

Or if, in coming, you satisfied yourself with such glimpses as are possible of Saint James's Palace and such recollections of its history, you may wish to do the same now with Bridgewater House, the imposing mansion of the Earl of Ellesmere, which stands in Cleveland Square on the site of Cleveland House presented by Charles II to his notorious mistress, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. The paintings in Bridgewater House constitute the finest private collection in Great Britain, its nucleus being some of the Italian and Flemish masterpieces which Philippe Égalité,

Duc d'Orléans, sold at the outbreak of the French Revolution. These you cannot see, unless you have written, asking for permission, and it has been granted. But you will like a mental picture of the place, so it may flash upon the page before you, like a movie 'cutback,' when your reading brings you to this storied neighborhood.

Saint James's Palace is in itself such a story-book that I have wondered whether we should not do best to pass it by, determinedly, with no more than a reminder that the Prince of Wales lives there now in what was Lord Kitchener's last home, and refer you to your guide-book for a summary of its past. But the ghosts of other days there are jostling me, reproachfully.

'Don't you think,' I'm entreating them, 'that hereabouts we ought to take what little time and space we have for other sorts than yours? We like royalties; but if we permit you to lure us into a prolonged review at Saint James's Palace, somebody is sure to charge us with Toryism. And how shall we ever be able to persuade him that if we find you interesting it is not because you were born so, but because it seems to us you made yourself so in spite of having been born to a very stupidly restricted kind of life. If we like you, it's doubtless because you were "game" against heavy odds, courageous amid many misfortunes, or refreshingly "human" when it would have been so much easier for you to be a puppet in an elaborate show. As a matter of fact, we incline to like almost anybody that we can know enough about; and your position in the world caused a rather detailed account to be made of your little hour upon the stage of life — so we feel acquainted with you, almost as we feel with these other ghosts of the Saint James's district who endeared themselves to us by their gifts to us, and have become as familiars to us because they have made such fascinating biographies and stuff for memoirs.

SAINT JAMES'S PALACE FROM THE NORTHWEST

From a print published in 1809

'Stand back, in line, Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint James's Palace, please! Don't crowd. And we'll see — No, Anne Boleyn, not you; we've spent as much time as we may, in your piteous company. Your stepdaughter, Mary, died here, murmuring something about Calais on her heart. Charles Dickens, in his "Child's History of England," opined that what was on her heart was *callous;* and when I was ten, or so, I used to think that witty beyond compare.

'Marie de' Medici, worst of wives, mothers, and mothers-in-law, you may stand back. It is enough that we have to encounter you in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and to see your bulging bulk being squeezed through a window at Blois. The three years you spent here were full of mischief, doubtless, and fruitful of woe for others; but so were all your years, wherever spent.

'But that last interview, here, between your son-in-law and his afflicted children, that last night of his on earth, that brisk walk hence across the park to Whitehall and another world — these make our eyes misty and tender, as we pass on our way.'

Does anybody care to meet the later Stuarts? James II or his stodgy daughters, or his thoroughly Teutonic cousins of Hanover? I don't. The royalty of their days was found not in palaces, but in coffee-houses.

After all, it isn't such a *very* difficult crowd to escape from. But as we turn up Saint James's Street —! Oh, la, la! What a press is there of ghosts that cannot be slighted. Cheapside and the Strand have a much longer history, but they're not more crowded; for there were centuries which were so scantily chronicled that they had few outstanding figures to remember; and here we are in the midst of the most minutely chronicled folk who ever lived. How shall we, bent upon luncheon, thread our way through them?

Shall we go up the east side of the street, or the west?

That is hard to choose, but I think we shall have to choose the west side and hope that on another occasion you will stroll up or down the east side and its tributary small streets. We'll *look* over toward them, now, and indicate a little bit of what's to be seen therein. Like Pickering Place, for instance, hidden away near the northeast corner of Pall Mall and Saint James's Street (entered beside Number 4 Saint James's Street), which many lovers of the picturesque consider one of the choicest corners left of Old London. And Number 8, where Lord Byron 'awoke one morning to find himself famous,' after the publication of the second and third cantos of 'Childe Harold.'

That was in 1812; but Byron had lodged here before, over a period of four years, and from this house he went, in 1809, for the first time to take his seat in the House of Lords.

To a friend who, seeing Byron's chariot at the door that day, went in, Byron said: 'I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.'

'I expressed my readiness to attend him,' the friend, Dallas, recorded, 'while at the same time I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune, and talent, stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged, to whom he could or would apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth. I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation.'

In King Street, across Saint James's Street, is Christie's auction room where so many of the great art treasures of the world have changed owners these many years past. Louis Napoleon lived in King Street for two years when his fortunes were at low ebb and few persons took his pretensions seriously. And when he was driving down Saint James's Street, years afterward, in imperial state, on the

occasion of a visit to Queen Victoria, he pointed out to his beautiful Empress the house where he had dwelt an exile in the land of Wellington. A tablet marks that house, now.

In a hotel which used to be in King Street, Nelson's wife and father waited to receive him on his return after the victory of the Nile.

Perhaps the greatest glory of King Street, to you, is that it was the home of Almack's, which was started in 1763 by a Scotsman named Macall, who thought he would do better if he rearranged his name to Almack.

'I am not prepared,' writes E. Beresford Chancellor in his 'Chronicles of Almack's,' 'to say that William Almack ever set up as a regenerator of manners . . . but there is no doubt that he saw that the day had come when decorum and exclusiveness were more likely to pay than a further development (if that were possible) of impropriety.' His rooms were under the management of a committee of ladies of high rank, and the only possible way of gaining admission to them was by vouchers or by personal introduction. The subscription was ten guineas, 'for which you have a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks.'

At once, Almack's began to figure in nearly all the talk, letters, and print dealing with the fashionable and political life of that period. And, as one Londoner wrote to a Paris friend, in those declining days of La Pompadour, 'Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady in a sack, making tea and curtseying to the duchesses.'

No personal authority, no special endowments, no wealth or influence, outside the magic circle, could break through the exclusiveness of Almack's; and 'one can hardly conceive the importance which was attached to getting admission to Almack's, the seventh heaven of the fashionable world.' 'Three fourths of the nobility knock in vain for ad-

mission,' one chronicler wrote. And 'into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of entering on the sacred Wednesday evenings.'

One of the stories of Almack's is of the Duke of Wellington, at the height of his glory after Waterloo, being refused admission on a certain evening when he presented himself card in hand, but wearing black trousers instead of such knee-breeches as the fair committee had declared *de rigueur*.

It may be that you will steal up to King Street on a Wednesday evening and imagine yourself watching the comings and goings at Almack's. Beau Brummel, perhaps, coming out very cross because some one had reminded him of an unpaid loan of five hundred pounds. 'And yet,' Brummel says, 'I had called the dog Tom, and let myself dine with him!' Or Count d'Orsay coming with Lady Blessington.

In the grand ballroom of Almack's Thackeray delivered his series of lectures on the 'English Humourists.' And seldom, perhaps, had that 'great painted and gilded saloon, with long sofas for benches,' as Charlotte Brontë described it, been filled, even in the heyday of its fashion, with such an illustrious throng.

Fanny Kemble tells, in her 'Records of Later Life,' how she found Thackeray, before one of these lectures, 'standing like a forlorn, disconsolate giant in the middle of the room, gazing about him. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with me, "I'm sick at my stomach with fright!" I spoke some words of encouragement to him and was going away, but he held my hand like a scared child, crying, "Oh, don't leave me!" "But," said I, "Thackeray, you mustn't stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in," and I drew him from the middle of his chairs and benches, which were beginning to be occupied, into the retiring-

room adjoining the lecture-room. . . . Here he began pacing up and down, literally wringing his hands in nervous distress. "Now," said I, "what shall I do? Shall I stay with you till you begin, or shall I go and leave you to collect yourself?" "Oh," he said, "if I could only get at that confounded thing [the lecture] to have a last look at it!" "Where is it?" said I. "Oh! in the next room on the reading-desk." '

When she had fetched it she accidentally let it fall, tumbling the leaves in confusion.

'My dear soul,' said Thackeray, 'you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here and it will take me about that to page this again, and it's the best thing in the world that could have happened.'

If you wish to see the room where Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau, Carlyle, Dickens, Macaulay and Hallam, listened to the badly scared Thackeray, and to recall that on two occasions Dickens presided there at great public dinners, you may do so by attending an auction at Robinson and Fisher's.

Following King Street through for three 'blocks,' you come to Saint James's Square, laid out by that Henry Jermyn, Lord Saint Albans, believed to have been the secret husband of Henrietta Maria, who built himself a mansion on the southeast corner and another where Numbers 9, 10, and 11 now stand on the north side of the Square. Many famous and notorious persons have lived here; but among both sorts there is none (I think) for whose sake you may wish to postpone your luncheon. But you will doubtless be hereabouts more than once; and on some occasion I'd have a look at Saint James's Square.

The petticoat management at Almack's sufficed for fashionable purposes, but there were phases of their social

life that the men wished to manage for themselves; and the famous club, Brooks's, concerning which it has been said that 'the history of Brooks's is the political history of the country, from one point of view, during the latter half of the eighteenth century and until the essentially party clubs in Pall Mall to some extent took over the burden,' was run by Almack, its founders being twenty-seven 'noblemen and gentlemen.'

Sir George Trevelyan calls Brooks's 'the most famous political club that will ever have existed in England.' You will soon pass it, on your west side of Saint James's Street (Number 60), and if you are familiar with eighteenth-century ghosts you will meet an illustrious throng of them there.

Across the street from it (Number 28) is Boodle's, formed in 1762 and originally known as the 'Savoir Vivre,' being noted for its elaborate entertainments. So many of the country gentlemen belonged to it that it used to be said that 'when a waiter comes into the room and says to some aged student of the *Morning Herald*, "Sir John, your servant has come," every head is mechanically thrown up in answer to the address.'

Beyond Boodle's is Jermyn Street (named for that Lord Jermyn who was privately married to Henrietta Maria), wherein Sir Isaac Newton lived at more than one period of his life. And at a hotel in that street Sir Walter Scott, on his return from Italy, lay 'half dreaming and half dead' for three weeks before being carried on his last sad journey to Abbotsford.

Between Jermyn Street and Piccadilly, on the east side of Saint James's Street, is White's Club, the oldest club in London and identified with Toryism as Brooks's is with Whiggism. It grew out of White's Chocolate House; and it has for much more than two centuries been so 'select' and

so influential that Disraeli (who never got in!) is quoted as having said that to obtain the Garter and to be elected at White's were the two supreme human distinctions.

Number 86 Saint James's Street, at the foot of the famous thoroughfare, is the Thatched House Club, which took its name from an old tavern with a rustic roof, which may have been a summer-house in the notorious Duchess of Cleveland's grounds. Steele, Addison, and Swift were among the frequenters of the tavern, and many societies held their gatherings there, including 'The Society of the Dilettanti,' formed in 1734, of which Walpole wrote that it was a club 'for which the nominal qualification was having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk.'

Next door but one to the old Thatched House (which stood till 1865) was the Saint James's Coffee-House about which we read in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. In Number 1 of *The Spectator*, Addison says: 'I appear on Sunday nights at the Saint James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the Committee of Politics in the inner room as one who comes there to hear and improve.'

'The Speculations,' he said in a later number, apropos Louis XIV's death, 'were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a knot of Theorists who sate in the inner room, within the steam of the Coffee Pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of Bourbons provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.'

At a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Edmund Burke suggested that the congenial company there gathered should assemble occasionally at Saint James's Coffee-House. And it was at one of these meetings, attended by Johnson, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds, and a few others, that Goldsmith, who habitually came late, was greeted by a

round of epitaphs on 'the late Dr. Goldsmith.' Garrick's is the only one that has survived:

> Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll;
> He wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.

The Conservative Club (Number 74) stands on the site of the house of Elmsley the bookseller, where his lodger, Gibbon, died in 1794. Gibbon's club was Boodle's, across the way. Perhaps your stop for luncheon will be at Rumpelmayer's, Numbers 72 and 73 Saint James's Street, where you will find dainty sandwiches, salads, cakes, ices, and such fare.

A little nearer Piccadilly, Saint James's Place begins its meandering course.

Whatever you do or don't do hereabouts, please make acquaintance with Saint James's Place. Enter the first little *cul-de-sac*, on your left, and mark Duke's Hotel therein, one of the most delicious spots in London for a sojourn. And before you leave these parts, see something of the Stafford Hotel, in another *cul-de-sac*, to your right — a most charming place to stay, or to lunch, or to dine. Dignity and atmosphere are there, and it couldn't be anywhere except in the heart of hearts of eighteenth-century fashionable London.

The most magnificent house on Saint James's Place is Spencer House, the masonry of which alone is said to have cost fifty thousand guineas even in 1755. But the most famous is Number 22, where Samuel Rogers, the wealthy banker-poet, lived for more than half a century, from 1802 to 1855.

In many memoirs and letters of the period we are told how Rogers set to work to make his house worthy of the beautiful objects with which he intended filling it.

'What a delightful house it is!' exclaims Macaulay. 'It

looks out on Green Park just at the most pleasant spot. The furniture has been selected with a delicacy of taste quite unique. Its value does not depend on fashion but must be the same while the fine arts are held in any esteem. In the drawing-room, for example, the chimney-pieces are carved by Flaxman into the most beautiful Grecian forms. The bookcase is painted by Stothard in his very best manner, with groups from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Boccaccio. The pictures are not numerous, but every one is excellent. In the dining-room there are also some beautiful paintings. But the three most remarkable objects in that room are, I think, a cast of Pope taken after death by Roubillac; a noble model in terra cotta, by Michelangelo, from which he afterwards made one of his finest statues, that of Lorenzo de'Medici; and lastly a mahogany table on which stands an antique vase.'

'If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library,' Byron declared, 'you of yourself say, "This is not the dwelling of a common mind." There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor.'

Scarcely a day passed on which Rogers did not receive some notable guest, to enjoy his talk, his table, and his treasures. Here Moore met Byron and Campbell and Wordsworth. Here Sydney Smith scintillated, and Byron refused to eat anything but mashed potatoes soaked in vinegar!

There is scarcely a building or building site hereabouts that has not of itself been made the subject of a volume and a part of many other volumes. But I dare linger, now, for only one more 'reminiscence.'

Arlington Street runs parallel with the north part of Saint James's Street, a little to the west, and alongside the east front of the Ritz. In Arlington Street Lord and Lady

Nelson lodged in the winter of 1800–01. And there, on January 13th, Mr. Haslewood, who was to be one of Nelson's executors, breakfasted with them.

'A cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects,' he wrote, 'when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said by "dear Lady Hamilton," upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair and exclaimed with much vehemence: "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Lord Nelson, with perfect calmness, said: "Take care, Fanny, what you say; I love you sincerely, but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration." Without one soothing word or gesture, but muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room and shortly after drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards.'

Emma Hamilton was living, then, at what was 23 Piccadilly, a small house between the Saville Club and Down Street, awaiting the birth, in a fortnight, of her child by Nelson, to be called Horatia.

The Ritz Hotel occupies the site of 'The Old White Horse Cellar' mentioned as early as 1720. At the time of Horatia's birth, it was described as 'well known to the public on account of the great number of stage-coaches which regularly call there. In a pleasant coffee-room passengers can wait for any of the stages, and travellers in general are well accommodated with beds.'

'The Ghosts of Piccadilly' have furnished Mr. G. S Street with material for a book, which I have in my London library; and many another chronicler with books wholly or largely devoted to this neighborhood. Which of those ghosts will seem most important to you on a none too leisurely stroll in Piccadilly?

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, coming out of Devonshire House (that has just ceased to exist) to solicit votes for Charles Fox, going so far as to kiss the butcher, and to make an Irish mechanic exclaim, 'I could light my pipe at her eyes'?

The great Duke of Wellington, in his blue frock coat, spotless white duck trousers, white stock and waistcoat, shaking hands with Major Pendennis, while young Pen hangs on his uncle's left arm?

Byron, in his last bachelor quarters, at the Albany, exercising rigorously and dieting on biscuits and soda, to preserve his 'figger'? Or, Byron at 139 Piccadilly, farther west, where his Ada, 'sole daughter of my heart and home,' was born in December, 1815, and whence, in the April following, he came, a lone man again, his brief episode of domesticity behind him?

Or is your choice for an April morning just before that (less than three weeks before) when, out from a bay-fronted house at the corner of Whitehorse Street, where now stands the Junior Naval and Military Club (96), 'comes a tall, big man with a broad, intellectual, humane face. He turns up Piccadilly, leaning heavily on a stick and limping, a dog at his heels . . . hobbles to Albemarle Street, turns up it, and goes in at Number 50, where he has an important engagement'? He is Walter Scott, aged forty-three, and a great 'lion'; and he is going to Murray's, the publisher, to meet Byron, aged twenty-seven, and likewise lame, lyric, and a lion.

Young John Murray II, a boy then, remembered the poets stumping downstairs side by side after their almost daily meetings following the first one. When these were over, they exchanged gifts 'like the old heroes in Homer,' Scott said. He gave Byron a Turkish dagger, and Byron gave him a silver vase full of dead men's bones; and they

laughed over those gloomy gifts, because they both loved laughter.

Which way are you turning in Piccadilly? Eastward, past the Burlington Arcade, and Burlington House, and the Albany, toward Piccadilly Circus? Or westward, toward Hyde Park Corner and Apsley House? I can't guess. The temptations are so strong in every direction.

If you haven't lunched yet, your choice around Piccadilly Circus is so great that you are in danger of going luncheless because it is so hard to choose. And the shops! And the theatres innumerable, with their Saturday matinées!

Should you be bent upon something quite different, this might be the best time for you to visit the Hampstead home of Keats and Fanny Brawne, in Keats Grove. In this event, take any bus to Trafalgar Square, and there transfer to Bus 24, which will set you down at Hampstead Heath Station, whence you have but to walk a very short distance on Southend Road, to Keats Grove — which used to be called John Street, but had its name changed because there were nine John Streets in London. An elderly lady, who had long lived in the street and whom I felicitated on the change of name, eyed me suspiciously. 'I don't know about that,' she replied coldly. 'He was a very *queer* young man!'

If I permit myself to start a-wandering in Hampstead, and reminding you what there is to see, this chapter will have no end. But I make myself consider that, except for a visit to the Keats house, now a museum, Hampstead is scarcely for the week-in-London visitor. And all that I am so sorely tempted to write about John Keats, the 'very queer young man,' and Fanny Brawne, and the others of that circle, I shall refrain from saying, because the museum has a curator who is not only a fount of information about Keats, but charmingly ready to put his information at the

service of any visitor who evinces a genuine love and reverence.

Perhaps you can guess what this restraint costs me! But I know that there are few places in London where the pilgrim has less need of me; and we *must* consider our limits of space.

If not Hampstead, for the afternoon, then perhaps a trip out to Epping Forest, which is so very lovely and so little known to visitors. This may be done most inexpensively by taking Bus 10a at London Monument Station, and it will give you a variety of London vignettes, including the East End. Or a ride down the river to Greenwich. Or an excursion into London's swarming East End, as far as the Toynbee Hall, and People's Palace in Whitechapel, inspired by Sir Walter Besant's 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.'

Bearing in mind how few of the hurrying visitors in England will make these trips, I dare say we must not take space for details about them until we have our more leisurely book on London alone. But I suggest them here as possibilities.

VI

SUNDAYS IN LONDON

The visitor to London, especially if he be new-come from the Continent, inclines to dread Sunday in London, to reckon it more or less a 'lost day.' Whereas, given a few suggestions for it, he is more than likely to find it among the pleasantest and most memorable of his London days.

All the galleries and most of the museums are open on Sunday afternoons. There are uncommonly interesting services in many famous churches. There are splendid concerts at Albert Hall. And Sunday is an ideal time for wandering in certain storied streets. Friends who have spent Sundays in London with me have many times referred to those days as enthusiastically as the friend I mentioned in our second London chapter does to her 'day in Europe.'

The ability to 'organize' a memorable day out of the embarrassment of riches in any place abroad, comes (I suppose) only as the result of very considerable study and experience. And to make my study and experience of London Sundays serve you is the purpose of this chapter. I shall outline several possible programmes. You may be so fortunate as to have several Sundays to 'fill.' If not, you have a variety from which to choose.

I am putting the Chelsea Sunday first, because I hate to think of any one, however hurried, coming away from London without having seen Chelsea; and because many of the places included in what I call my Covent Garden Sunday may be easily seen in connection with other strolls you are sure to take, whereas Chelsea will be lacking in your experience unless you set aside a considerable time especially for it.

So I say, board a Number 11 Bus on Sunday morning, at 10.30, at Trafalgar Square, or in the Strand, or Whitehall, or where you will, and get off at Sloane Square.

The name and the memory of Sir Hans Sloane are much honored in Chelsea, so you will do well to post yourself as to his connections with the place.

He was a physician, born (in 1660 — the year of the Restoration) in Ireland of Scottish parents; he studied medicine in London, in Paris, and took his M.D. degree at Montpellier. He had a special zeal for collecting plants, was elected into the Royal Society, of which he became secretary and then, succeeding Sir Isaac Newton, president. He had a lucrative and fashionable practice, was the first medical man to receive an hereditary title, and in 1712 he bought the Manor of Chelsea and removed to it his superb collection of books, manuscripts, prints, and other treasures, which he bequeathed to the nation on condition that Parliament should pay his executors the nominal sum of twenty thousand pounds. This collection, together with George II's royal library, was the nucleus of the British Museum.

Walk down Lower Sloane Street, past the Duke of York's Headquarters, where the County of London Territorials have their main barracks, swarming with Kiplingesque Tommies, to Royal Hospital Road and the entrance to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, founded by Charles II (at Nell Gwynne's instigation, some say) for old and disabled soldiers, after the fashion set by his cousin, Louis XIV, in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

It is my hope that you will wish to attend service in the Chapel of the Hospital, at eleven, and see the dear old scarlet-coated Pensioners seated beneath their tattered battle trophies, as Herkomer painted them in 'The Last Muster.' Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of the

Hospital, and the Chapel is almost as he left it. On the opposite side of the entrance vestibule is the Hall, where Wellington's body lay in state before his funeral.

Alongside the Hospital buildings, to the east, lie Ranelagh Gardens, so fashionable in the Georgian period. Even Dr. Johnson liked to go there; and when some one said there was not half a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing Ranelagh, Johnson answered, 'No, but there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.'

After you have seen the gardens, continue toward Chelsea Embankment and the Suspension Bridge. If the walk along this Embankment, looking over at Battersea Park, does not impress you as one of the loveliest things you have seen, I shall be very much surprised.

As you pass the old Chelsea Physic Garden, established by the Apothecaries' Society about 1676 on ground subsequently purchased by Sir Hans Sloane and presented to this Society, with whose work he was in such enthusiastic accord, note (through the iron bars beside the Embankment) his statue, among the plants he loved.

Just west of the old garden Cheyne Walk begins (you must call it 'Chainy'), and here was where the Manor House of Chelsea stood that Henry VIII built and Sir Hans Sloane bought. Catherine Parr lived in it with her last husband, Thomas Seymour, younger brother of the Protector; and it may have been here that those distressful episodes occurred wherein Seymour attempted to win his wife's young stepdaughter, Princess Elizabeth.

George Eliot died at Number 4 Cheyne Walk, after having lived there but three weeks. (The two London homes in which she lived many years and wrote many of her books are, unfortunately, demolished.)

Number 16 was the home for twenty years of Dante

Gabriel Rossetti, and for some years of Swinburne also and William Michael Rossetti. Meredith was of the quartette when the house was leased, but he soon withdrew because he could not bear the sight of Dante Gabriel's breakfast, still untouched at noon of a bright May day, the bacon cold, stiff, greasy, and two poached eggs 'slowly bleeding to death' on it.

It was just after Elizabeth Rossetti's death that Dante Gabriel came here to live. But her story has a close association with this house, so I recall it here.

Walter Howard Deverell discovered Elizabeth in a milliner's shop, and got his mother to ask her if she would sit to him as a model. He painted her as Viola, Holman Hunt painted her as Sylvia, and Millais painted her as the drowned Ophelia. Rossetti met her shortly after she began to sit to Deverell, and almost immediately fell in love with her. She was about sixteen, and he was not quite twenty-two; but he had written 'The Blessed Damozel,' had painted 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin' and 'The Annunciation,' and had translated a great part of Dante.

One of the first pictures he painted of Elizabeth was as Beatrice in 'Beatrice at a Marriage Feast denies Dante her Salutation.' Thenceforth he continued to paint from her nearly all the leading female personages of his pictures, so long as she lived; but chiefly he painted her many, many times as Beatrice.

Meantime, he was teaching her to paint and inspiring her to write; introducing her to famous friends, like Ruskin and Swinburne and Burne-Jones and William Morris and the Brownings; and he was writing poems to her, which only she saw and whereof neither of them guessed the great and tragic history.

He was doing everything for her that an ardent lover could do, except marry her. There were many reasons for

their ten-year courtship, the chief of them perhaps a mere matter o' money; but another was Elizabeth's frail health, which had not improved when they were at last married, in May, 1860. In February, 1862, she died quite suddenly, of an overdose of laudanum, a drug which she had used freely to ease her sufferings.

When she lay dead and ready for burial, Rossetti entered the room where her body was and laid between her cheek and her beautiful hair a slender volume into which he had copied, at her instigation, all the poems he had written to her under the inspiration of her love. He had spent much time, he said, 'writing at those poems when Lizzie was ill and suffering and I might have been attending to her, and now they shall go.' And when her body was laid to rest, in Highgate Cemetery, the little volume was interred with it, and there lay for over seven years, when the pleadings of Rossetti's friends were finally effective in getting his consent to a disinterment; and with the consent of the Home Secretary, Elizabeth's grave was opened, that the fruits of her love might not perish with her, but be given to the world. A little knot of men, friends of Rossetti, gathered one night about the grave in Highgate, and by the light of a fire built beside it, watched the coffin raised and opened. The body is said to have been perfect when brought to that weird light. And back to this house they bore the slender volume.

In the spring of 1870 'The House of Life' was given to the public.

The ideal of love set forth in that superb sonnet-sequence has been attacked as gross, and exalted as nearly divine. The key to Rossetti's conception of love lies, perhaps, in the last four lines of the octette of the sonnet 'Heart's Hope':

> For lo! in some poor rhythmic period,
> Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
> Thy soul I know not from the body, nor
> Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

But if you have not in your pocket a tiny volume of the sonnets, then let me give you here the one which is my favorite, 'Heart's Haven':

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms, —
Cowering beneath dark wings that love must chase, —
With still tears showering and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace, —
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sovereign countercharms.

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless, tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answering spirits chime one roundelay.

'And Love, our light at night and shade at noon'! So many err in trying to make Love always the pillar of fire, not in the desert night alone, but in the burning noonday of the sand wastes as well. And others make of Love a shelter, a shade, but no glow, no glory, no aid to night marches through uncharted and infested leagues.

Rossetti crowded his rooms here with quaintly carved oak furniture and beautiful ornaments; he had a wonderful collection of buhl china; and in the garden he kept a motley assortment of outlandish animals.

'In the dimly lighted studio, around the blazing fire, used to assemble the men of distinction or promise in literature and art whom the magnetism of Rossetti's individuality collected around him. Here,' Mr. Joseph Knight says, 'Rossetti himself used, though rarely, to read aloud, with his voice of indescribable power and clearness, and with a bell-like utterance that still dwells in the mind, passages from the poems he admired; and here, more frequently, some young poet, encouraged by his sympathy, which to

all earnest effort in art was overflowing and inexhaustible, would recite his latest sonnet.'

These meetings, Mr. Knight says, were often prolonged until the early hours of morning, and were veritable nights of the gods.

It must have been on the morning after an earlier-to-bed night that Allingham (in his Diary under date of Monday, June 27, 1864) 'got to Chelsea by half-past eight to D. G. R's. Breakfasted in small, lofty room on first floor with window looking on the garden. Then we went into the Garden, and lay on the grass, eating strawberries and looking at the peacock. Then Swinburne came and soon began to recite — a parody on Browning was one thing; and after him Whistler, who talked about his own pictures — Royal Academy — the Chinese painter girl, Millais, etc.'

Whistler, who at one time and another lived in four different houses in Cheyne Walk, was then occupying Number 101, a three-story house, and the back room on the first floor was his studio. 'The river lies before it,' as Saint John Adcock reminds us in his 'Famous London Houses,' 'just across the road, and he could see from his windows old Battersea Bridge, Battersea Church on the other side of the Thames, and at night the twinkling lights of boats and barges at anchor and the flare and many-colored glitter of Cremorne Gardens in the distance.'

It was in what is now 96 Cheyne Walk that Whistler painted his portrait of his mother, and that of Carlyle. There, too, on a Sunday morning after he had escorted his mother to Chelsea Church, he 'painted a great ship with spreading sails,' Mrs. Pennell says, 'on each of the two panels at the end of the hall.' His mother was not pleased when she came home and 'saw the blue and white harmony, for she would have had him put away his brushes on Sunday as once she put away his toys.'

One day when Carlyle was 'sitting,' which h liked, 'he told me,' said Whistler, 'of others wh his portrait. "There was Mr. Watts, a mon I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then, at last, the screens were put aside, and there I was. And I looked. And Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, 'How do you like it?' And then I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said, 'Mon, I would have ye know I'm in the hobit of wurin' clean lunen!'"'

Whistler lived at 21 Cheyne Walk, in 1890; and in 1902 he took Number 74, where he died on July 17, 1903.

But we are running ahead too fast. And as you near Oakley Street, I must remind you of 'The Blue Cockatoo,' in Cheyne Walk, where I think you will enjoy lunching — unless you want to walk up Oakley Street to the corner of King's Road and Arthur Street, and patronize 'The Good-Humoured Ladies.'

You cannot visit Carlyle's house on 'the Sawbath,' but you can look at its exterior, and pierce its Puritanic front with your imaginative eye.

It is at Number 24 Cheyne Row, running north from the river close to where Carlyle's statue is.

Here Carlyle settled in May, 1834, and here he lived until his death, in 1881. Here he wrote 'The French Revolution,' and loaned the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, who took it to Mrs. Taylor's (as he took everything that interested him), and it was *her* housemaid who burned it — Carlyle putting the blame upon his own because it would have caused no end of tittle-tattle had Mrs. Taylor's name been brought into it with Mill's.

I find it easy to wish that Carlyle had not found courage to rewrite it; for, before it was known how he perverted history to his Prussian bias, he misled many.

But while I can't read much that Carlyle wrote, without extreme irritation, I like to read *about* him.

He was visited, here, by nearly every great man of that period. When Tennyson came, and they wanted to smoke their pipes, Jane made 'the two of them' go down into the basement kitchen, and there — 'tis said — they would pass a fine companionable evening, without speaking, each of them enveloped in a smoke screen of his own making.

Once, when Leigh Hunt called, he brought some news so pleasing to Jane Carlyle that she impulsively kissed him; and he went away and wrote:

> Jenny kissed me when we met,
> Jumping from the chair she sat in;
> Time, you thief, who love to get
> Sweets into your list, put that in:
> Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
> Say that health and wealth have missed me,
> Say I'm growing old — but add,
> Jenny kissed me.

Here Jane passed twenty-two years of what she called 'that long disease, my life'; hither she was brought out of her brougham, dead, on an April day in 1866; here Carlyle wrote, after she had gone:

'Her little bit of a first chair, its wee, wee arms, etc., visible to me in the closet at this moment, is still here, and always was; I have looked at it hundreds of times, from of *old*, with many thoughts. No daughter or son of *hers* was to sit there; so it had been appointed to us, my Darling. I have no book thousandth part so beautiful as *Thou;* but these were *our* only "children" — and, in a true sense, these *were* verily OURS, and will perhaps live some time in the world, after we are both gone; and be of no damage to the poor, brute chaos of a world, let us hope!'

'I am very solitary,' he wrote after two years of lonely living without her. 'Except Froude, whom I see once a

week, there is hardly anybody whose talk does me any considerable good. I am too weak, too languid, too sad of heart, too unfit for any work, in fact, to care sufficiently for any object left me in the world to think of grappling round it and coercing it by work. A most sorry dog-kennel it oftenest all seems to me, and wise words, if one ever had them, to be only thrown away on it. Basta-basta, I for the most part say of it, and look with longing towards the still country where at last we and our loved ones shall be together again.'

I'm afraid that Carlyle doesn't impress me as much as he once did; but he interests me none the less.

It may be that as a Dickens-lover you will wish to go to Saint Luke's Church in Sydney Street, where Charles Dickens was married to Kate Hogarth. But that will take you a long walk 'inland,' up Manor Street. And the more you love Dickens, the less (probably) you care to think about his marriage.

In Carlyle Mansions, on Cheyne Walk, between Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street, Henry James passed the last four years of his life. He was living here when the World War broke out and aroused in him such a passionate sympathy for England and her Allies that he decided to identify himself once for all with England and to apply for naturalization. On July 26, 1915, he became a British subject, and the following January he was awarded the Order of Merit, the insignia being brought to him on his sick-bed by his friend, Viscount Bryce. He died on February 28th.

In Chelsea Old Church, hard by, you shall read his epitaph:

> In memory of Henry James, Novelist
> Born in New York, 1843. Died in Chelsea, 1916
> Lover and interpreter of the fine
> amenities of brave decisions and generous
> loyalties: resident of this parish, who
> renounced a cherished citizenship to give his
> allegiance to England in the first
> year of the Great War.

Chelsea Old Church was probably founded in the twelfth century, and, though no remaining part of it is so old, it is generally considered the most unspoilt old church in England, the least ravaged by the restorer.

By the first window on the right as you enter are several old chained books, including a 'Vinegar' Bible (given to the church by Sir Hans Sloane), so called because the heading of the twentieth chapter of Saint Luke's Gospel was misprinted, at Oxford in 1717, 'The Parable of the Vinegar' for 'The Parable of the Vineyard.'

Once, when that Duke of Norfolk, who was forever sitting on treason or heresy tribunals, came out to Chelsea to dine with Sir Thomas More, he 'fortuned to find him at the Church in choir with a surplice on his back singing, and as they went home together arm in arm, the duke said, "God's Body, God's Body, my Lord Chancellor, a parish clerk — a parish clerk! You dishonour the king and his office!" To which Sir Thomas replied mildly that he did not think the duke's master and his would be offended with him for serving God his Master or thereby count his office dishonoured.'

His body is said to lie here in the chapel he rebuilt, though his head which fell on Tower Hill is in the Roper vault at Saint Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, having been given to More's noble and devoted daughter, Margaret Roper, after it had been for fourteen days exposed on London Bridge.

Near by is the tomb of Lady Jane Grey's mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland, who did not long survive the executions of her husband, son, and daughter-in-law.

In several books I find that 'Henry VIII is said to have been secretly married to Jane Seymour in the Lawrence Chapel of Old Chelsea Church several days before their public marriage.' But as his marriage with Anne was not

annulled till May 17th, and he was wedded to Jane on May 20th, at Wolf Hall, Wiltshire, whither Jane had preceded him, I think this may be an error which somebody once made and others have gone on repeating.

There are many things in this lovely old church to tempt us to linger; but I'm afraid we must be on our way — not, however, without a glance up Church Street toward the old Rectory, on the east side, where Charles and Henry Kingsley spent part of their youth while their father was rector of this church.

And now we have come to that space between Danvers Street and Beaufort Street where the great hall of Crosby Place has been reërected on the site of Sir Thomas More's Chelsea Garden.

Crosby Place, in Bishopsgate, was the grandest mansion of its day. It was built in Edward IV's reign by a London grocer, Sir John Crosby, who had amassed great wealth and in some wise got himself knighted. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, occupied it for a time, and Shakespeare makes it the scene of Anne Neville's waiting for Richard after the funeral of Henry VI.

Sir Thomas More seems to have bought Crosby Place, but probably never lived there, though his son-in-law, William Roper, did. The mansion, except the great hall, was destroyed by fire in the seventeenth century; and the hall, after suffering many humiliating uses, was taken down in 1910 and reërected out here in Chelsea.

More's house and garden were swept away by Sir Hans Sloane; and for this it is hard, even remembering all his benefactions, to forgive him. But if he hadn't done it, doubtless some one else would have, long ere this.

Do you know the pen-picture of it by Erasmus, which vies with Holbein's celebrated canvas, 'The Household of Sir Thomas More'?

'More has built,' Erasmus wrote, 'near London, upon the Thames, a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son, and his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen. Such is the excellence of his disposition that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he is as cheerful and as well pleased as though the best thing possible had been done. In More's house you would see that Plato's Academy was revived again, only, whereas in the Academy the discussions turned upon geometry and the power of numbers, the house at Chelsea is a veritable school of Christian religion. In it is none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle; the head of the house governs it not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting.'

It was Henry VIII who sought out More, and not More who sought the King's favor. Henry pressed his intimacy so far as to come informally and uninvited to dine at this lovely, patriarchal home, and to walk in More's garden with his arm around More's neck.

When William Roper commented on this extraordinary show of favor, More answered, 'I find his grace my very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go.'

And, indeed, it fell for less than that.

When More saw that Henry was determined to wed Anne

THE FAMILY OF SIR THOMAS MORE

Drawn by Hans Holbein the Younger as a scheme for a painting which has been lost

Boleyn, he resigned the Chancellorship, and left office as he had entered it, a poor man; calling together his children and grandchildren he said to them: 'If we wish to live together, you must be content to be contributories together. But my counsel is that we fall not to the lowest fare first: we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful men of great account and good years do live full well; which if we find ourselves the first year not able to maintain, then we will in the next year come down to Oxford fare, where many great learned and ancient fathers and doctors are continually conversant; while, if our purses stretch not to maintain neither, then may we after, with bag and wallet, go a-begging together, hoping that for pity some good folks will give us of their charity.'

Henry sent him a special invitation to attend Anne Boleyn's coronation, but More declined to go, 'and from that moment was marked out for vengeance.'

The first attempt was to charge him with treason. When this failed, More told his daughter 'that which is postponed is not dropped.'

He was again a good prophet.

The Act of Succession which Henry now set about enforcing required all persons to take an oath acknowledging that his marriage with Catherine of Aragon was against Scripture and invalid from the beginning. To this he knew that More would not subscribe; 'and the summons to take this oath,' Green says, 'was simply a summons to death. More was at his house at Chelsea when the summons called him to Lambeth, to the house where he had bandied fun with Warham and Erasmus or bent over the easel of Holbein. For a moment there may have been some passing impulse to yield. But it was soon over. "I thank the Lord," More said with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently

down the river from his garden steps in the early morning, "I thank the Lord that the field is won."'

Cranmer was there, and Latimer, and Bishop Fisher of Rochester. None of them had long to live! And in a very short time Cranmer, there in that selfsame place, would be urging Anne Boleyn to make those admissions wherefor he could declare *her* marriage 'against Scripture and invalid from the beginning'!

Now, westward still along Cheyne Walk, at least as far as 118, where Turner died.

Somewhere between 1847 and 1848 Turner strangely disappeared from his customary haunts. 'His Queen Anne Street house was closed,' Mr. Adcock says, 'the door kept locked, and his old housekeeper could only assure anybody who came that he was not there, and that she simply did not know where he had gone. For the next four years or so, until he was dying, no one succeeded in discovering his hiding-place. Now and then, in the meantime, he would appear in a friend's studio, or would be met with at one of the Galleries, but he offered no explanation of his curious behaviour, and allowed no one to obtain any clue to his whereabouts. . . . The fact is he was living at Cremorne Cottage, 118 Cheyne Walk. He was living there anonymously: a Mrs. Booth, whom he had known many years before when he stayed at her Margate boarding-house, was keeping house for him, and he was known in the neighborhood as Admiral Booth, a rumour having got about that he was a retired naval officer fallen on evil days. . . . Turner painted several pictures here; he frequently rose at daybreak, and, wrapped in a blanket or a dressing-gown, stood out on the roof, leaning over the railing to watch the sunrise and the play of light on the river opposite.'

Toward sunset, on December 19, 1851, he asked Mrs. Booth to wheel him to the window of his room on the sec-

ond floor; 'and so gazing out on the wonder of the darkening winter sky he passed quietly away with his head on her shoulder.'

So small was the shabby little house that the undertakers were unable to carry the coffin up the narrow staircase, and had to carry the body down to it. This, in preparation for sepulture beneath the great dome of Saint Paul's!

And now, for the delectable Tate Gallery, to revel in the pictures that Turner and Whistler and Rossetti painted, and in others of the various schools of British Art.

At Battersea Bridge, successor to the one so often put on canvas, take Bus Number 19, up King's Road (so named because Charles II so often traversed it to visit Nell Gwynne when she was living at Sandford Manor House, beyond where Turner died and now embodied in a gas works) to Sloane Square, where you can 'pick up' a Number 11 Bus for Victoria Street, as far as Great Smith Street (beside Dean's Yard, Westminster) and there take a Number 32 or Number 88 Bus to Vauxhall Bridge, and walk up Grosvenor Road to the Tate Gallery. This is indeed a 'roundabout way' to go a matter of two and a half miles; but I give it in case you do not find a taxi. At least you would find one in Sloane Square, if not on Cheyne Row.

If I don't loiter with you through the Tate Gallery, it isn't because I don't delight in being there, but because I never venture (as you know) to write about pictures save as any one may who walks among them wonderingly, reverently, but quite uncritically — passing dully by, to-day, what will leap to greet me on a later visit when something in my experience has led me to it and made it mine, and perhaps lingering over something which on another day I shall hardly note. For instance, there was a time, years back, when I paused to look at 'The Doctor,' by Fildes.

I don't do it now, because the poignancy of those parents' anxiety makes my heart ache too much. I look, instead, at Millais's 'Boyhood of Raleigh,' and I don't think as far ahead as the Tower and the Westminster scaffold, but only as far as the dreaming lad himself. I never tire of Orchardson's 'Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*,' and seem able to bear the terrific tragedy of that last gaze on France, whereas I shrink from the grief of those helpless parents in Fildes's picture.

Mere personal, emotional reactions to art seeming to me unworthy to offer any one else, I conserve my space when we come to galleries, where catalogues, labels, diagrams of the rooms, and other aids, make suggestions as superfluous as the 'conductor' I followed in the National Gallery on a recent visit. His was what an American 'Column conductor' would call 'zero in occupations.' Gesturing to group his flock before Van Dyck's huge equestrian portrait of Charles I, plainly labelled, as to subject and source, he ordered 'Note the portrait of Charles the First, by Van Dyck'; and when they had dutifully 'noted,' he galloped them down that long room and herded them again before Gainsborough's very familiar and equally labelled 'Mrs. Siddons,' announcing 'Here we have a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough.'

I hung on the outskirts of the herd, and followed till they came to Leonardo's 'Virgin of the Rocks.' 'This,' said our conductor, 'is by Leonardo da Vinci. You saw a picture of his in Paris — Mona Lisa.'

Now, there are other sorts of gallery tours, and many of them (I'm sure) serve a real purpose. But on the whole I believe I like 'groping' in a gallery — and 'conducting,' at times, in museums. As usual with me, though, I do not urge my preferences on any one else.

I do venture to say, though, that however much or little

you may like galleries in general, I'm almost sure you'll enjoy the Tate.

So I hope you'll not fail to go. And *then* go 'home,' to rest and read and write until it's time to think about dinner.

This dinner you may want to take at one of the smart restaurants like Claridge's, the Ritz or Savoy, where there is dancing on Sunday evenings during the late, leisurely dinner. If you don't start dining before nine, you will find yourself very much in the thick of the crowd, which is unusually gay and 'dressy' on Sunday evenings and likely to be thickly sprinkled with notables.

Or, you may be bent upon a concert, and not disposed for evening dress, and obliged to dine early. This might be the night for you to try Simpson's in the Strand (in the Savoy Court Building) for a good, plain dinner-from-the-joint. Never try soup in these places. I suspect that all soups in English restaurants are made either of beef extract and hot water, or of left-over gravy; at any rate, it is almost invariably dreadful, especially if French and Italian soups are a recent part of your dining experience.

And remember that salad is a practically unknown delight in England. You can get lettuce and salt, or a dressing in a bottle, but you must forget about those savory bowls of crisp greens that you loved on the Continent. Nor will you be enthusiastic about the saltless, half-cooked green cabbage and the inevitable boiled potato. But you'll get a delicious cut from a perfectly cooked joint, some memorable cheese (good French rolls, in Simpson's, which is operated by the Savoy), and if you want to preface these, do it with an order of boiled turbot or a never-to-be-forgotten lemon sole, or a helping of marvellous salmon cooked to perfection and lacking only a good sauce to make it fit for the gods. And if you can 'top off' with fresh berries and Devonshire cream, I'm sure you're an object for no man's pity.

Church services (Congregationalist or Independent) in the evening are at seven or even at six. So if you want to attend one of those, you might substitute a kind of 'high tea' for dinner, and have it at 5.30.

Lastly (in these suggestions, but by no means at the end of Sunday evening possibilities in London), you may take this evening to dine and stroll in Soho.

This part of London was settled in 1685 by Huguenots driven out of France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it is still predominantly French, though the character of its present population is quite different from that which Madame de Maintenon's stupid bigotry sent scurrying overseas.

The hapless, handsome Monmouth, Charles the Second's first-born son, had a mansion on the south side of the Square, and used 'So, ho!' an old harrier's cry, as his watch-word at the battle of Sedgemoor. And for some years after his death and the French influx, Soho Square was very fashionable — fringed all about, doubtless, by the streets of what we now call Soho district, tenanted by those hard-working, highly skilled Huguenots who have never had much to do with fashion, but a very great deal to do with thrift and sobriety and the God-fearing life. And then, as always and everywhere, artists and authors tended to seek a congenial economy and heartening esteem among the French. Perhaps it was before the encroaching tide of art and literature that fashion fled! At any rate, Soho has long since ceased to retain any but the faintest traces of elegance, and is now a swarming foreign quarter filled with cooks, waiters, and the keepers of small restaurants and shops of Continental flavor.

When I wander in Soho, as I am very fond of doing, I am always smitten with wonder as to *where* the French cooks, who fare thence and return thither, *function*. The res-

taurants of Soho cannot employ more than a score or two; the few big hotels which serve French cooking must absorb, daily, a few score more as chefs' assistants. But what becomes of the rest? Fashionable homes employ them, I suppose. These two hundred and forty years Soho has been full of French savor; and yet, within a block of Soho in any direction it is as true of London now as it was when Voltaire was here, that she has 'a hundred religions and one sauce.'

London flocks into Soho to dine; and then apparently goes home and worships its own gods and withholds savor from nearly everything.

Not knowing from what direction you may approach Soho, I won't attempt to lead you thither; but after you have dined will take you on a stroll which I think you will enjoy.

Kettner's, an old-established house now owned and managed by Giordano, who was head of the Savoy Restaurant, is the most elegant of the Soho restaurants, and much the most expensive. It vies in quality with many of the best in Paris. If you want a superlative meal, you can get it at Kettner's, Number 29 Church Street; but if there are two diners, and you have even a modest bottle of wine and an even more modest assortment of foods, you could scarcely manage on less than ten dollars.

The other Soho restaurants are much cheaper. The most-frequented is the Rendezvous, at 45 Dean Street, where there is a service staff of one hundred and fifty, and you may dine for about a dollar *table d'hôte*, or *à la carte* for any amount you choose.

I have known the Rendezvous for a good many years, and when it was smaller, and I was younger, I liked it better than I do now; but the difference may be in me as much as in the Rendezvous. And, anyway, it's a sort of 'insti-

tution'; so, if you are dining but once in Soho, and don't want to spend as much as you'd have to at Kettner's, I'd suggest that you try the Rendezvous. Dean Street runs southeast from Oxford Street; and the next street parallel with it, on the east, is Frith Street, with the Mars Restaurant at Number 19, with another 'dollar dinner' and a good *à la carte* bill.

Old Compton Street runs sort of northeast, crossing Frith Street two blocks south of Soho Square; and at 44 Old Compton Street is the Petit Riche, a little corner of old Brittany, which has been 'written into' more than one novel of London life. I once ate a pretty good Italian dinner at Hôtel d'Italie, 52 Old Compton Street; but it was a good while ago (before the War) and I don't know what it may be like now. These restaurants change proprietors rather frequently, and get better or less good in the change, just as restaurants do everywhere.

A distinguished French friend of mine, ferreting around in Soho during a brief visit to London, found Au Petit Savoyard, 35 Greek Street, much to his liking, and then took me there. I can't say that I liked it as much as he did; but then — ! I was living, as I always do, at the Savoy where the cooking is unexcelled by anything in Paris itself; and my Paris friend was a guest in one of those English houses where unsalted cabbage and thick white paste abound.

Greek Street is the next street east of Frith Street, and, like the latter and Dean Street, ends at Shaftesbury Avenue, the London 'Rialto.' The Astoria, Number 11 Greek Street, is recommended by some; but I have no personal knowledge of it.

While we are on the subject of foreign food in this quarter, I may say that discriminating French friends of mine have commended the Gourmet's at 47 Lisle Street, south

of Shaftesbury Avenue, and nearer to Leicester Square. And if you follow Shaftesbury Avenue, or Charing Cross Road, to Cambridge Circus, you will find West Street running southeast from the Circus, and there, opposite the Ambassadors' Theatre, is the Ivy Restaurant, deservedly popular with '*the* profession' and with members of kindred professions. Immediately to the east of West Street is Saint Martin's Lane, another theatre-lined thoroughfare. So, if you don't dine to-night at the Ivy, you will doubtless choose it on another evening when you are play-going hereabouts.

Suppose I assume that you have chosen either Kettner's or the Rendezvous ('cordin' to cash-in-hand) and are in the near vicinity of Saint Anne's Churchyard, where Hazlitt is buried.

If you came from the direction of Oxford Street, I hope you came down Poland Street and looked at Number 15, where Shelley found lodgings after being expelled from Oxford. He liked Poland Street because it reminded him of Thaddeus of Warsaw; and when he and Hogg found a 'lodgings-to-let' sign in the window of Number 15, Shelley declared, 'We must lodge here, should we sleep on the step of a door'; and, having found that a bedroom and sitting-room were available, he declared, 'We must stay here forever.'

That was in March. And the following August young Mr. Shelley, aged exactly nineteen, left Poland Street one evening, walked the quite considerable distance west and south to Mount Street, near Park Lane, and from a small coffee-house in Mount Street despatched a note to Harriet Westbrook, resident around the corner, telling her at what hour he would have a coach waiting at this coffee-house in readiness for her to 'fly' with him.

If, then, you returned to Oxford Street and continued

east on it to Soho Street, you saw Soho Square en route to dinner; but you may have been lured out of Poland Street into Great Marlborough Street in quest of the house (Number 54) where Sarah Siddons lived for twelve years.

In any event, here you are, at the south end of Soho; and it is for you to decide whether you wish to wander up Frith Street to the Square, and back on Greek Street to see where Hazlitt died (Number 6 Frith Street) with Lamb beside him when he went, and where the little Mozart lodged (Number 51 Frith Street) when he came here as a boy prodigy, with his father and sister; and to stand before Number 61 Greek Street, musing on De Quincey's stay there.

De Quincey, an orphan at odds with his guardians, ran away from the Manchester Grammar School in 1802, when he was only seventeen, and after wandering through Wales made his way to London where for two months he seldom slept under a roof and suffered — as he tells in his 'Confessions' — 'the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity.'

His misery was shared to a degree, and doubtless exceeded by many degrees, by the young street-walker named Ann, of whom he has left us such a tender picture.

'For many weeks,' he says, 'I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. . . . One night when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went, and we sat down on the steps of a house which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed.

Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps.'

With a cry of anguish she ran back to Oxford Street, and with the pennies that stood between her and starvation bought port wine and spices to restore him.

Soon after that, the coming on of a bitter winter drove him to seek shelter in a dirty, neglected, and seemingly unoccupied house at the corner of Greek Street and Soho Square (Number 61) which was tenanted, in a strange fashion, by a disreputable attorney who had to be forever dodging bailiffs and coming and going by stealth. This man had, however, an appreciation of the forlorn lad's abilities, and permitted him to sleep gratis in one of the empty, echoing rooms.

'There was no household or establishment,' De Quincey says; 'nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old... From this forlorn child I learned that she had lived and slept there for some time before I came.... The house was large, and from the want of furniture the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever, but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered in a garret an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to

me for warmth and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that in general she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not.'

After a period of this misery, De Quincey was able to negotiate a loan which set him on his feet and enabled him to go to Windsor where a friend of his family lived who might assist him. He paid Ann a part of what he owed her, and arranged that three nights later and every night thereafter until they should meet again, she would be at the corner of Titchfield Street, Soho, which runs west from Dean Street, for a tiny way, just below Oxford Street. On his return to London he was at the appointed corner night after night, but Ann never appeared; and though he searched diligently for her up and down Soho neighborhood he was unable to get any trace of the poor little creature. And much later, when he went back to Greek Street to see what could be done for the forlorn, terror-stricken child there, he was similarly unsuccessful.

The house-fronts in Greek Street may seem impassive to some who stroll in that unlovely thoroughfare, but to us they are penetrable, indeed, because books have not only made the brick and stone as glass, but have preserved behind them, forever, the actors of the human dramas that we love.

So, after you have stood before Number 61 Greek Street and watched young De Quincey entering, and have seen the wan little thing welcome him and perhaps show him some rag or other wisp of warmth she had scratched out of a garret hole, you will, doubtless, do a bit of wondering and imagining about other houses hereabouts, and the present dramas of which they may be the setting. To me, these after-dinner strolls in Soho's teeming streets are among the vividest of my London recollections and a phase of London

that I never miss on any visit. Like the Latins they are, the Soho-folk spend no time indoors that can be spent outdoors, and a very great deal of all that's interesting in life goes on in the streets, where you need have not the slightest hesitancy in wandering.

If you come down Greek Street from Soho Square to Shaftesbury Avenue, glance to your left, soon after you leave the Square, under an archway, and note Manette Street, so named because Dickens says Dr. Manette and Lucie lived in Soho. Do you remember the description of it?

'A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement in it. There were few buildings then north of the Oxford Road, and forest trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season. . . . In a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard, where a plane-tree rustled its green leaves, church organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of a wall of the front hall. . . . Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumoured to live upstairs, or of a dim coach-trimming-maker asserted to have a counting-house below, was ever heard or seen.'

It was here, you'll remember, that Darnay told of the discovery of the old, walled-up dungeon in the Tower of London, and caused poor Dr. Manette to recall such terrible memories of the Bastille that he started up in dismay.

This Manette Street may not have been the very one Dickens had in mind; but the thrilling thing is that he made Manette and Lucie and Darnay and Sydney Carton live here, forever, as veritably as Mrs. Siddons or William Blake or any others of the flesh-and-blood great folk who paid rent here at that very time. Yes, *more* so! For there must be thousands who live, breathless, with the Manettes in 'A Tale of Two Cities,' for every *one* who is conscious of Sarah Siddons's domestic griefs or even of her professional career what time she dwelt in Great Marlborough Street.

After you cross Shaftesbury Avenue, your next street south is Gerrard Street, where Dryden died (Number 43) and where Edmund Burke was living during the trial of Warren Hastings (Number 37), and, at the 'Turk's Head' Tavern, Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded their famous 'Literary Club.'

One of the satisfying chapters I know about the Club is that of Mrs. Clement Parsons in her delightful book, 'Garrick and His Circle.' Sir Walter Armstrong, in his biography of Reynolds, offers the opinion that Sir Joshua's object in founding the Club 'was simply to provide an arena in which Johnson could swing his club without restraint and his friends could enjoy and provoke his vigor.' But Mrs. Parsons says (and I incline to agree with her) that 'the primal idea of the Club was that it should consist of a few men of such calibre, that, even if only two turned up, each should be abundantly satisfied with his evening.'

'After the Dean of Derry had presented the members with a hogshead of claret, they were not above voting, when it was nearly out, that he should be asked, by the disinterested hand of Sam Johnson, to send them another. The Club fulfilled the definition of a club in Johnson's Dictionary — "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions" — and though the lexicographer him-

self said of it that everything might be learned by the conversation of the company, the impression we receive from the curiously slight and occasional reports Boswell and Langton have given of its symposia is not that the members were particularly Olympian when they collected round "the brown table" on their Monday evenings to eat stewed veal and pullets, and drink Dean Barnard's claret, but that they were extremely happy and *dégagés*. They made bad puns, and egged one another on to make worse; they delivered mock charges to new members; they encouraged Goldsmith to sing "An Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket"; they spent a quite unconscionable amount of their time in inquiring into the contents of the tavern larder. They were giants at play, and their toast was "*Esto perpetua.*"'

It is only with the supremest self-restraint that I shut up the books dealing with the Club and, without further quotation from their fascinating pages, urge you on your way. But if you love these personages as I do, slip in somewhere (perhaps to the hospitable shop of Bumpus, bookseller of quality and *to* quality, on Oxford Street), and nibble at this chapter of Mrs. Parsons's.

It ill-becomes an author to suggest nibbling. But, I don't know! Maybe you can nibble at a book like this, or in a shop like this, to no profit of author, publisher, or bookseller. But I know *I* can't! To nibble in Bumpus's is, with me, to spend, and spend, and spend — reckless of how I'm going to get 'em home, or how I'm to get *me* home, for that matter! So, if I lead you into temptation, it's no more than I've done to myself, countless times, and always without regret.

Then, come away from Gerrard Street, and turn to your right, out of Little Newport Street (which is as the continuation of Greek Street) into Lisle Street and thence down,

between Daly's Theatre and the Empire Music Hall, into Leicester Square.

Hogarth lived for more than a decade at the southeast corner of this Square, and perhaps you will meet his ghost hereabouts. I haven't done so, and can't introduce you. (There may not be a strict etiquette about meeting ghosts, but with me there's a strict honesty necessitated, not by my high principles, but by my low ability at *some* forms of pretence.)

To-night I'm not asking you to make a 'tour' of Leicester Square, but just to look well at Number 42 (which was Sir Joshua Reynolds's home for over thirty years) until the 'too, too solid' front dissolves before you, and lets you in, not to the auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, but to the home of Reynolds at the height of his fame.

He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his studio at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits, till eleven brought him a sitter; painted, with great celerity, till four; then dressed, and gave the evenings to company. Dukes and marchionesses and such folk, by day — an unending succession of them! — but Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke about his dinner table which was spread with a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. Sometimes, a meal prepared for seven or eight had to suffice for fifteen or sixteen. If you scrambled with good tactics for knife, plate, fork, glass, bread, you got a supply. If you were not alert, the slipshod, undisciplined domestics gave you scant assistance. Nothing was very good — except the company! Reynolds never offered to help anybody scramble, never paid attention to what they did or didn't do, but sat placidly through everything, just deaf enough to hear nothing disturbing, but not deaf enough to miss much that he desired to hear — al-

though Hannah More, who was entertained here, thought that his deafness was an embarrassment in a large party.

Now, go through Green Street, from the southeast corner of the Square (where Hogarth lived) to Charing Cross Road, and round the elbow of that, behind the National Portrait Gallery (to which I'm not 'taking' you, but which I heartily hope you won't miss). The National Gallery I'm leaving you to explore whenever you have the mood and the time for its treasures; and it is so conveniently located, so very conveniently arranged, that there is no question of having to walk a mile, as at the Louvre, to reach what you want to see — a half-minute from the door, in any one of three directions, and you are in the midst of masterpieces.

Then, if you want to meet Sir Isaac Newton, turn up Saint Martin's Street to Number 35, where he spent what he himself declared were the happiest years of his life. Here, too, I'd love to stop, and gossip about those trifles which bring the giants briefly to a level where we little folk can see them. Dr. Johnson said that if Newton had lived in ancient Greece he would have been worshipped as a divinity. And a 'meek, sedate, and humble' divinity he would have been — absent-minded, but finding such good company within himself that he was seldom ruffled.

But we must 'home and to bed' like Mr. Pepys, or you'll not be up betimes to-morrow.

If you have had Chelsea to-day, and the Tate, and Soho, I'll wager that you've laid up memories which will keep you affluent through many lean years.

And now, in the hope that your London stay may include two Sundays, I'm going to give you a programme for another day not a whit less interesting.

As you began the other Sunday with a group of old soldiers awaiting the 'one clear call' of Last Muster, I am pro-

posing that you begin this second Sunday with a group of fresh-faced little foundlings, facing the great adventure, life, with the happy courage of ignorance.

The Piccadilly Tube, which you may take at Piccadilly Circus or at Leicester Square, will whisk you to Russell Square (fourth station beyond the Circus) 'in no time.' Turn east, in Guilford Street, to the Foundling Hospital, which you should reach a little before eleven, and seek a seat in the gallery of the chapel.

Two hundred years ago, old Captain Thomas Coram — who lived (when he was ashore) at Rotherhithe, east of Bermondsey, on the Surrey side of the river, where hardly anybody lives except folk who go down to the sea in ships or who load ships and unload them — used to be much distressed by the numbers of deserted children he saw when he went to and from the City. As a result of his distress, plus his efforts and his money, this Hospital was begun in 1742, in what was then a district of open spaces and fields. He gave all he had, that great-hearted old seafarer; and in his old age his friends collected a pension for him, which he accepted with simple dignity, saying, 'I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in this my old age I am poor.'

His body lies beneath the chapel, and his beautiful spirit pervades the whole institution and almost overflows upon the neighborhood. (I don't know anybody who lives in Great Coram Street or in Little Coram Street. But I have a conviction that if one were *mean* he couldn't bear that address.) There are now nearly seven hundred boys and girls here, many of the boys being trained to play in army bands (just think of the foot-stirring, heart-lifting rhythm those lusty young lungs are going to send into the world's ether waves!) and the girls for domestic service. They are

the children of women known to have been of good character except for the bringing of a little child into a world ill-constituted to receive it. (And what a sense of shame one has in writing that down as an 'exception' to good character which may only have meant more love than prudence, more instinct than sagacity!) The children are never adopted; their mothers may always claim them and take them away if they can prove their ability to care for them properly.

Hogarth loved this place, and wrote, 'The portrait I painted with the utmost pleasure and in which I particularly wished to excel was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital.' The Hospital has two other Hogarth pictures, and a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Raphael cartoon, and a portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of Handel, who also loved the Hospital and used to conduct benefit performances of 'The Messiah' here in this chapel, sometimes realizing as much as a thousand pounds from a single rendition. The manuscript of 'The Messiah' is here, and the organ is Handel's gift.

Dickens had a seat in this chapel for ten years, and besides what he wrote about the Hospital in 'Little Dorrit,' he made it the subject of a story in *Good Words*, and the manuscript of *that* is preserved here.

You may or may not hear such a sermon as Mr. Lucas heard here, when the preacher, addressing hundreds of just such boys and girls as you see in their quaint costumes, referred to 'the two bulky volumes on Persia by Mr. George Curzon, which doubtless many of you have read.' But you will certainly hear music that you'll never forget, and see a sight that will linger long and sweetly in your memory. And after the service you will be shown over the institution and permitted to see the children at dinner. A donation is expected, and I'm sure I don't need to say that I hope yours will be made in Captain Coram's spirit.

Crossing Guilford Street just east of the Hospital is Doughty Street, at Number 48 in which Dickens lived for two years after leaving Furnival's Inn. Here he wrote 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby.'

His daughter Mamie was born here. And here his young sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, died, at the age of seventeen. 'Waking or sleeping,' he wrote to her mother a few months later, 'I have never lost the recollection of our hard sorrow, and I never will.' 'I dreamed of her every night and day for weeks,' he said, 'and always with a kind of quiet happiness which became so pleasant to me that I never lay down to sleep without the hope of the vision returning.' And more than thirty years afterwards, he wrote of Mary, 'She is so much in my thoughts at all times, especially when I am successful, that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beating of my heart is.'

In one of his letters written from here he says he is 'sitting patiently at home waiting for Oliver Twist, who has not yet arrived.' In another, 'Nancy is no more.' Again, to Forster, 'Don't let us ride till to-morrow, not having disposed of the Jew, who is such an out-and-outer that I don't know what to make of him.'

But, best of all, from here he wrote, under date of December 12, 1838, to a little boy who had made some suggestions for 'Nicholas Nickleby,' then appearing:

'Respected Sir: I have given Squeers one cut on the neck, and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised, and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him — wouldn't you?

'I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter and some wine. I am sorry you did not say what wine you would

like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too. Nick has had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he would never have left off. I also gave him three pounds in money, all in sixpences to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. . . . Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I do not think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it, and what I say is that I hope it may.'

This Doughty Street house has recently been bought for preservation as a Dickens memorial and museum. I'm afraid you can't go into it to-day, but you can walk by; and, there being no Sunday-closing laws to the *mind*, you can imagine the very small, compact, energetic figure of Dickens, passing in and out. Perhaps he has on the green overcoat with red cuffs, and the green waistcoat with gold flowers, and many rings, and an excessive watch chain. The pathetic little blacking-smeared boy of Warren's rat-infested factory, had gaudy tastes in finery when he woke to find himself, at twenty-four, the most-talked-of man in England. But I'm sure you'll only smile, tenderly, at the red cuffs and the proclamatory gold chain, as a manifesta-

tion of his immortal childishness. And I hope you'll catch a good glimpse of the superb blue eyes, the sensitive, expressive mouth, and feel that in his face which Leigh Hunt felt: 'It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings.'

Doughty Street changes its name to John Street and leads, in a very short walk, to Gray's Inn, which has more than five and a half centuries of association with the law, so that it was an eminently suitable place for Shakespeare to produce his 'Comedy of Errors.'

Samuel Pepys wrote: 'When church was done my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes.' Even if you could get into the Gardens (which Sir Francis Bacon laid out) you would find no parade of fashion there, but you can peer through the iron gate which bars you from closer acquaintance; and you may console yourself with the reflection that even if it stood open and inviting, you would hardly have time to linger here. The Temple, and a glimpse at Lincoln's Inn, are as much of Inns of Court as a hurried sight-seer may hope to crowd into a week or ten days of London.

If you follow Gray's Inn Road south to Holborn, you will find yourself facing the picturesque façade of Staple Inn. Turn west in Holborn here; and if you're very hungry you may want to continue in Holborn as far as Kingsway, and lunch at the huge Holborn Restaurant. Or, you may turn down Kingsway to Aldwych, and lunch at the Waldorf Hotel. Another possibility is Connaught Rooms, at 61 Great Queen Street, close to where Sheridan wrote 'The School for Scandal' and Boswell wrote much of his 'Life of Dr. Johnson.' Great Queen Street runs southwest from Kingsway, 'the second turning on the right' coming from Holborn. But whether Connaught Rooms serve the hungry at midday on Sundays, and what may be the quality

of their food when they *do* serve, I cannot say, not having tried them.

Trinity Church, on your right-hand side of Kingsway coming from Holborn southward toward Great Queen Street, is on the site of the house in Little Queen Street (demolished when Kingsway was cut through), wherein 'poor dear, dearest' Mary Lamb, as Charles wrote of her to Coleridge, in a fit of insanity murdered her mother.

Supposing you to have lunched at the Holborn Restaurant, and to have thought tenderly of Charles and Mary as you passed the site of their great tragedy, I suggest that at Great Queen Street you cross Kingsway and enter Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Unfortunately, you cannot visit Sir John Soane's Museum to-day. But mark it well, I pray you, and return to it on some Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday, after 10.30. You will find details about it in your guide-book, so I'll not repeat them here. But as guide-books are, perforce, inclusive and not selective, one does not always readily gather from them just which places ought not to be missed in even the briefest stay. 'Temerarious,' indeed, is any one who assumes to say for a large and varied travelling public what should at all events be seen in London (or anywhere!); but even I, who so dislike to say 'Thou shalt' or 'Thou shalt not,' venture the suggestion that if some museums in London must be slighted, let it be the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery rather than the Tate, the Wallace Collection, and the Soane. I feel positively blasphemous as I write these words — loving the National Galleries as I do. But if you have been on the Continent or are going on it, what you should see in London, if you *must* miss some collections, is not so much what London has of Continental masters as what she has of British art; and although it is hard to see the best of this without

seeing those four superb rooms (XXII–XXV) in the National Gallery, it is *impossible* to think of British art without being able to think of the Tate Gallery. And as for the Wallace and Soane Collections, I offer the opinion that, while neither of them is in any degree comparable to such a treasure-house as the National Gallery, each of them has the great charm of personality, of having been brought together by an individual who lived with his treasures and left them, housed as he dwelt among them, for others to enjoy after him. The Poldi-Pezzoli Museo at Milan, the Jacquemart-André Musée at Paris, the Soane Museum at Number 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester Square — these I'd see without fail. And almost equally without fail, in London, I'd have at least a glimpse of the Elgin and Ephesus rooms at the British Museum. And I wouldn't leave London without having an impression, of some sort and extent, of the South Kensington or Victoria and Albert Museum. London Museum I'd see, if I had time for no more than a quick walk through the stately drawing-rooms of Lancaster House, and a few minutes with those Joicey Models of Old London, in the basement.

And I'd sacrifice something, or make some extra effort, to see Leighton House (in Holland Park Road, Number 12), not because either house or contents transcend many other things that London has, but because I so firmly believe that we get nearer to the sort of feeling about London that we want for our reading about her and her sons and daughters, if we see some of her domestic interiors associated with interesting persons and coteries. In any case, I'd go to Kensington (where Leighton House is) to take mental snapshots of that district, even if I had to do it cruising about in a taxi some afternoon when I was too tired to walk.

A few pages farther on, I'll give you 'an itinerary' for such a cruise; and also one for an eastward cruise which will take you to another museum I think you'll be glad not to miss: the Geffrye Museum, in Hoxton.

Just now, we must go on our circuit of Lincoln's Inn Fields, after you have marked Sir John Soane's house, in the middle of the north side.

Where do you want to linger? Many worthies lived here, but there are a number of them with whom I've never got well enough acquainted to feel warranted in asking you to visit them; and others I find more hospitable elsewhere — Tennyson, for instance. I don't pretend to be on an easy footing with John Forster, who retained his bachelor chambers at Number 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields even after he married, in 1856, but I'd venture there with Dickens, and take my friends, too. Do you recall Dickens's description of them as Mr. Tulkinghorn's in 'Bleak House'? 'Here, in a large house, formerly a house of state, lives Mr. Tulkinghorn. It is let off in sets of chambers now; and in those shrunken fragments of its greatness, lawyers lie like maggots in nuts.'

In Forster's rooms, though, was much merriment. 'I'm told,' Dickens wrote to one of his American friends, 'there is a sound in Lincoln's Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine-glasses.'

I dare say you know the story of that dinner, one night when Dickens was present, whereat the boiled beef (what we in America call 'corned' beef) was set upon the table unaccompanied by the usual carrots. Pompous, blust'ring Forster rang the bell, and said to the maid, 'Mary! Carrots!' Mary replied that there 'weren't none'; to which Forster, with a dignified wave of the hand, decreed, 'Mary, let there be carrots!'

I want to know what Mary did! But I'm afraid I shall never find out.

Then there's the other dinner-story of Forster, when he was entertaining Count D'Orsay, shouting above the hub-bub of conversation, to his servant Henry (perhaps Mary had been discharged on account of the carrots), 'Good Heavens, sir, butter for the Count's flounders!'

Nell Gwynne was living in Lincoln's Inn Fields when she gave birth to a son whose paternity the King at once acknowledged. This was the future Duke of Saint Albans.

But what you will, I think, care most to know about this vicinity is that the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre stood in Portugal Row which was just at the back of the Royal College of Surgeons, on the south side of the Square. Here for the first time in England regular stage scenery was used and here, first, women played the feminine rôles which, previous to the Restoration, were always played by men. Nell Gwynne acted here. Here Samuel Pepys first saw 'Hamlet.' Here John Rich, in 1728, produced John Gay's 'Beggar's Opera,' which made 'Gay rich and Rich gay,' and made Lavinia Fenton, the first 'Polly Peachum,' Duchess of Bolton in real life. Did you notice Hogarth's picture of Lavinia as 'Polly' in the Tate Gallery? And his other canvas of a 'Scene from The Beggar's Opera'?

This theatre was known as 'the Duke's House' in compliment to the Duke of York (later James II) as the theatre in Drury Lane was known as 'the King's House.' They were the only licensed theatres in London for a considerable time.

Walk through Lincoln's Inn, to Chancery Lane; and out through the fine old Gatehouse. All this vicinity is closely identified with 'Bleak House.' As you go south in Chancery Lane, note (if you love historic documents) the Public Record Office, and resolve to make your way thither some

LINCOLN'S INN HALL, CHAPEL, AND CHANCERY COURT

From a print published in 1830

afternoon other than Saturday or Sunday, between two and four, and spend a fascinated hour or more.

I'd like to lure you on to Fetter Lane, the next street east of Chancery Lane which connects Fleet Street with Holborn — if only to let you glimpse Nevill's Court. But if it is nearing three o'clock, I think you should make your way by Middle Temple Lane toward the Temple Church, where you will, I hope, enjoy the fine choral service in that edifice of such extraordinary interest.

After it is over, you will (I know) wish to linger beside Goldsmith's grave, just north of the choir; and then to make your way to Number 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple Lane, and picture it in Goldsmith's day.

His first residence in The Temple was in Garden Court, Middle Temple, where he seems to have written 'The Traveller,' which appeared at Christmas, 1764, and was an instantaneous success, hastening the publication of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' which made Goldsmith at once a popular novelist. He then wrote 'The Good-Natured Man,' which Garrick refused for Drury, but which was produced at Covent Garden and, although an indifferent success, netted Goldsmith five hundred pounds.

Now he was rich! He took three rooms at Number 2 Brick Court, paying four hundred pounds for the lease, and then went quite wild in the matter of furnishings — mahogany sofas, card-tables, bookcases, Wilton carpets; mirrors; curtains; — and still madder in the purchase of gaudy apparel, and the giving of noisy parties which greatly disturbed Blackstone, busy in the chambers below with his to-be-famous 'Commentaries.'

Here Goldsmith wrote parts at least of 'The Deserted Village,' and perhaps all of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which was produced at Covent Garden in 1773. Here, also, he wrote — pot-boilers, funny in their ignorance but charm-

ing in their style — school histories of Greece, Rome, and England; and that extraordinary 'Natural History,' full of gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. 'If,' said Dr. Johnson, 'he can tell a horse from a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy.' Nevertheless, he got eight hundred guineas for the book. And it doubtless made some urchins incline to natural history!

When he lay dead, here, the staircase was filled with mourners, 'outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable.' Burke, when told that 'Goldie' was dead, burst into tears. And Reynolds, in Leicester Square, laid aside his brush, left his studio, and entered it no more that day.

I'd wander a bit, before leaving the Temple precincts. Then, out into Fleet Street and the Strand, and along the crescent of Aldwych to where Catherine Street runs into it, almost at its western tip.

The Drury Lane Theatre which we enter from Catherine Street, and which you'll doubtless attend some evening during your stay, is not much more than a century old; but Edmund Kean played in it, and Macready. Of the four theatres that have succeeded one another on this site, the second is the one with the most glorious associations — the one of which Garrick was manager for nearly thirty years; where he acted with Peg Woffington and tried to act with Sarah Siddons when the audience found her efforts too contemptible even to hiss. In that theatre, later, she scored her great triumphs; there Sheridan, during his long management, produced his brilliant comedies; there Johnson, in a scarlet waistcoat and a gold-laced hat (can you imagine him?), sat in a box, unruffled, while the audience shrieked 'Murder!' as his 'Irene' was played. And so on, and on; the associations of that house — succeeding the one

wherein Nell Gwynne played — are all but endless. I dare say that to you, as to me, the name 'Drury Lane' is evocative of ghosts without number; and that as you sit even in this comparatively modern building at a play, the drama wherewith your mind is busy is not all enacted on the boards.

I am intensely conscious of Garrick here; and of Siddons. Less so of her brother, John Philip Kemble, and even of Sheridan.

I see Davy Garrick (stage-struck since he was eleven and acting in an amateur performance at the Bishop's Palace in Lichfield, the play being 'The Recruiting Officer,' Davy's part that of a Sergeant, and Samuel Johnson, aged nineteen, in the audience) hanging about here after he and Johnson had together descended upon the metropolis, home-made plays bulging the sides of their otherwise lean luggage. (Johnson had 'Irene' with him; but it was to be twelve years before he had need of that waistcoat for its première.) Davy went to Lincoln's Inn to study law; but he spent more time hereabouts. Then came the period of being a wine merchant at Durham Yard, till the legacy left by his uncle was quickly gone because Davy's mind was on plays and not on 'port.' He was in the two licensed theatres incessantly, and among the coffee-houses of this neighborhood, then London's Rialto, and his marvellous gift of mimicry created, we know, a sensation among the histrions. Eager Davy understudied every part, from that of manager almost to that of call-boy, hoping to 'sidle in' at some emergency.

There was a newly enacted law by which no theatres but two, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had permission to call themselves theatres, or to take money for dramatic performances. So, what the others did was to give concerts, in two parts, with acting between, the acting 'performed gratis by persons for their diversion.'

It was at such a concert, in Goodman's Fields 'late theatre' (up Minories, north of the Tower), that Davy got his chance, on Monday, October 19, 1741, playing Richard III. The next morning, the *Daily Post* described his reception as 'the most extraordinary and great that was ever known.'

After that there was a 'string of glass coaches choking the way from Temple Bar to Goodman's Fields,' and the town was described as 'horn-mad after him,' there being not only 'a dozen Dukes of a night' to see him act, but greater eminences, like Pope, who said, 'That young man never had his equal as an actor; and he will never have a rival.'

Day after day, Davy dined with noblemen who assured him that he was 'only born to act what Shakespeare writ.'

The following October, Davy was installed at Drury Lane, of which, five years later, he (at the age of thirty) became manager.

When he began playing here, Davy and Peg Woffington (with whom he was ardently in love) and Macklin (the Irish actor, who, like his countrywoman Peg, was a pioneer in that 'natural' as opposed to declamatory acting which Garrick now made the vogue) set up housekeeping together at Number 6 Bow Street; and the following year, Davy and Peg sought another nest, without Macklin. They paid the household bills 'turn about'; one month Davy paid, and the next month Peg. And it was during one of Davy's months that he restrained Peg from adding an extra spoonful of tea to the brew she was making for Sam Johnson.

Ah, me! I'd like nothing better than to loaf hereabouts with Garrick for pages on pages. But we can't do it now. He wanted to marry Peg, but she, as Mrs. Parsons says in that delightful book to which I've already commended you, 'could not be cast for the wife's part in any "Constant

Couple" of real life.' So their domestic association ceased, after two years, though their dramatic association continued for some time. It seems to have been Garrick's one 'affair.' He married, in 1749, Eva Violette, a Viennese dancer of mysterious origin, and in thirty-one years of wedded life was never parted from her for a day.

It was near the end of his career at Drury that he wrote to a theatrical man he knew at Liverpool, 'Have you ever heard of a woman Siddons who is strolling about somewhere near you?'

The woman Siddons (born Kemble) was twenty years old, mother of an infant son and expecting to become a mother for the second time — which, a little later, she did, immediately after a performance at Gloucester.

Seven weeks after the second baby came, Garrick put her on, here at Drury, as Portia. She wore a faded, salmon-colored sack and skirt, 'second hand.' She was so nervous that she tottered and trembled, and her voice could not get over the footlights.

She was billed only as 'a Young Lady,' but she and her husband had been engaged for the season.

Garrick really struggled with her through the season, and gave her every opportunity; but she was not ready for it. Her chagrin at not being reëngaged caused her to go into a decline. But 'for the sake of my poor children,' she wrote many years later, 'I roused myself to shake off this despondency, and my endeavours were blest with success, in spite of the degradation I had suffered in being banished from Drury Lane as a worthless candidate for fame and fortune.'

In a later chapter we shall meet 'Mrs. Siddons of the Bath Theatre.' At Drury Lane she reappeared in October, 1782

'On this eventful day,' she wrote, 'my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accom-

panied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly. At length I was called to my fiery trial. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined, as it were, with human intellect from top to bottom and all around, may, perhaps, be imagined, but can never be described, and can never be forgotten.'

Her success was almost instantaneous, and at the close of the tragedy ('Isabella') literally the greater part of the spectators were too ill of emotional exhaustion to use their hands in applause.

'I reached my own quiet fireside,' she wrote, 'on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal meat supper in a silence uninterrupted except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons (who had been too agitated to venture near the theatre). My father enjoyed his refreshments, but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night.'

The lodging of 'Sally and Sid' (as they were called in the family) at this momentous time was at Number 149 Strand, where now (I think) part of the Savoy stands.

If I seem, in wandering hereabouts, to feel on very intimate terms with 'Sally,' it is due in no small measure to the same delightful writer, Mrs. Clement Parsons, whose 'Garrick and His Circle' is equalled, if not surpassed, by

her 'The Incomparable Siddons.' Own them both, I urge. Not many books on my shelves are oftener in my hands.

'The Rivals,' Sheridan's first play, was first produced at Covent Garden, in 1775 — the year in which Sarah Siddons made her humiliating first appearance at Drury. Sheridan was twenty-four, the age that Garrick was when he leaped to celebrity at Goodman's Fields. In 1777, Sheridan became manager of Drury Lane, and on the 8th of May, in that year, 'The School for Scandal' was presented at Drury, Garrick writing the Prologue for it. Before he was forty, Sheridan had ceased to be a dramatist.

Now, wander in Russell Street, alongside Drury Lane Theatre. Toward the end of 1817, Charles and Mary Lamb, who had been living for eighteen years in The Temple, took lodgings at Number 20 Russell Street, a house which was formerly part of Will's famous coffee-house.

'Here we are,' Charles wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth, 'transplanted from our native soil. I thought we could never be torn up from The Temple. Indeed it was an ugly wrench, but like a tooth, now 'tis out, and I am easy. We never can strike root so deep in any other ground. This, where we are, is a light bit of gardener's mould, and if they take us up from it, it will cost no blood and groans, like mandrakes pulled up. We are in the individual spot I like best in all this great city. The theatres, with all their noises. Covent Garden, dearer to me than any gardens of Alcinous, where we are morally certain of the earliest peas and 'sparagus. Bow Street, where the thieves are examined within a few yards of us. Mary had not been here four-and-twenty hours before she saw a thief. She sits at the window working; and casually throwing out her eyes, she sees a concourse of people coming this way, with a constable to conduct the solemnity. These little incidents agreeably diversify a female life.'

While living here, Lamb contributed the 'Essays of Elia' to the *London Magazine*. And here he continued his evenings at home: 'Cards and cold mutton in Russell Street on Friday at eight and nine. Gin and jokes from one-half past that time to twelve.'

At Number 8 Russell Street, Boswell first met Johnson. It was then (1763) occupied by Thomas Davies, an actor who had retired from the stage and opened a bookseller's shop there. He knew Johnson, who frequently visited him, and Boswell went again and again to Davies's shop in the hope of meeting 'the great Cham of letters.'

'At last,' Boswell wrote, 'on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies, having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my lord, it comes!" . . . Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell him where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." He retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three

shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." . . . I now felt myself much mortified'; but Davies, when Boswell was leaving, said, 'Don't be uneasy; I can see he likes you very well.'

On May 24th, Boswell went to call on Johnson in Inner Temple Lane.

'He received me very courteously, but it must be confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings were ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly peculiarities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. . . . He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit.'

Johnson had had thirty years of drudgery, and was enjoying indolence. For some years he was a talker, not a writer; and it must have seemed to many besides Boswell a waste of great talent. But of the many who so thought, it was the little Scot who turned what might have been near-waste, spent upon coffee-house groups, into one of the delightfullest books in the world, wherein Johnson talks for all time to all generations.

Whither you may care to betake yourself from Russell Street, I cannot guess.

But in case you should feel like a taxi-cruise to Kensington, ask your driver to take you by way of The Mall, Constitution Hill, and Park Lane, to Marble Arch; then, along Bayswater Road and up Kensington Park Road as far as Cornwall Road, so as to come back to Holland Park Avenue by way of Ladbrook Grove. I can't tell you just why I specially like this section of London: it is for no definite reason. I have good friends who live hereabouts, and I love going to their homes; but I don't think that is the whole reason why I find this district of unfailing interest. I don't know many things about it — and there are many to know; for one of my distinguished and delightful hostesses hereabouts has written an important book about this Notting Hill neighborhood. It just appeals to me — that's all I can say; I like to go up and down its streets and crescents and gardens and squares, and 'make up,' child-fashion, such stories about them and the people who frequent them as the story-book-makers have not yet had time to spin. You may not care for it at all, even as a restful change after a stroll. Perhaps I wouldn't, either, if I had never gone there except in a cruising taxi. But I don't know —! I think there are neighborhoods (as I *know* there are people!) whose attractiveness one feels on even slight acquaintance. And I am persuaded that most visitors to London get an insufficiently varied impression of how London *lives*. I never tire, for instance, of that ride along Bayswater to Paddington. And it may be that you will like to stop for a few minutes, soon after you leave Marble Arch, at the little Chapel of the Ascension, built for private prayer and meditation, as a memorial to Russell Gurney. It is a beautiful and impressive place, and I find that those who have visited it speak of it as something they would have been sorry to miss. Laurence Sterne was buried in the cemetery (now a recreation-ground) adjoining, but it is doubtful if his body

is still there — though his grave is. And at Number 10 Hyde Park Place, close by, is the smallest house in London, consisting of just one room.

When you reach the foot of Ladbrook Grove, cross Notting Hill High Street to Campden Hill Road, and follow that to Campden Hill, where Holly Lodge is (Lord Macaulay's last home, wherein he died); and at the west end of Campden Hill turn into Holland Park Walk, bordering the eastern edge of Holland Park. This road ends at Kensington Road. And if you want to look at Leighton House (which you cannot enter unless you take this drive on a week-day), you drive to the other side of Holland Park and into Holland Park Road. Just west of here (not five minutes' drive) is Olympia, the huge glass-roofed building covering six acres, where exhibitions of various sorts are held. And if you go that far, you'll probably want to cross Hammersmith Road to North End Road, where you'll find Samuel Richardson's country house, 'The Grange,' now divided into two houses (Numbers 111 and 113), in one of which Sir Edward Burne-Jones lived for twenty-one memorable years.

Many are the stories told of pompous little Richardson, who took too seriously the adulations of his lady readers. But one of the stories at least you'll wish to recall. Boswell tells it: 'One day at his country house at North End, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance — that he had seen his "Clarissa" lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman, "I think, sir,

you were saying something about —" pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference remarked, "A mere trifle, sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much.'

Now, back to Hammersmith Road, and along it, eastward, when it changes its name to Kensington Road and Kensington High Street.

If you visited Young Street, where Thackeray wrote 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and 'Henry Esmond,' and Palace Green, where he died, on your first afternoon in London, you may take another route home, now. If you did not, you will find Young Street on your right just before you get to Kensington Gardens, and Palace Green on your left, facing the Gardens.

Should there be young persons in your company (young persons of any age!), this latter part of Sunday afternoon might be spent most memorably in Kensington Gardens, locating the spots identified with 'Peter Pan,' whose statue stands there. Ah! but I'd like a chapter for just this! But why — ? Barrie and Rackham are yours to command, and no one can ever add aught to what they have done for Kensington Gardens. I'd have one 'loiter' there at any cost, while I was in London. And I'd have a copy of 'Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens' with me. And I'd be sure it had Arthur Rackham's illustrations. Suppose you *do* have to buy the book 'on purpose,' and can't carry it with you on your further travels, and have to give it to a youngster in the gardens! Just suppose! Think how many things there are in London on which it is easily possible to spend more money and buy infinitely less pleasure.

VII

THIS AND THAT

Into this final chapter on London and its environs I shall try to get as many as possible of such suggestions as seem likely to be serviceable to you, but for which I could not make a place in the preceding programmes.

First of all, about places to dine. Lunching places must be sought close to where we happen to be at luncheon time. But dinner in London is practically always a function to which we proceed from our hotel after some due preparation; and it seemed as if your convenience might be best served by gathering together in one place a number of dinner 'possibilities' so that you can look them over when planning your evening.

If you are going to the theatre, you must dine early — by seven o'clock, at which time those persons who are to make dining the main business of their evening have scarcely started to dress for it. So it is a mistake to choose for theatre evenings one of the places where you want to see the people as well as to enjoy the food and get to the theatre in time for the play.

The Soho restaurants about which I told you in our previous chapter are very popular with theatre-goers. Many of the theatres are in that vicinity, and one does not need a taxi to go from restaurant to theatre. For that matter, though, no one need deny himself the comfort of a taxi for theatre-going in London; for it seldom happens that the distance is such that the fare is more than a shilling. This, for two people, with a threepenny tip, means a little under thirty cents.

Simpson's in the Strand (Savoy Court Buildings) is another favorite for early diners, theatre-bound — and very convenient to the Adelphi, Aldwych, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Gaiety, Kingsway, Little, Lyceum, Savoy, Strand, and Vaudeville theatres. An alternative choice for this vicinity is Romano's Restaurant in the Strand (Number 399, opposite the Cecil Hotel), which is a favorite with journalistic, sporting, and theatrical folk; there is good Continental cooking, and the prices are moderate. Likewise, there is Gatti's, at 436 Strand and 5 to 9 Adelaide Street, where one may eat (a very great many people *do!*) before going to the very early performance at the Coliseum, for instance, which begins at 7.45. All I can say of Gatti's is that it is a place where it is possible to eat if convenience be served thereby.

The theatres in and near Saint Martin's Lane (the Duke of York's and the New, in Saint Martin's Lane — which runs north from Trafalgar Square, from Saint Martin's-in-the Fields — and the Garrick and Wyndham in Charing Cross Road, running parallel and just west; and Saint Martin's Theatre, Daly's, the Alhambra, Hippodrome, and Empire, all within a minute's walk, or so) are quickly reached, on foot, from these restaurants: The Ivy, in West Street, running southeast from Cambridge Circus toward Saint Martin's Lane (I spoke of this in our previous chapter); the Cavour, Number 20 Leicester Square, another favorite rendezvous for sportsmen and journalists, and moderate in price; Les Gourmets, 49 Lisle Street, north of Leicester Square.

Should you be going to the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Comedy, the Haymarket, His Majesty's, you will find the *table d'hôte* dinner (at six shillings) excellent at the Pall Mall Restaurant, adjoining the Haymarket Theatre. The *table d'hôte* luncheon here, at four shillings, is one of the best

of its kind and price I have eaten in London. I'm not partial to *table d'hôte;* but I enjoy it at the Pall Mall, and can subscribe to the motto of the proprietors: 'Come, and you'll come again.' On the other side of Haymarket is the Carlton Hotel; I wouldn't select its main dining-room for a dinner as hurried as a before-the-theatre dinner must be. But if I wanted a superfine little dinner *à la carte,* and didn't mind paying top price for it, I'd go to the Carlton Grill, in the basement. I *might* go to Scott's Fish House, at 18 Coventry Street — but I don't think I would. I don't find their prices justified by their quality. But, of course, you may differ from me in that. I'd be much more likely to dine at Jules's, 85 Jermyn Street, running west from Haymarket, and take a perfectly safe 'chance' with the *table d'hôte* there.

Many discriminating diners like the Monico, in Piccadilly Circus. It is crowded and gay and 'mixed' and a bit noisy. The service is entirely *à la carte.* Then there is the Criterion Restaurant (above the Criterion Theatre) in Piccadilly Circus. It is a big, bustling place, with many rooms (dining-rooms, banquet-rooms, ballrooms, etc.) and an enormous number of patrons. There is a six-shilling-and-sixpence *table d'hôte* dinner, and (I think) a five-shilling one; and each course is served by a separate and special waiter who handles only that one thing. This seems to work very well where speed is a consideration, as it apparently is with most patrons of the Criterion. By which I mean that my own impressions of it are that it is not a place where people linger; it caters to persons who want expeditious serving — which all of us do, at times.

Another big and bustling place with gay music and good food is the Trocadero, in Shaftesbury Avenue, beyond Piccadilly Circus to the north. If I were going there, it would be when I had tickets for the Apollo, the Globe, the Lyric, the Queen's, the Palace or Pavilion or Shaftesbury Theatres

— the same which are convenient to Soho restaurants. But hereabouts I'd have a bewildering choice, including the Royal and the Imperial on Regent Street, both of which are so good that I'd hate to hurry away from them, so I'd probably 'save' them for a non-theatre night — although I might, when hurried, try the grill or the Brasserie at the Imperial (60 Regent Street and 7 Glasshouse Street, practically at Piccadilly Circus). The Royal, popular with French and Belgian visitors, is a few doors farther north on Regent Street, at Number 68.

Some evening (one at *least*) you'll surely dine at the Savoy. But make a function of it. Dine at eight or eight-thirty, and go downstairs at ten, perhaps, for the ballroom dancing on that marvellous floor, to music which certainly is not excelled, of its sort, in the world; the merest recollection of it sets my feet tingling. The food at the Savoy is not surpassed anywhere in the world, I think; the service is perfection; and there is always a fascinating crowd, thickly sprinkled with ultra-fashionables and international celebrities. Nothing could be lovelier to enjoy and to remember, than a dinner beside the windows overlooking the Embankment Gardens and the Thames; and a dance, afterwards, in the ballroom with the oval 'swung' floor, around and around which one goes, untiringly and with delicious exhilaration. An evening like this will cost you a minimum of ten dollars per person. But I think you'll feel that you have seldom spent twenty or forty dollars (or whatever it is) to better purpose.

The Parisian Café of the Savoy (where evening dress is not obligatory as it is in the main dining-room; no lady being admitted to the latter wearing a hat, no gentleman in business or afternoon clothes) is a delightful place to lunch or dine when en route to some engagement — when the meal is not the main event of that immediate midday or

evening. I should go there before a performance at The Playhouse, in Northumberland Avenue. And, indeed, I'd be very likely to go there before *any* theatre performance, since it is so easy, inexpensive, and expeditious to reach any of them, in five minutes or so, in a cab, for a shilling, into which one steps at the door.

If I were going to Claridge's but once, I believe I'd do it for luncheon. But of course it is interesting, supremely elegant, and marvellous as to food at any time. Expensive, I warn you! But 'an experience'; you get something for your money besides superlative food. Claridge's, like the Savoy and the Ritz, is one of the places we're always reading about and hearing about.

And I like to see them! Doubtless you do, too. *Either* lunch or dinner at the Ritz, I'd say; or even afternoon tea. But I'd have it in my gallery of London pictures, along with Simpson's 'fish ordinary' and the George Inn at Southwark, and the Cheshire Cheese, and some of the places in Soho. And by way of acquiring another sort of picture or impression, I'd eat once in one of the Lyons 'Corner Houses' (perhaps the one in Coventry Street, Number 7), not because I expected to enjoy it particularly, but because I'd want to see what sort of food and service, at popular prices and without tips, were the foundations of the enormous business done by this firm, which has two (at least two — perhaps more that I don't know of) huge hotels in London (the Strand Palace and the Regent Palace) innumerable tea-shops and a string of huge restaurants.

This is very far from an inclusive list of restaurants, of course. And I have probably omitted many which I should have put in. I am always grateful for your letters of suggestion and comment. But among these that I've given, you ought to find dining-places for a stay of ten days or thereabouts.

Now, let me suggest one or two excursions into quarter of London that few visitors penetrate. One of them is t the Caledonian Market where a sort of rag fair is held o Fridays from ten to four. Sometimes one sorts throug these rag fairs, in Rome, in Paris, or here, without findin anything more than trifles that are worth carrying awa But the fair itself is always interesting. And there is alway the chance of a real 'find.' I heard of some townsfolk o mine who bought a whole suite of dining-room furniture a the Caledonian Market, for a very few pounds, shipped i home, and were offered fifteen hundred dollars for it whe it got there.

The best way to reach Caledonian Market is by the Pic cadilly Tube — which you may take at Piccadilly Circu Leicester Square, Covent Garden, Holborn, or Russe Square, as suits you; elsewhere, of course, but those sta tions are most central — and get off at Caledonian Roa the second station beyond King's Cross.

Should you do this on a Friday morning, there are severa things from which you may choose for the rest of your da all of which are conveniently reached from Caledonia Road: You may take the North London Electric Railwa to Hampstead Heath, close to Keats Grove and Law Bank, Keats's house. When you leave Lawn Bank, wal to the other (west) end of Keats Grove and down Dow shire Hill to High Street; then, along the latter to Sai John's Church, in the churchyard of which George d Maurier lies, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and S Walter Besant. Is there any one who hasn't a tribute grateful remembrance to pay to each of these men? An near the church is the Hampstead Tube Station, when you may reach Charing Cross in a few minutes. Or, by th same Piccadilly Tube in which you came to Caledonia Road, you may leave it, going in the same northerly dire

tion, ride to the third station beyond, which is Finsbury Park, the end of the line; and there take Tram Number 79 to Waltham Cross, where one of the 'chère reine' crosses stands. Take a taxi here and drive to Waltham Abbey, the oldest Norman building in England. This is 'the single church below the hill' of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' whose 'wild bells' he adjured to ring out 'to the wild sky.' Harold, slain at Hastings, is buried here. And when you are at Waltham, you are close to delightful Epping Forest. Another possibility for Caledonian Road is to take that North London Electric Railway to Shoreditch, and follow Kingsland Road north from the Shoreditch Station to the Geffrye Museum, a fascinating museum of old furniture, woodwork, and the like, housed in fourteen cottages grouped around a court. The cottages used to be almshouses of the Ironmongers' Company, and Sir Robert Geffrye, one-time Master of that Company, was a Lord Mayor of London in the seventeenth century. If you are interested in beautiful house-fittings and furniture, you must on no account miss this delightful place in the heart of the cabinet-making district of London.

When you leave Geffrye Museum, walk south again, this time in Hoxton Street (a little west of the Museum) even after it changes its name to Curtain Road; and keep a lookout for the tablet on Numbers 86–88 Curtain Road, where is the site of the first theatre in London, The Theatre, which belonged to the Burbages — father and sons — and when it was pulled down, the materials were transported to Southwark and used in the construction of the Globe Theatre. The Curtain Theatre, built soon after The Theatre, also stood near here. And it was hither that the lad Will Shakespeare came, when he left Stratford and Anne and three babies, and drifted off to London to graze untethered where the pastures tempted him. This district was open fields

Mind that you go into that tiny old church of Saint Ethelburga, where Hendrik Hudson and his crew made their communion before starting on what was to be Hudson's last voyage — the one on which he discovered the great river which now bears his name and makes it one of the most familiar names in the world.

And if you haven't lunched yet, you may like to do it at Palmerston's, 49 Bishopsgate; or at Pimm's, 42 Threadneedle Street; or cross Leadenhall Street (which is called Cornhill west of Bishopsgate) and continue along Gracechurch Street to Fenchurch Street, at Number 53 in which is London Tavern, successor to the 'King's Head' where Elizabeth, on her release from the Tower, dined on pork and peas.

Or, take a bus to Cheapside (Number 158) and lunch at Sweetings, celebrated for fish.

Now, about some

Day Trips Out of London

Every visitor makes one or more of these. The 'obvious' ones are to Hampton Court, to Windsor, Eton, and Stoke Poges. These points are now included in a single day's trip, by several companies offering excursions out from London.

If you have been into the rooms of the English-Speaking Union, you know that on Mondays during the summer this Windsor trip (but not including Hampton Court) is made under the Society's auspices; that the motor *char-à-banc* leaves the Trafalgar Square headquarters (Number 1 Charing Cross) at 9.15 A.M. and returns about 7; that the cost is twenty-five shillings, or about six dollars; and that you must 'book' for the trip not later than the preceding Friday.

The American Express Company has a trip every week day except Friday, leaving their office in Haymarket at 9.30 A.M., going by car (*char-à-banc*) to Stoke Poges and thence to Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead; thence by boat,

past Cliveden, to Windsor. Eton is visited, luncheon is at Windsor, the Castle is seen after luncheon, and at 3.30 the car leaves Windsor for Runnymede, where Magna Charta was signed, and Hampton Court Palace, reaching the latter at 5.15; but, as the car is due back at Haymarket (about ten miles) an hour later, the glimpse of Hampton Court must be tantalizingly brief. The inclusive cost of this excursion is one pound, or about five dollars. Furthermore, the entire stay at Windsor and Eton, for visiting both places and taking luncheon, is only two hours. If you want a succession of mental snapshots of lovely and historic scenes, such an excursion will give you an opportunity for them; but you must reconcile yourself to very brief stops in places of supreme fascination.

The English-Speaking Union has a conducted visit to Hampton Court Palace each Thursday afternoon, leaving at 1.30, and costing a little under two dollars, including tea. It has also, as I write, Monday morning visits to Westminster Abbey and School (at eleven o'clock) and Monday afternoon to the Temple, and Dr. Johnson's Gough Square house, where tea is served. Tuesday morning to the Tower of London, Southwark Cathedral, and luncheon at the old George Inn; and Tuesday afternoons to Lambeth Palace. Friday afternoons to Chelsea.

The Union also has a Wednesday trip through the East End of London to Waltham, thence to Hatfield where luncheon is taken at the Red Lion, and Hatfield House, one of the most interesting and historic mansions in England, is visited. Then to Saint Albans, for a visit to its glorious cathedral, and tea at the Palm Court. This is a fascinating day programme, and costs twenty-five shillings, or about six dollars.

On Fridays, the Union has another delightful whole-day programme, leaving Charing Cross at 9 A.M., by *char-à-*

banc, for Knole House, Ightham Mote, and Penshurst Place, three of the most beautiful and interesting country houses in England. Lunch is taken at the Royal Crown, Sevenoaks, and tea in an old English farmhouse. The inclusive cost is 27/6, or about $6.50. I most emphatically and heartily commend both of these day trips; although, if you motored up from Dover as suggested in our second chapter, you have seen the latter places; and if you expect to motor north from London on the tour described in our last two chapters, you will see Hatfield and Saint Albans on your outbound or return journey.

You will find myriad opportunities to avail yourself of organized trips out of London. I cannot begin to enumerate them all here. But perhaps I may make a few suggestions. One of them is, not to neglect Burnham Beeches, a superb forest tract of more than four hundred acres, lying about nineteen miles west of London and in the same general vicinity as Stoke Poges, Eton, Windsor. With a motor to command, all these places can be easily included in a glorious day. Failing that, take the Great Western Railway from Paddington or the Southwestern from Waterloo, to Windsor, in about fifty minutes, and see the Castle (State Apartments on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from eleven to three or four) before luncheon; and after luncheon, cross Windsor Bridge to Eton (Thursday or Saturday is a good day for this excursion); then on to Slough, about two miles, whence a motor-omnibus plies to Stoke Poges (or you can walk it in about forty minutes) and Burnham Beeches. I'd go on, to the forest, from Slough, and return to the churchyard of Gray's 'Elegy' to be there as close as possible to the time when

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

If you have that gasoline cruiser which is the *summum bonum* of appreciative humans in a wonderful world, you may easily include in this day's programme, a visit to Beaconsfield, where Disraeli spent most of his life; to Jordan's, where William Penn is buried; to Chalfont Saint Giles, where Milton's cottage stands, little changed since he left it.

A day's excursion of which I am very fond, and which has greatly interested friends I've taken on it, is that to Colchester (fifty-two miles) which was Cymbeline's capital, captured by the Emperor Claudius, besieged by Boadicea, and walled in the time of Vespasian. There are still nearly two miles of the old Roman city walls standing; the Castle, constructed of Roman materials, has a keep twice the size of the White Tower at London; and the priory of Saint Botolph, founded about 1095, is built wholly of Roman brick.

The direct route is by Mile-End Road to Ilford and Chelmsford. But I think you'll like it better if you go by Charing Cross Road, Tottenham Court Road, and Hampstead Road to Camden Road, Seven Sisters' Road, and north in High Road to Edmonton, where Charles and Mary Lamb are buried and where you may see the cottage (in Church Street) which was their last home together, and where he died.

From here you may take Angel Road east to Chingford Road and go north on that to Waltham Abbey, and to Epping, and across by Ongar to Chelmsford and Colchester.

At Hatfield Peverel, some six miles east of Chelmsford, take the road leading south to Maldon, a very ancient town on a hill overlooking the tidal river Blackwater. All Saints' Church, Maldon, has the only triangular tower in England. This is the church where Lawrence Washington, great-great-grandfather of George, is buried.

Opposite is the Blue Boar Inn, parts of which were built in the fourteenth century, and other parts in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. The Blue Boar was the chief heraldic device of the great feudal family of De Vere, Earls of Oxford, and this house seems to have been a residence of theirs until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when it became an inn.

You may want to halt here for luncheon. Or you may want to go on to Colchester and lunch at the Red Lion which stands where some Roman built a luxurious dwelling with fine mosaic floors, recently uncovered.

Down in the vaulted cellars, fronting the street, is a stone doorway of the fourteenth century; but the oldest part above ground of the existing structure is fifteenth century — built, probably, for a private dwelling during the Wars of the Roses, but turned into an inn about 1500 and ever since serving the public in that capacity. 'It was already weathering when Columbus sailed,' says one account of it.

Local tradition claims 'Old King Cole,' the 'merry old soul,' as the godfather of Colchester, and makes Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine, his daughter. It is probable, and I hope it's true.

Colchester has been famous, these two thousand years, for its oysters (perhaps they had something to do with Cole's joviality) and if you're as late as SeptembeR or as early as ApRil coming on this trip, you may see what effect they have on you.

If you want to get away from flocking excursionists and get into the quiet old England of other days, you are more like to find your heart's desire on this little journey than on almost any other I know.

Another suggestion I make for a day out of London (when we have our book for London exclusively, we'll outline all these things and many others in much more detail)

is that you go to Dorking and Guildford. In the case of having a car of your own to direct, I'd say go out Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Brompton Road, Fulham Road, past Fulham Palace (the residence of the Bishops of London) over Putney Bridge, across the upper corner of Putney Heath and along the southeastern edge of Richmond Park to Kingston-on-Thames. Then visit Hampton Court Palace (about two and a half miles from Kingston) and lunch at the Mitre. Then, on to Guildford, so as to cover the delightful twelve miles to Dorking, where you may choose (for tea) between Deepdene, the superb estate which is now a hotel property, and where the rhododendrons are so magnificent that if you are thereabouts in June you should on no account miss them, and the White Horse, one of the most interesting old coaching inns in England, and Burford Bridge Inn where Keats finished 'Endymion' and Nelson bade farewell to Emma Hamilton. From here it is but a little distance to Box Hill, where George Meredith lived for more than forty years. All this vicinity is exceedingly beautiful and full of interest. Perhaps it isn't for the hurried visitor on a first stay in London; but for the more leisurely, or for the second or third visit. I don't know. I am so very fond of it, myself, that I am afraid of overestimating it for the average traveller with everything to see and only a handful of days to do it in. And within the limits of this book I dare not go into any detail about it, for there is hardly a foot of the way that does not tempt to endless comment.

I am sad, indeed, to take leave of London and its vicinity leaving undone or done too slightly so many, many things that ought to have been done. I can only hope that the other kind of 'sinning' is not equally at my door — that I have not done many of the things which I ought not to have done!

PART III

TWO CIRCULAR TOURS OUT OF LONDON

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I

WEST FROM LONDON TO THE WYE

In our three final chapters of this book I am outlining two circular trips out of London, one of which, at least, I hope you may take in addition to two of the four trips between London and Liverpool or Channel ports, to which we devoted our first chapters.

There is (I'm sure you grant my understanding of this) no end to the divergences, amplifications, and other alterations which may, and doubtless *should*, be made as you adapt these outlines of mine to your individual taste and needs. I make them merely as suggestions for you to follow in so far as they accord with your time and purpose, and to change as seems best to you. Again, as in the early chapters, I base them on the presumption that you are motoring; and indicate what parts of the itinerary may be not too fatiguingly accomplished by train and *char-à-banc* excursion.

There are a number of motor-bus circular tours now operating out of London, covering these and other sections of the country, at prices ranging at about two guineas (ten dollars) a day, and even less, for all expenses — transportation, hotels, etc. And while there are some travellers who will shudder at the merest thought of going in so much company and on a schedule which can make no allowance for

personal preferences, there are others who find this mode of motoring quite satisfactory and enjoyable.

If we go on a public tour, we must, of course, accept it as scheduled; and not only are détours of our choice impossible, but it may even be that unavoidable delays will necessitate the omission of places that were to have been included. But there are mischances in all sorts of travel (and *other* undertakings!), and it doesn't matter *how* we travel, we must always leave so many things unseen that the only way to be happy in journeying (as in life) is to keep counting our mercies and stop counting all we've missed.

Now, if you have a yearning toward the west country, and a steering-wheel either to operate or to direct, you may cover many points of greatest interest and beauty in from four to seven days of continuous going; or you may loaf along over the same ground for an idyllic fortnight or more; but in fewer than four days you can do little justice to this section.

Your first day's run may be out by way of Slough, Stoke Poges, Windsor, Eton, Burnham Beeches, Beaconsfield, to Oxford. Or, if you have visited those points (except Oxford), you may go by Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, High Wycombe, to Oxford.

The latter is the direct motor route from London to Oxford. It is fifty-four miles, and very easily covered, even with a stop or two, in a leisurely morning's run. So that, if you have not seen Oxford by special journey out from London, or en route from Liverpool by way of Worcester, you could lunch there on the first day of your westward trip; spend the afternoon and night there (see our Chapter IV) and go on in the morning. If, however, you include Slough and Windsor, you could scarcely get to Oxford in time to see much of it before dinner. And, on the other hand, if you

stopped at Oxford en route from Liverpool, you may easily reach Gloucester or Tewkesbury on the afternoon of your first day out from London. I'd say Tewkesbury; for, though it is but eleven miles north of Gloucester, you would need the better part of a half-day to go up there from Gloucester, see it, and return. And Gloucester you will not miss by deferring it, because it is on your way from the Wye Valley to Bristol.

Should you loiter near Beaconsfield, to visit Edmund Burke's grave, or William Penn's (at Jordan's), or Milton's cottage (at Chalfont Saint Giles), you may not get farther than High Wycombe for luncheon at the Red Lion, a famous old halfway house between London and Oxford. A century ago, the stage-coach that started from the Belle Sauvage, Holborn, ran to the Red Lion in four hours, and returned the same day. From the porch above the entrance, Benjamin Disraeli appealed for election to Parliament, in 1832 — and didn't get it.

At Amersham, five miles north of Beaconsfield, is the Crown, a typical old coaching inn of the early seventeenth century, masked behind nineteenth-century ugliness.

Presuming, however, that you have left Oxford behind, and Burford, and that you do not care to motor much more than a hundred miles in a single day (although much more — more than double — can be done in a day without fatigue, given an early start, a good driver, a reasonably heavy car, and a long summer day's late twilight to finish in), let me suggest that you spend the night at Cheltenham if you like a very pleasant spa and a wide range of choice in hotels; or that you go on, eight miles, to Tewkesbury if you like 'Old England.'

Dickens-lovers will spend the night at the Hop Pole, Tewkesbury, where Mr. Pickwick once dined with Bob Sawyer, Ben Allen, and Mr. Weller, 'upon which occasion

there was more bottled ale with some Madeira and some bottled spirits, and here the case bottle was replenished for the fourth time. Under the influence of these combined stimulants, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Bob Allen fell fast asleep for thirty miles, while Bob and Mr. Weller sang duets in the dickey.'

Whereas those who 'grew up on' Mrs. Dinah Maria Muloch Craik's 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' will wish to put up at the picturesque, gabled Bell Inn, built in 1696, and mentioned in that popular story as the residence of Abel Fletcher, the Tanner. Parts of this building are said to date back to the thirteenth century. The bowling green of Mrs. Craik's story still exists. There is also the Swan Hotel, which is usually reckoned the principal hostelry; and the old Black Bear which bears the date 1422, and is described in the Reverend W. S. Symonds's historical romance of the Wars of the Roses, 'Malvern Chase.'

Tewkesbury is one of the most picturesque old towns in England. Roman legions occupied it in 44 A.D. Britons had been here before them, and Saxons, Danes, Normans, succeeded them.

'No English Abbey, save Westminster, and only a few of our great cathedrals,' says W. G. Bannister, in the Official Guide to Tewkesbury, 'contain materials of a story like that told by the stones and monuments of Tewkesbury.'

The first abbey at Tewkesbury was built early in the eighth century; but the present one is a mere matter of eight hundred and some years old. When Henry VIII decreed its spoliation and destruction, the citizens of Tewkesbury saved the glorious church by purchasing it from the King. It is often called the noblest parish church in England. Its great central tower is probably the grandest Norman tower in existence.

This all sounds bleakly 'guide-book-y,' doesn't it? And

as a matter of fact, Tewkesbury is a delicious old town which almost any one could, and would, enjoy without a single 'nudge' of guidance or suggestion. A picture-book place, it is, with its lovely old timbered houses, its quaint shops, and its brooding great church which invites reverie and reverence, without demanding that we know much about its history. So that we have the battle of Tewkesbury a little in mind, I think we shall not feel much reproached by the Clares and Despencers because we don't stop at their splendid tombs to reflect what they did and who their in-laws were. But one would hate to pay no tribute of pity to the young Prince of Wales who lies here; and not to know that the Duke of Clarence who was drowned in the butt of malmsey in London Tower, by his brother's orders, is buried here, with his wife who was a daughter of the King-Maker and a sister of unhappy Anne Neville, widowed at Tewkesbury and afterwards wedded to Richard III.

The battle of Tewkesbury, which ended the Wars of the Roses, was fought on a spot still called 'Bloody Meadow,' about half a mile south of the Abbey, on May 4, 1471. The Lancastrian army, under dauntless Margaret of Anjou and her gallant young son, had marched thirty-seven miles that day before the battle began. Just before the fighting, Margaret and her son rode about the field encouraging their soldiers; and when Margaret, later, saw that the issue was going against her, she could with difficulty be restrained from rushing into the mêlée, and was carried, insensible, to a house still standing (at Bushley, over the Wythe Bridge, two miles northwest of the abbey), where her daughter-in-law had already taken refuge.

King Edward (IV) had proclaimed 'that whoever should bring Edward (called Prince) to the King, should receive one hundred pounds a year for life, and the Prince's life be

spared.' So Sir Richard Crofts, to whom the Prince h
surrendered, 'brought forth his prisoner, being a goo
well-featured young gentleman, of almost feminine beaut
Asked by the King how he had 'durst so presumptuou
enter his realms, with banners displayed against him,'
Prince answered, 'To recover my father's crown and m
own inheritance.' Whereupon the King struck the galla
stripling in the face with his gauntlet, which was the sig
for his attendants to despatch the lad with their dagge
He was some months lacking eighteen years of age. A
the baby boy, Edward, whose title as Prince of Wales w
uncontested now, was six months old. May 4, 1483 (t
12th anniversary of Tewkesbury), was the day appoint
for this little Edward's coronation as Edward V; but inste
he was taken to the Tower to die.

His cousin Edward, son of Richard III and Anne Nevil
was nine years old when he was invested as Prince of Wal
and scarce ten when he died 'an unhappy death' whose n
ture we do not know. Thus, in fewer than fourteen yea
perished by violence three Edwards, Princes of Wales. A
the next Prince of Wales was Arthur, son of Henry VII, a
first husband of Catherine of Aragon, who died of the plag
in his sixteenth year. Jane Seymour's boy, Edward, Prin
of Wales, lived to reign briefly, as Edward VI. Then, the
was no Prince of Wales till the birth of James I's son, Hen
who died of a violently infectious 'putrid fever' when
was eighteen. One might well imagine that royal paren
rather dreaded to see a beloved young son come into t
title.

Tewkesbury Abbey is open till 6 P.M., and if you can vis
it just before closing time, I think you will find that a poet
hour for your reveries there.

After dinner you will doubtless go out to stroll; a
everything else of interest that the little town has for

transient guests will then become part of your memory's picture-book; so that in the morning you may make an early start on your Wye-ward way.

It is fourteen miles to Ledbury, another quaint town with old timbered houses which were part of the background of Elizabeth Barrett's early years — her father's house, Hope End, being a short distance outside Ledbury; and twelve miles down to Ross. (I haven't said anything about the excursion south from Tewkesbury to Deerhurst, with its Saxon buildings; nor up to Bredon's Norton, where is the lovely old sixteenth-century manor house and fourteenth-century tithe barn which Mrs. Woodhull Martin, after having made it a centre of all that is essentially Old England, has given to the Sulgrave Committee of the Anglo-American Society; nor to Ripple, with its stocks and whipping-post; and Pershore Abbey, 'the mother of Westminster.' These, I'm afraid, are not for the wayfarer with a week or less for southwestern England, but for the leisurely sojourner.)

If you left Tewkesbury not later than nine, you will be at Ross by ten. You should hire a boatman and a small row-boat for an hour's ride down the river, past Symond's Yat (the boatman will send your car down to meet you); and Whitchurch, about halfway between Ross and Monmouth, is a good place to do it.

Note, on your way from Ross to Whitchurch, the picturesque ruins of Goodrich Castle, parts of which were probably Saxon, but most of which was built early in the twelfth century. One of a line of strongholds against the Welsh, it belonged for centuries to the great Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury. The Wye almost surrounds it on three sides, and if you were going downstream instead of by road, you would see the ancient fortress from many angles.

Almost opposite Whitchurch is Symond's Yat (or Gate where the Wye forces its way through a rocky gorge tower ing high on either side like the flanking towers of a castl gateway. And close by are two hills on the tops of whic are the camps and burial-grounds of prehistoric men; while on the way to Monmouth, is a stalagmite cave in whic reindeer bones and those of the mammoth have been found along with flint weapons. If you don't mind a stiff climb up the steep wooded cliffs at the Yat, you will be rewarded by a superb view and an opportunity to imagine yourself back in primeval times, about to hunt a mammoth. But you have a great view from an elevation awaiting you at Wyndcliffe this afternoon; and if you are to get a section of the Wye from river-level, this is the time to do it. Moreover, if you have a boatman whose talk of the river, the valley, the salmon, the natives, the tourists, is even half so engaging as the talk of my boatman was, last summer, nothing could tempt you to miss any of it.

You should be at Monmouth in time to see it before luncheon, at the Beaufort Arms Hotel.

You will see the lower reaches of the Wye, including Tintern Abbey and Chepstow, this afternoon; and before you leave this vicinity you must see Raglan Castle. If you are pressed for time, you should spend the night at Gloucester, to which there is a good road (28 miles) from Chepstow, giving you a day's 'run' of fewer than eighty miles. But if you want to make 'high spots' in your experience, of Tintern and Raglan, you should engage accommodations for the night at the Beaufort Arms, before leaving there after luncheon, or telephone to the Beaufort Arms at Tintern to see if you can be accommodated there.

For Tintern Abbey has become (sad to say!) a kind of picnic ground for *char-à-banc* 'trippers'; and trying to see it in their company is an agonizing experience. The same

is true of Raglan Castle, which you should try to visit about nine in the morning (an hour before it is open — you'll have to find the caretaker and reward her for letting you in a back way; but oh! it's worth any effort to see it thus, and almost any 'reward').

Should the night you are hereabouts be one when you may reasonably expect moonlight, I say, 'Sacrifice something, farther along in your itinerary, and stay at Tintern overnight, so as to see the ruins at sunset and again by moonlight.' If there is no moon to be hoped for, I'd so arrange as to see Tintern very late in the afternoon, when most of the 'trippers' have gone. In this case, I'd do scant justice to Monmouth, where after all there isn't a great deal to see. Of the ruined Norman castle that belonged to the House of Lancaster from the thirteenth century and Henry V (Harry of Monmouth) was born in, not much remains. The Nelson Collection in the Monmouth Museum is interesting, but if you are pressed for time you should content yourself with the Nelson relics you have seen elsewhere. *Think* of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the twelfth-century Benedictine monk whose tales of British history have so little history in them, but so much superb folk-lore that a great bulk of England's grandest literature is traceable to the tales that Geoffrey preserved. And *think*, as you go through Monmouth, of Harry, who was born here, in 1387, and lived here during much of his boyhood; he was twelve years old when his father became King — when poor Richard II was deposed and murdered. He was only thirty-five when he died, at the Château de Vincennes, and left poor little 'Harry of Windsor' to lose, as had been prophesied he would, what Harry of Monmouth had won. That grave in Tewkesbury, of the last of the Lancastrians, and this town with its fragmentary ruin of the castle whence the first of the Lancastrian kings (Henry IV) as-

cended the throne, gives you, doubtless, an impulse to review the places you've seen which are associated with their story: Canterbury Cathedral, where Henry IV lies buried; and Henry V's chantry at Westminster; and Westminster Hall, where Richard II was deposed by his cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, who then became Henry IV; and the Tower where Richard signed his abdication and where, seventy-two years later, Henry VI was murdered as he prayed; and the site of Whittington's house, where he feasted Henry V and his handsome Kate; and Bermondsey, where Kate died in penitential seclusion for having married Owen Tudor.

Perhaps you have no need for continually 'linking up' your history; but I have! And I find that people in my lecture audiences like to have it done for them, so that they the more easily relate events one to the others. If so be that you need no suggestions of this simple sort, you may yet welcome my further suggestion that you buy some light luncheon in Monmouth and eat it on your way to Raglan, striving to reach the castle at the hour when everybody else is off in quest of mutton and boiled greens.

Note, in front of Shire Hall, the monument to the Honorable C. S. Rolls (of Rolls-Royce), one of the British pioneers of motoring and aviation.

The Monnow Bridge, with its thirteenth-century gateway of a sort one now sees nowhere else in England, you cross on your way to Raglan, which is eight miles southwest of Monmouth by a good road. Raglan Castle is one of the most complete survivals of a late mediæval fortress now to be seen in England, even to the moat being still water-filled. The story of its last defence for ten weeks by the octogenarian Marquess of Worcester, is a gallant one. But I think it is quite possible to get a little weary of stories about castles holding out for King Charles, even though we may be glad they did it. And I confess that for me Raglan

is one of the places where, not having anything to 'recall,' I am freer to 'make up' my own romances, or just to enjoy the sheer beauty and not try to set the scene even with imaginary personages. I drove out there from Monmouth early one dewy morning in June last, with a very kind friend who bestirred himself to take me when the two others of our little group chose rather to sleep longer and await our return to Monmouth. This kind friend is not a poet (not a poet who *writes* poetry) nor an architect nor an antiquarian; he is a two-fisted American man of big affairs, a mining engineer whose heart and soul are bound up in the development of strange wildernesses. But I noticed that when he had got me inside the castle, he seemed to hope that I knew what I wanted, and would be about it — leaving him to himself; which I did! He wandered his way and I wandered mine; occasionally, our ways met, but not much was said by either of us. The castle seemed to be doing all the talking. I can't tell you what it said to my kind friend; but I have seldom seen a man more entranced. I can't tell you what it said to *me* — and my profession is *words*, as his is not; but I know that I have no words for the delight it gave me.

Perhaps it was the June morning, and the stillness and the dewy freshness, as much as the picturesque ruins. Perhaps if I had seen the place at noonday, with 'trippers' swarming, chattering, tee-hee-ing all about, I should have found it as nearly unlovely as an ivy-mantled castle with a moat can be. But we can't see *everything* at its ideal hour. And I advise you to see Raglan Castle at noon, if you can't see it at nine. But I'd at least make an effort to get there when the 'trippers' are likely to be lunching. And *then* I'd take the small road that runs across by Llangwym and Devauden to Chepstow, where the Wye and Severn meet.

Chepstow Castle is another place where I don't meet any ghosts. We're told that Oliver Cromwell once besieged it

'in person'; but I've never met Oliver's ghost, anywhere, and have a notion that it isn't a chummy or approachable one. The main reason for going to Chepstow is for the view from the castle, which is very fine and well worth going for.

There are two roads north from Chepstow; we must go out by the road we came in on, as far as Saint Arvans (two miles), branch right at the Drinking Fountain, and continue on, three and a quarter miles, to Tintern Abbey.

I can almost find it in my heart to urge you not to go near Tintern Abbey if you see the parking space (!) occupied with *char-à-bancs* or excursiony smaller cars.

If you could be sure that the *char-à-banc* passengers were travellers who had come far to see Tintern Abbey, as you have, it might be different. But a great many of those one encounters now, in celebrated places of all sorts, are excursionists or picnickers, out for a day's junket — somebody's factory hands, some church society outing, or the like — full of holiday mood, frequently *too* full of beer. Like such parties everywhere, they are cheaply facetious and noisy and pervasive.

During the vaunted but long-delayed millennium, people in public places will restrict their conversation to a minimum, and *whisper that.* But the present habit of too many persons is to advertise their witlessness when they might most easily conceal it. And until they conquer their hysterical desire to be overheard by strangers, he does well in his travels who can manage to give them a wide berth when visiting shrines of beauty or great memories.

I'd go on, to the Bigsweir Bridge, cross the Wye, and get into the Forest of Dean, which extends north from Chepstow to Ross, between the Severn and the Wye, and is ten miles across at its widest point. It has been a royal forest from time immemorial, and used to supply so much oak for

the English navy that after Trafalgar it was quite denuded; but it was replanted.

Tintern Abbey was the third of the great Cistercian abbeys established in England; its original buildings (1131) gave place, after about a hundred and fifty years, to those whose ruins we visit to-day. The reason why its buildings are so much less ruinous than those of most other abbeys is, M. R. James thinks, 'that it was a Cistercian house; being Cistercian, it was set in a remote place; being remote, and on a river not very easy to navigate, the buildings were not used as a general quarry for the neighborhood. Thus it contrived to survive until the end of the eighteenth century, and by that time there were people who were beginning to take an interest in the picturesque.'

Superbly beautiful the remains are, but they are not remote enough now! You may become a misanthrope if you attempt to visit it under irritating conditions.

From Tintern, you must go back to Chepstow; and then to Lydney and Newnham and so to Gloucester. If you are making this tour in late spring or early summer, while the twilights are long, it should be possible to linger at Tintern for the sunset, and still reach Gloucester well before dark. But telephone, early in the day, if you expect to do this, so as to make sure of accommodations at the New Inn. (The Bell Inn, where George Whitefield was born, is reckoned a slightly higher grade hotel. But romantic travellers cannot think of Gloucester apart from the New Inn which was 'new' in the fifteenth century, and preserves its ancient galleries and courtyard.)

Gloucester has a very long and sufficiently eventful history, which will be the more interesting to you because of your visit, when phases of it enter into your reading from time to time. But I don't know that there is much of it you need feel bound to recall on a brief first stop there.

Drive into the old courtyard of the New Inn, climb to the gallery, and get your night's rest in a bed pretty good as inn beds go in England.

You can't see anything but the exterior of the Cathedral until 9.30 or 10 A.M.

Last June, on a very long evening of a golden day, I was wandering about the Cathedral precincts in the neighborhood of the Chapter House, when I heard truly heavenly music — choral music which might have been made by the praising cherubim; and at the entrance of the east walk of the Cloister, I saw innumerable bicycles on which, evidently, the cherubim had arrived from somewhere. There was no keeper at the gate, to inquire into my life's record and my fitness for Paradise. So I went in. Think not to go and do likewise! I'm sure it was a chance which will never occur again; and that when these pages meet the verger's eye (as they doubtless will) a strict watch will be kept on that narrow entry wherein the cherubim stack their bikes.

But in that hour when he watched not, I stole in. And if Paradise is as lovely as those cloisters, on that evening, with the late sunshine flecking the worn stones of the walk and illuminating the glorious fan-vaulting overhead, the while those cherubim held choir practice, then I hope I shall not miss it. At any rate, I have been therein for an hour, and I have few memories to compare with it.

The next morning I presented myself within the Cathedral (through a door which looked hospitably open) a few minutes before the stated visiting-hour, and was ignominiously driven forth by a snappish verger. Whose is the verger story (Mr. Lucas's, isn't it?) of a visitor inquiring in a London City church if many persons accepted the invitation to use the church for meditation and prayer? 'Not many,' was the reply; 'but I catched a couple of 'em at it, not long ago.'

GLOUCESTER

From a print published in 1793

Some cathedrals have vergers as delightful and as kind as any one could wish to meet. (I recall, especially, one at Exeter, and a very genial, whole-souled one at Lincoln, and a dear, kind man at Ely who gave himself no little trouble to enable me to show Ely to several friends who had not been there before and might not get there again, and were disconsolate because our time there was *not* the time for visiting.) And it may be that Gloucester has a genial one; or even that the one I encountered has his genial moments. But, till you're assured of this, I'd be careful what worship contrary to his schedule I let him catch me at.

Somehow or other, I'd see those Cloisters, and the Cloister Garth they surround. And I'd glimpse as much of the Cathedral as the verger would let me see. If he seems likely to catch you at it, I'd concentrate on the canopied tomb of Edward II, in the north ambulatory (you can't get near it, though, without paying sixpence; and after you've paid, you can't be driven forth without a peep), and try to make some mental pictures of what it must have been like, hereabouts, when this was one of the great pilgrim shrines of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

When you leave Gloucester, you will go to Berkeley, where Edward II was murdered on the night of September 22, 1327, when his cries of agony, heard at a considerable distance from the castle, awoke many a one who 'prayed to God for the harmless soul which that night was departing in torture.'

Edward had, it seems, often expressed a wish to lie at rest in Gloucester's Abbey Church of Saint Peter; but his wicked queen, Isabella, let it be known that she would take deadly vengeance on any one who should presume to assist in removing his body from Berkeley; and terror of this vindictive woman, and of Mortimer (her paramour), prevailed for some days. 'At last the abbot of Gloucester boldly en-

tered the bloodstained halls of Berkeley with uplifted crozier, followed by his brethren, and throwing a pall, emblazoned with his own arms and those of the church, over the bier, bade his people "in the name of God and Saint Peter, take up their dead lord, and bear him to his burial in the church to which he had given so many pious gifts."' Thus the courageous abbot triumphantly achieved his undertaking of conveying the body of his royal patron to Gloucester, where he caused it to be exposed to public view, gave it royal obsequies, and raised a stately monument to Edward's memory. The rigid and distorted lines of Edward's face bore evidence of the agonies he had undergone, and aroused passionate sympathy in the breasts of those who viewed the body, making it easy for the abbot to foster the belief that miracles might be expected at a martyr's tomb. A miracle-working shrine was the greatest source of wealth known in those days; and the abbot of Saint Peter's seems to have missed no opportunity to popularize pilgrimages to Edward's tomb, which became (for a time) a more fashionable shrine even than Becket's at Canterbury, and poured a golden flood of gifts in upon Saint Peter's Abbey Church (now Gloucester Cathedral). To this golden flood we owe much of the beauty which now delights and uplifts us at Gloucester. So Poor Edward, thanks to the keen and courageous abbot of Saint Peter's, has given the world in his death great cause to thank him, whereas in his ill-ordered life he made only a pathetic mess of things.

You will, I think, wish to buy a copy of the *Gloucester Journal*, first issued on April 9, 1722, by Robert Raikes, father of the founder of Sunday Schools; of the papers published earlier than the *Gloucester Journal* only six survive, and but one of these can boast a continuous publication, like the *Journal*, without change of name or absorption of another paper. It was the publicity given to the Sunday

School idea in the columns of the *Journal* (then owned and edited by Robert Raikes the younger) which drew the attention of all Britain to the movement. The honor of being the house in which the first Sunday School was held is claimed by more than one old building in Gloucester. But if you wish (as I'm sure you do!) to honor the memory of Robert Raikes, you may do so in the Church of Saint Mary de Crypt, where he lies buried; and across the street (Southgate Street) from the church is the timbered Tudor house where he lived and published the *Journal*. George Whitefield preached his first sermon in Saint Mary de Crypt Church, on June 27, 1736. Robert Raikes opened the first Sunday School in July, 1780.

Your 'New Inn' is on Northgate Street, just north of the Cross. In Hare Lane, off Northgate, at the second turning on the left from the Cross, are some picturesque old timbered houses, on one of which is a memorial stating that the Hoare family lived there. Members of this family were among the earliest British emigrants to America, and from them Senator Hoar was descended.

It is eighteen miles to Berkeley. You can't see much of the castle — merely a distant view of it — parts of which date back to 1155. But I think it is worth while stopping, briefly, in the sleepy little town of eight hundred inhabitants, because it is a typical English castle town such as figure so fascinatingly in the pages of countless story-books we all love. And in any event it is scarcely a stone's throw off your main route to Bristol, sixteen miles farther on.

You should reach Bristol for luncheon, probably at the Royal Hotel, to which you will come by driving straight on, from your Gloucester Road, down Blackboy Hill and Whiteladies' Road, to Queen's Road; then turning, left, out of Queen's Road, into Park Street. The Royal faces College Green, alongside the Cathedral. And as you approach

Queen's Road, and drive down Park Street, you have your chance to venerate the memory of John and Sebastian Cabot, to commemorate whose discovery of the continent of North America, the 105-foot Cabot Tower (erected in 1897) crowns the 260-foot eminence of Brandon Hill. On the three bronze tablets on the Tower, one reads:

> This tablet is placed here by the Bristol Branch of the Peace Society in the earnest hope that Peace and Friendship may ever continue between the kindred Peoples of this Country and America.
>
> Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward men.

I wonder what you chance to recall about the Cabots? Do you know that John Cabot was Giovanni Caboto, born in Genoa just about the same time that Columbus was, but that he grew up in Venice where he became a citizen in 1476? During one of his trading voyages to the Eastern Mediterranean, Cabot visited Mecca, then the greatest exchange mart between Eastern and Western traders, and when he learned there that the jewels, silks, spices, perfumes sold there were brought by caravan from the northeastern parts of farther Asia, he (having some knowledge of the sphere) thought how much shorter and quicker it would be to bring these goods to Europe across the western ocean, if a way could be found across this ocean from Europe to Asia. In 1484, about the time that Christopher Columbus was hanging about the camps of Ferdinand and Isabella in Granada, trying to get a hearing for the project that he believed in, Giovanni Caboto brought his family to London; and in course of time he got here to Bristol, long a port of consequence, where for several years the shipowners had been endeavoring to reach the island of Brazil or that of the Seven Cities, which on mediæval maps were located, vaguely,

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON

By Henry Wallis

to the west of Ireland. Bristol ships had sailed west from Ireland for what seemed a considerable distance, without discovering those islands, or any others. And then, in the summer of 1493, Bristol learned that another Genoese, under the flag of Spain, had sailed westward and reached the Indies. It took John Cabot and his sons nearly four years, however, to get the royal patent and the means to sail from Bristol, on Tuesday the 2d of May, 1497, on board a ship called the *Mathew*, manned by eighteen men, bound for Asia.

On Saturday morning, June 24th, at five o'clock, they reached the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island, unfurled the royal banner, and solemnly took possession in the name of Henry VII.

As quickly as possible they turned about to return home. And on Sunday the 6th of August, the *Mathew* dropped anchor once more in Bristol Harbor, and Cabot hastened to tell Henry VII that seven hundred leagues beyond Ireland he had reached the country of Kubla Khan; and that, although both silk and brazil-wood could be obtained there, he intended on his next voyage to follow the coast southward to Japan, which was then believed to lie along the Equator and to be a great spice-bearing country. So delighted was thrifty Henry with this report that he not only rewarded Cabot with ten pounds in ready money, but granted him a pension of twenty pounds and promised him ten ships for that voyage to equatorial Japan.

The whole story of the Cabots is so delightful, as well as important, that it is surprising (I think) how little we hear it told. I wish we might review more of it here. But I know we mustn't. However, if your glimpse of the Cabot Tower moves you to curiosity about them, you will have good cause to be grateful for having flashed through Bristol. And if you find many parts of Bristol uninteresting, shut your

camera eye and open your retrospective eye, and see John and his sons landing here from that first voyage, telling their tales of Kubla's country and their intentions with regard to Japan.

What you are to visit in Bristol must depend on where you are to spend the night. If you are bound for the North Devon Coast, you have fifty-seven miles to make, to reach Minehead, or seventy-five to reach Lynton or Lynmouth; and, though you will be tempted to make few stops (perhaps none, except for tea), you may not care to make that run in less time than four hours; so you should leave Bristol before three — unless you elect to dine at Minehead (which is a pleasant little resort town with several hotels which look above the average, but none of which I have tried) and motor on in the lovely evening light, facing the sunset, along that beautiful road.

If, however, you are not going into Devon, but are bound for Bath, you have only twelve and a half miles to go. Bath is full of 'solid comfort' in the way of hotels, and it may be that you will like to make your headquarters there while you explore that district. But, to my way of thinking, a more interesting thing to do would be to spend this night at Glastonbury, in the delightful old Pilgrim Inn, and then 'work' northeast back to London. It is about forty miles to Glastonbury.

I don't advise extending this tour to Devon unless you can spend at least six nights en route. If you must cut down to four nights, my suggestion is that you turn your back resolutely on the Devon country, lovely as it is, leaving it for another time, and make your way to Glastonbury, via Cheddar and Wells; in which case, also, you should leave Bristol by three o'clock.

The Bristol Cathedral, built on the spot where Saint Augustine is believed to have conferred with the British

Christians, is interesting on account of the way the Victorian architect, G. E. Street, conformed his late nineteenth-century nave with the early fourteenth-century choir. But if I could see only one church in Bristol, I'd choose Saint Mary Redcliffe, by all means. This is on your way out of town, if you're taking the Cheddar road. It lies on your left as you drive down Redcliffe Hill, after turning into Baldwin Street from the tramway centre, crossing Bristol Bridge, and taking the right-hand fork.

Saint Mary Redcliffe is superb. It is, moreover, the church of which Thomas Chatterton's uncle was the sexton and where Thomas spent the formative years of his brief life.

The elder Chatterton, who had been a musical genius, somewhat of a poet, but nothing of a 'provider,' had been dead four months when Thomas was born. The widow (whose second child Thomas was) taught little girls, did sewing and needlework, and eked out a subsistence for herself and her little girl and boy. The office of sexton of Saint Mary Redcliffe had been transmitted for nearly two centuries in the Chatterton family, and little Thomas felt that the glorious old church was a sort of ancestral domain; its dignitaries recumbent on their stately tombs became his familiar associates, and he 'made up' stories about them, almost from his babyhood, or listened to the tales his uncle told when he went about the church attending to his duties, the fascinated toddler at his heels.

Go, I pray you, into the south aisle of the nave (the transepts, here, are also aisled), stand before the monument of Master William Canynge (whose house you may see at Number 58 Redcliffe Street) and imagine yourself there in 1756, or thereabouts, while Uncle, on his rounds, with Tommy trailing him, pauses to tell again to the insistent little 'trailer' that 'Storie of William Canynge' which the child was one day to put into deathless verse.

Straight was I carried back to times of yore,
Whilst Canynge swathed yet in fleshly bed,
And saw all actions which had been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-marked babe acome to sight,
I saw him eager gasping after light.
In all his sheepen gambols and child's play,
In every merrymaking, fair, or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled light of wisdom's ray;
He ate down learning with the wastel-cake;
As wise as any of the aldermen,
He'd wit enow to make a mayor at ten.

So Thomas conceived Canynge to have been as a child So Thomas himself was, and his own picture drew.

When he could climb, alone, to the muniment room ove the porch on the north side of the nave, he played there among quaint oaken chests 'where parchment deeds, old a the Wars of the Roses, lay long unheeded and forgotten They formed the child's playthings almost from his cradle He learned his first letters from the illuminated capitals o an old musical folio, and learned to read out of a black letter Bible.'

At eight, Thomas was so eager for books that he would read and write all day long if undisturbed. In his eleventh year he had become a contributor to *Felix Farley's Bristo Journal.* His delight was to lock himself in a little atti which he had appropriated as his study; and there, with books and old parchments, live in thought with his fifteenth century heroes and heroines. Before he was twelve he had begun to write those extraordinary poems which he pre tended to have copied from old manuscripts, and which deceived the cleverest antiquarians. He conceived an im aginary monk of the fifteenth century, Thomas Rowley, who had written verse and prose of rare merit which had lain unknown of men, in those quaint oak chests of Saint Mary Redcliffe since the days of the last Lancastrian king. And the 'big-wigs' whom he fooled never forgave him.

In April, 1770, Thomas went up to London where, on the 24th of August, in his attic in Brooke Street, Holborn, he killed himself by drinking arsenic. He was three months lacking eighteen when he died, but he left work which requires no allowance to be made for his youth when comparing him with the ablest of his contemporaries in an effulgent period of English literature.

When you are back in London, turn into Brooke Street, Holborn (opposite Staple Inn, and along the west side of the Prudential Assurance Building where Furnival's Inn was when Dickens, living there, began 'Pickwick'), and think of the hungry, despairing lad going there to die.

But before you leave Saint Mary Redcliffe I'm sure you'll want to attend a wedding — maybe *two*. The first is that of Coleridge, who was married here in October, 1795. A few weeks later, Southey married a sister of the new Mrs. Coleridge.

That summer, Coleridge and Wordsworth had met for the first time. 'The only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge,' Wordsworth said, long afterwards.

Now, if you are bound for the North Devon Coast, you are upon the trail of Coleridge and Wordsworth for their next three years.

In that case, keep straight on, over the Avon, and follow in the direction of Bridgwater, which is thirty-three miles from Bristol. Were you going to Cheddar and Glastonbury, you would turn off this road about a mile beyond Sidcot (sixteen miles from Bristol) and take the left fork, for Axbridge.

When you turn west, at Bridgwater, from the main road between Bristol and Exeter which you have been following, you pass (eight and a half miles) Nether Stowey where the Coleridges and the Wordsworths (William and Dorothy) lived in 1797-98, and produced the 'Lyrical Ballads,' the

object of which was to enable Wordsworth to show wha real poetry lies hidden in commonplace subjects, and Cole ridge to treat supernatural themes so as to illustrate th common emotions of humanity. Here Coleridge wrot 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Kubla Khan.'

A little off your road as you proceed past Nether Stowey is Watchet, on the Bristol Channel, where, one evening, th story of 'The Ancient Mariner' first took shape in Cole ridge's mind. In a 'lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton' he is said to have had the vision that resulted in 'Kubla Khan.'

Dunster is a delightfully quaint old town; two miles beyond it is Minehead, where I'd stop to dine if it were a long-ish day with prospect of a good sunset.

Then I'd loaf along as slowly as the lingering light encouraged, to Lynton and Lynmouth — the former high (430 feet) on the cliff, and the latter on the shore below. The Royal Castle Hotel at Lynton is one of the good ones. And the same is true of the Tors, at Lynmouth.

Now, if you are bent upon seeing Clovelly, you must do either one of these two things: prolong your time out of London on this trip to eight days, or cut very short your stops in Somerset — in the lovely neighborhood of Wells and Glastonbury and Bath.

Clovelly is thirty-seven miles from Lynton by the shortest route, and ten miles farther by the usual way of Ilfracombe. Then, it is something like ninety-six miles from Clovelly to Glastonbury.

I'll tell you what I'd do if I were motoring hereabouts with some one who felt that Clovelly couldn't be omitted, even though we were pressed for time. (Telling you what I'd do is not urging it on you, of course!)

I'd have a good long day for Exmoor Forest, and as that day began to wane, I'd start on my drive (twenty-seven

miles) to Bideford. Never mind (if you do this) if it's dark when you reach Bideford — there's nothing to miss. Call it 'Biddyford' if you have occasion to call it anything, and stop at the Royal Hotel in one of the rooms of which Kingsley wrote part of 'Westward Ho!' This oak-panelled room in the old part of the hotel was the parlor of John Davie's mansion. Then, I'd arise betimes in the morning, get away from Bideford as near to eight o'clock as I could, and cover the ten miles to Clovelly so as to see it before the first *char-à-banc*-full of trippers arrived. Later in the day you would find Clovelly much like a circus-lot well before the show in the 'big top' commences, while the side-shows are doing business. I am afraid to estimate how many *char-à-bancs* I have seen 'parked' at one time up above the street of steps by which Clovelly descends four hundred feet to the sea; how many 'trippers' I have heard panting up or chittering down the steep, rocky declivity lined with picture postcards and advertisements of 'Teas.' Coney Island on a popular holiday is just as charmful and less fatiguing.

Clovelly's inns are few, primitive, and of scant capacity; so the once lovely little fishing village is a picnic-ground and not a place of holiday-makers' sojourn. The picnickers do not arrive from Ilfracombe (thirty miles away and swarming with vacationists of every known degree except those who cannot restore their souls with Board Walk trumperies) before ten-thirty or eleven; they do not linger long after they have had the tea which seems to have been their objective. But my feeling for early morning over early evening at Clovelly is that

> Every day is a fresh beginning,
> Every morn is the world made new.

If you leave Clovelly before the 'trippers' arrive, you may take an early luncheon at Barnstaple (nineteen miles)

and hasten on, because you can scarcely hope to reach Glastonbury (by way of Bampton, Taunton, Bridgwater) before nightfall, or, at earliest, dinner-time.

Thus must you reckon if on Clovelly bent. Otherwise, you may spend your morning, after arising at Lynton, in an Exmoor excursion; lunch outdoors on picnic provender, or at the Luttrell Arms in the quaint little old town of Dunster, where Dunster Castle is, and be at Glastonbury for tea, and the lovely late afternoon at the Abbey. A hurrying traveller, with a 'sailing date' looming just ahead, could glimpse Wells (six miles from Glastonbury) and get on to Bath (twenty-one miles more, or ninety miles from Lynton, all told) for dinner and the night; and be in London next day for a late luncheon or early tea. This would give him the circuit in somewhat under five days, even including a very lovely part of North Devon. One who is leaving Devon for another time may well take the five days and turn off at Sidcot (below Bristol) for Cheddar, Wells, and Glastonbury; or, if need be, cover that ground more hurriedly in four.

'Oh, you Americans and your "hurry," "hurry"!' complained an Englishwoman in my office, recently.

'But we have work to do, at home,' I reminded her, 'and family obligations; and the children have to get back to school; and our return tickets are bought for the last moment to which we can prolong our stay. We know that Europe is inexhaustible, but we must see what we can in the time at our command.'

There is no use quarrelling with circumstance. Apparently, most of us must hurry. The only thing to do, as I see it, is to 'invest' the time at our disposal to the best advantage and with the least exhaustion. I think Clovelly calls for a pressure in excess of its worth (in view of its 'picnic' popularity). You may not agree with me.

Now, then, for that Exmoor morning, and the Doone Valley.

This year in which I write (1925) is Blackmore's centenary, and while I was not in Devon or Somerset when his anniversary (June 7th) was being celebrated, I was as near as London, having just returned thither from the Wye Valley. There was a great deal in the daily papers and magazines about Blackmore and 'Lorna Doone'; and in particular there was a long article called 'A Man and a Book,' by J. L. Garvin, in the *London Observer* which does so much to make Sundays in London days of delight to me. I'm always cutting up the *Observer* and treasuring for re-readings articles from it which are far too fine to be read only once and carried off with the waste-paper. I saved Mr. Garvin's article and I'd love to give it to you nearly entire. But as that may not be, I shall at least quote liberally from it, because it seems to me to say what I'd like to help you feel about Exmoor, infinitely better than I could hope to say it.

'Let us,' Mr. Garvin says, 'talk of the man and the tale before we take a glimpse or two of the scenes which might nourish a corps of historical novelists. No part of the country is so saturated with one modern book as is Exmoor and all neighboring Wessex with "Lorna Doone."'

Blackmore's father and grandfather were clergymen; but he, after specializing in the classics at Oxford, entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student, and was called to the bar, and to the pursuit of literature! Having to quit London for reasons of health, he became a market-gardener at Teddington, and continued to write.

'From childhood devoted to the soil and to creatures,' says Mr. Garvin, 'he was a fine classical scholar, tried in vain to be a poet, and for long did not know his true gift. . . . In robust figure and temperament and healthy-minded

Toryism, both obstinate and generous, he was as much like an idealized John Bull as any man of his time. The odd thing is that Blackmore was in his fortieth year before he turned novelist in earnest. He wrote for over half a decade without making his name. He might never have made it but for an irrelevant stroke of luck, surpassing any improbability that a modern novelist dare bring into his plot. At the end of the 'sixties he wrote "Lorna Doone." It was destined to run into scores of editions and millions of copies, to be read throughout the English-speaking world, and to become as inseparable from the western moors as Dunkery Beacon. No such success of its kind has been achieved since Scott. Amongst historical novels "Lorna Doone" has had more readers than "Esmond" or "The Cloister and the Hearth."

'But for eighteen months after it appeared, the book seemed a dead failure. The publishers lost money. The critics shrugged. The chief journals damned it with faint praise. Then, in the spring of 1871, Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne, with whose title Blackmore had imagined his heroine to be connected. Popular sentiment had been carried away by this Royal wedding. As Blackmore himself said, it gave his novel "golden wings." So "Lorna Doone" took the world by storm after the world's attention was accidentally drawn to it, and is still alive and gay after half a century. . . . It is not great, but apart from being delightful it is considerable indeed. . . . The romance is as irresponsible as a fairy tale, which is just what makes it taking. Every effect is heightened. If you tramp up Badgeworthy stream to find the hold of the Doones, you will not see the sinister waters nor the rock-walled valley of your dreams. In these matters "Lorna Doone" cares no more for realism than does the "Arabian Nights." . . . Full of life, character, episode, and steeped in the sense of place

and weather, it is spacious and abounding. . . . As for Blackmore's handling of Nature and all the seasons, he is hard to match. You can read him for that quality as you read Gilbert White or Richard Jeffries; there's nothing of the kind to beat the chapter on the great winter. The cold invades you like Poor Tom. Through all seasons you live on Plover Barrow farm and belong to it.

'Above all, the book is crowded with characters who are individual and separate figures, even if super-vivid in a manner proper to the age of Dickens. Great John's physical strength is exaggerated as Lorna's graces are sentimentalised, but they are persons for all that, and you would not for much have missed making acquaintance with either of them. The Doones are all melodrama and film. But as for Tom Faggus, Reuben Huckaback, Betty Muxworthy, Jeremy Stickles, and a dozen others, they are like people you have met and might meet again. From Barnstaple to Bridgwater, from Tiverton and Dulverton to Porlock and Minehead, they are as familiar as anything you see.'

Thus 'the man and the tale.' And now, 'the scenes':

'Except in some altogether spiteful year,' Mr. Garvin says, 'Whitsuntide is the fairest time everywhere. . . . By comparison, spring in this country is too thin and summer too mature. Whitsuntide in the ribbed corner of the west from the Atlantic along the Bristol Channel looking over to the shining edge of Wales, has glories vanished from most of the land. Was it not on Whit-Tuesday, by the way, that Carver Doone shot Lorna in Oare Church (of which Blackmore's grandfather was rector at a much later day) just after John Ridd had put the ring on her finger?'

Whitsunday, or Pentecost, celebrated on the fiftieth day after Easter, is believed to have been called 'White Sunday' because of the white garments worn by applicants for baptism on this feast; though there are years when Whitsuntide

so coincides with the flowering of the white hawthorn that one might almost believe that to be the origin of the name.

Of that Western England when the season approaches Whitsuntide, Mr. Garvin wrote:

'The astonishment when all is said is the colour of England in the west. It is like the high Alpine pastures. A fortnight ago the primroses were still spreading in multitudes amongst the woods and down the banks. Seen from a distance whole breadths of ground where they grew thickest were more gold than green. Hyacinths and wild violets flourished without end. And there was a thing one had never noticed before, or not as one ought. The red campion shone everywhere amongst the blue. Scarlet pimpernel was there with sky-eyed speedwell not far away. Gardeners know what it is when tulips faintly flushed are scattered loosely through beds of forget-me-nots, but nature also knows how and makes her combinations as though she meant them. One leaves out a score of other delights amongst wild flowers in the west, but spires of orchis flourished in the lanes, and the gorse signalled from hills and headlands miles away. While the beech-hedges of this excellent country seemed yet as young as April, lilac and laburnum were in full bloom with red and white hawthorn. . . .

'And the sounds! Listen; it is the beginning of sunset. The mounted shepherd on the bay horse who rides round at this time burns red; and where falls have rent the cliff the flayed sandstone takes as deep a glow. The fleeces of the sheep are touched with the same apocalyptic finger. The valley brims with a unity of light and all things are of one mingling creation. Calm is the air; calm lies the sea. From field and wood and cascading streams and high rock and breaking wave, the sounds rise in a symphony pastoral and elemental at once that makes the combe as full of noises as of sunset, yet as peaceable as silence. The sheep are chang-

ing pasture with prodigious concern, every lamb with its mother. The crying of the gulls over and under the blackbirds and thrushes is no discord. Running waters, some loud, some slender, have many tones amongst themselves, and the plunging bass comes in with the rhythm of the tide.

'As for Exmoor, reaching it first from the side of the gorges of the Lynn pouring for miles under branches, you traverse the length and breadth of it again to find it unspoiled and unchanged — the same upland solitude reaching away dark and bright by turns, as liberating to the town-fettered soul of man as any primitive landscape still left in what is called our crowded island. Much of its countryside is less crowded than ever, less than in the seventeenth century. . . .

'What luck was Richard Blackmore's, and how little he knew it. . . . Unawares he did what few of the very greatest writers have achieved. Like Wordsworth in the Lake district, he identified himself with a great landscape where the shapes of his fancy mingle with every sight and sound, and common memory keeps his name alive.'

I shall add no word of mine to these — save just to say that if you go a few miles from Lynton along the Countisbury road to County Gate (on the Somerset border) you can drive down to Oare, and from there take a moorland walk which will add to your memory-gallery an English picture sure to give you deep delight as long as you live.

And if you've lunched at Dunster, you should be at Glastonbury for tea at the Pilgrims' Inn, a fifteenth-century hostel exceeded in quaint charm by few in Europe.

Are you concerned with the probable truth about Glastonbury's long history? Or are you content with the beauty of the Abbey ruins and interested in its traditions because generations of men and women who came here before you, believed in them?

Glastonbury, or Avalon, was once an island in the midst of a river expansion or a Bristol Channel inlet, up which (according to tradition) Saint Joseph of Arimathea, with eleven companions, sailed until they came in sight of that hill 'most like to Tabor's holy mount' for which Joseph had been instructed, in a dream, to look.

Close to Glastonbury on the road from Bridgwater, is the Weary-All Hill where the twelve are said to have landed and Joseph's pilgrim staff, when he struck it into the earth, at once took root and sent forth branches. This became the celebrated Glastonbury Thorn, evidently of Eastern origin, which flowered at Christmas and was extraordinarily venerated — although if you are prosaically-minded you will not, I'm afraid, find any mention of the thorn or of Saint Joseph at Glastonbury before the thirteenth century, when the abbots were in great need of pilgrim revenues for the rebuilding of their church and monastic buildings. It may not have been they, but some enthusiast on their behalf, who started the story that Saint Joseph brought hither the Holy Grail.

In any event, there was a very early church here, the first Christian Church in England; and it is probable that Saint Patrick visited it and brought together the hermits of the vicinity into a sort of monastic community, with himself as their abbot; and that he may be buried here; and that in the course of time, this abbey became a great centre of light and learning as well as a great place of pilgrimage.

It seems that in 1171, just after Becket's murder, Henry II, staying at Saint David's, heard from a Welsh bard the tale of King Arthur's death and burial at Avalon, and desired the Abbot of Glastonbury to make search for the relics, at the spot indicated by the bard. This, however, was not done until twenty years later, when a leaden cross was unearthed, with the inscription: 'Here lies buried the re-

nowned King Arthur in the Isle of Avalon with Guinivere his second wife.' The bones (Arthur's of gigantic size, Guinivere's still shrouded by her flaxen hair) lay in the trunk of a hollowed tree. Nearly a century later the remains were interred before the high altar, in a tomb of black marble, Edward I and his 'dear queen' looking on.

I would that I could send you a golden afternoon for Glastonbury; and pervading stillness among the exquisite ruins; and lovely long shadows on the grass-grown chancel steps by Arthur's resting-place; and a tiniest, vagrant zephyr to sway the tall stems of feathery green things growing atop the proud arches which have nothing to support; and one with you that you love — one with a tender, vibrant voice to read 'The Passing of Arthur' to you in this place. Arthur, who told Sir Bedivere, 'I perish by this people which I made.' Read how there came the dusky barge, and Arthur was placed in it by the three Queens, and Bedivere, about to be left alone, wept:

> . . . now the whole Round Table is dissolved
> Which was an image of the mighty world;
> And I, the last, go forth companionless,
> And the days darken round me, and the years,
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

What one of us is there who has not cried thus at the dissolving of an old order that we loved?

> And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfills himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. . . .
> But now farewell. I am going a long way
> With these thou seest — if indeed I go
> (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
> To the island-valley of Avilion;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
> Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

And Bedivere climbed to watch the barge 'till the hull look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn' and

> . . . from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
> As from beyond the limit of the world,
> Like the last echo born of a great cry,
> Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
> Around a king returning from his wars. . . .
> And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

Once, on a long, golden day not a great while after Whitsuntide, I left Glastonbury well on toward five o'clock, spent a couple of hours at Wells, and was not too late for a good dinner at Bath. But if you are able to take more time, I'm sure you will enjoy spending a night at the Pilgrims' Inn, and giving the morrow to Wells, Cheddar, and Bath.

This whole section of country is so full of beautiful and interesting places that your only consolation, if you have to hasten through it now, must be the promise you will make yourself of coming again, choosing a 'centre' and settling down for a sojourn.

I find myself, now that I have suggested your staying at Glastonbury for the night, as full of vacillation as Stevenson was when he had two heroes to one heroine and couldn't let one lad make love to the lass without being jealous on behalf of t'other. I think how nice a place the Pilgrims' Inn at Glastonbury is to return to from one's pilgrimage to Arthur's shrine; and then —! I remember Wells in the evening light, and I cannot fail to urge you on those six more miles.

Go back to Glastonbury to sleep in the oak-rafted rooms of the Pilgrims' Inn, if you will. But if so be this is a golden afternoon, with a lingering twilight ahead, I wouldn't miss seeing Wells at such a time.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer first saw Wells in such a light, and her descriptions of it are so lovely that I am go-

ing to give you bits of them — and only wish I could give you Pennell's exquisite drawings, too. But it is on the 'setting' of Wells, particularly, that I want to quote her.

Meantime go into the Cathedral immediately on arriving, while the light is still slanting in strong from the west and illumining the inverted arches of the tower piers, which are the striking feature of this cathedral's interior. Climb that exquisite stairway to the Chapter House while still there are little flecks of sunshine gold upon its worn stones. Of course you'll want to see the famous clock, made in 1325 by a Glastonbury monk, and installed in the north transept. Above it are figures of four mounted horsemen who, at the striking of the hours, revolve several times in tournament fashion, one figure seeming to be nearly unhorsed at a certain stage in each revolution. If you don't see the hour struck, you may see the figure of a man who strikes the quarters by kicking backwards at two bells with his heels. Children are quite likely to regard this clock as one of the delightfullest things met in their travels abroad. And I think every one will wish to pay a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of Bishop Ken, at his memorial window in the north choir aisle, not far from the clock. You remember the doughty little Ken who refused Nelly lodging in his house at Winchester (see Chapter I) and won the Merry Monarch's respect thereby. We shall have another opportunity to recall him at Frome and Longleat, in this chapter.

Now, cross the cloisters to the Bishop's Palace grounds, if you have been able to find a verger who will conduct you. The grounds are open to the public on week-days from two to five; but it is, doubtless, considerably past five now, and you can see this fairyland only by persuading some one with a key that you are a reverent beauty-worshipper and willing to let it cost you half a crown or so.

These are the gardens that Mrs. Van Rensselaer calls 'the most lovely wide gardens in the world; in these gardens, near a natural fountain (hence, *Wells*) which forms a big pool, falls in white cascades, and fills a moat, there rises, with the water around its feet, a palace smothered in vines and trees; and beyond the gardens and the moat run avenues of mighty elms.

'As we made this circuit,' she continues, 'partly inside, partly outside the close, and at last along the shady avenues, all things grew mysterious and supernal as the afterglow deepened in the sky, more and more suffused the air, and softened local colors in a radiance that was neither pink nor gray nor green, but everywhere seemed to have a tinge of all three tones. Everything was quite distinct, yet we rubbed our eyes as though a veil of gauze were hiding realities that could not be so fair. It was romance made tangible. Here was indeed the palace of enchantment, without a discordant feature, and with no possible feature lacking, even to spellbound princes who swam about as swans among the lilies of the moat. There was not a person to be seen, and often not a glimpse of any world beyond this roseate silent park. Nature and art, blended together, were existing simply for themselves; and the stillness and glamour seemed so ancient, so miraculous and seductive, that at last one thought of escape for safety. An hour of such bewitchment and — who knows? — we too might be swans on the moat, or swallows in the air, or stone figures under a stone canopy forever.'

Among all the groups raised by mediæval builders, she thinks, blending nature's charms and art's together, there can be none more perfect than this at Wells, where the arrangement is masterly and the elements are very beautiful in themselves.

Not a bishop, she contends, should live in that dream-

palace, 'but some festive young seignior with hawks and hounds, going out daily over the drawbridge on a milk-white horse with the longest possible tail; and on the moat, instead of a stout youth in knickerbockers pushing himself about in a punt with a pole, we ought to have seen a boat shaped like a swan, with a silken canopy and a troubadour to sing beneath the oriels. I do not know whether or not we might have gone inside the palace, but who could wish it? No modern men or women, clerical or lay, could 'live up' to such an exterior. But not seeing was believing; not seeing, we could fancy them still clad in brocades, treading on rushes, and shivering when the tapestries wave as the wind blows in winter through the patched walls and sagging roofs. . . . How often have we wished that we might be some actual thing half as picturesque as the scene-painter's unrealities? Here we find it — something real that looks utterly unreal.'

For an hour like that I'd cross seas and continents. Wouldn't *you?* And certainly I wouldn't care a fig at what time I got some food, or where. I'd drain that cup of ecstasy, knowing that it would refresh and exalt me as long as my soul shall live; whereas this material food and drink we have to consider three times a day seems scarcely to satisfy us for three or four hours.

There's the Swan Hotel, at Wells (and by the way, I've heard that the enchanted princes who swim as swans on the moat, ring the bell at the porter's lodge by the drawbridge, if they are hungry; but I haven't seen them do it), but before I applied there, I'd be tempted, at least, to look for lodgings in the Vicars' Close, two rows of fourteenth-century houses, twenty-one houses in each row, each house with two rooms and a little garden in front. Only one of the little houses remains as it was, and the interior arrangements have been made to conform with present-day requirements. Here students lodge in term-time; but in sum-

mer, visitors may sometimes achieve the felicity of sleeping in such a place.

I haven't said anything about the Cathedral façade whose myriad statues were designed to be 'a hymn in stone' and to proclaim 'We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.' But this you may, I think, give your attention to after the glories I have mentioned first; the light on it is likely to be sufficient long after the interior is closed to visitors.

Don't let anything tempt you to pass by Wells because it is 'only another Cathedral town' and your delight in ecclesiastical architecture is limited. If you miss it, you will have missed the most universally appealing and enchanting spot in England. I have never known any one who failed to succumb to the loveliness of Wells. But the *char-à-bancs* come here, too, all through midday. If you want that enchanted-garden feeling Mrs. Van Rensselaer speaks of so charmingly, you must get there after the crowds have gone.

Wells used to be difficult of access. It used to be said that three railways made it difficult to get there, and four would have made it impossible. You doubtless recall Mr. Howells's description of his journey to Wells, in a train 'that seemed to stop oftener than it started' and which 'was apparently run down by an old man and his granddaughter, who got in blown and panting from their chase of half a mile before overtaking us.'

That was 'the swift train,' too — the one that made the twenty miles from Bath in two hours, with only two changes of cars en route. I'm not sure if anybody goes by train, now. They all seem to be on the highways in gasoline chariots, and the fine art of travel has come to lie in getting to places like Wells when most folks are elsewhere.

An early start for Bath, next morning, will get you there

by ten o'clock at latest, if you go direct. But I wouldn't do that. I'd get away before nine, if possible, and make the eight-mile run to Cheddar so as to get there well in advance of the school-children's picnics and Bristol factory 'treats' whose happy hunting-ground it is. Cheddar Gorge is magnificent, and the stalactite and stalagmite caves should not, I think, on any account be missed. Don't be deterred from entering them because the approaches look uninviting, or because the methods of their owners, bidding for business, lead one to suspect a sort of circus side-show. Wear a warm wrap which a little dripping water won't hurt (and a hat of like sturdiness) and enter in a mood most reverent; for here you are to see not only extraordinary loveliness, but to experience a great awe and wonderment.

There is a particularly pleasant hotel at Cheddar (the Cheddar Cliff) where I once ate one of the nicest luncheons, most attractively served, that I ever found in rural England; and where (doubtless) you may do likewise. But the picnics are in full force by that time; and you, if you haven't been too late arriving at Cheddar, should be through your sight-seeing there and back at Wells, and headed west, through Shepton Mallet (look back, between Wells and Shepton Mallet, for the finest view of Wells Cathedral) to Frome (pronounced Froom), twenty-five miles from Cheddar.

Lunch at the Crown (or, better, if it be strawberry season buy a big basket of the Somerset beauties, at Cheddar, and stop somewhere for buns and clotted cream; and 'picnic' in any fairy glade you may choose) and ask in some of the shops at Frome about visiting Longleat, the seat of the Marquess of Bath, which Macaulay described as 'the most magnificent country house in England.' In any case, you may visit the park on foot, and it may be that you can drive through its two thousand acres, most of them superbly wooded and extremely picturesque. Mondays,

Thursdays, and Saturdays in summer are the visiting days for the mansion. But it might be that admission could be obtained at another time, especially if you carry a card of membership in the English-Speaking Union. One must, of course, bear in mind that these 'show places' are also people's homes; and that if we are permitted to tramp through them at any time it is probably more than we should enjoy conceding to casuals in our own home.

But whether we see the interior or not, we may gaze at the exterior. And we may fancy ourselves here when Charles II was given a splendid welcome at Longleat, soon after his accession; or when poor Monmouth, his hapless, handsome son, was entertained here, not long before his head fell on Tower Hill.

Ken was new-made Bishop of Bath and Wells when the battle of Sedgemoor was fought, and he sheltered the refugees. He ministered to Monmouth on the scaffold, as he had ministered to his dying father at Whitehall. And he refused to take the oath of allegiance to James II, for which he was committed to the Tower and tried in Westminster Hall; and, though acquitted then, was deprived of his see later when, having done homage to James, he declined to transfer his allegiance in James's lifetime to the latter's cousin and son-in-law, William of Orange.

Longleat belonged to one who had been a college friend of Ken's, and here the dispossessed little bishop came, with his books which were his only worldly goods; here he wrote 'Awake, my soul, and with the sun,' and 'Glory to Thee, my God, this night.' Here he died, in 1711, and was carried hence to Frome, and was buried at sunrise, the time he had been wont to rise, in the churchyard of Saint John's Church, beneath the east chancel window.

To me he is one of the most endearing of all bishops — for not many of whom one would choose just that term.

I'm sure you'll want to stop a moment at his grave, in Frome, even if you don't visit the beautiful church which shelters it. And then, if you go three miles to Beckington, and take the main road to Bath (twelve miles north), you should keep your eye out, to left, for the fork in the road which leads to Norton Saint Philip, just a good stone's throw (or maybe a mile) off your highway, if you want to see an old-fashioned English village with a picturesque fifteenth-century inn, the George, in which Monmouth and Samuel Pepys were among the seventeenth-century guests.

This may not seem worth a slight détour to you. The right-hand fork of that crossroads whose left-hand fork leads to Norton Saint Philip, will take you, in two and a half miles, to Farleigh Hungerford, where you may visit Farleigh Castle, set on a hill near a deep, wooded ravine. The chapel and two of the original four towers of the castle remain out of those parts which Sir Walter Hungerford built out of the ransom paid for Charles the poet Duke of Orleans whom Sir Walter captured at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. (This, you'll remember, was the duke who was the second husband of little Isabella of Valois, Richard II's child-widow; and who became in a third marriage the father of Louis XII. We recalled his long imprisonment at the Tower.)

One of the descendants of Sir Walter Hungerford was a bit of a Bluebeard, and imprisoned the last of his three wives for three or four years in a tower chamber 'without comfort of any creature,' as she wrote to that other Bluebeard, Henry VIII, 'and under the custodie of my Lord's chaplain, which hath once or twice poysoned me. He hath promised my Lord that he would soon rid him of me, and I am sure he intendeth to keep his promise; for I have none other meat nor drink but such as cometh from the said

priest and brought me by my Lord's foole. So that I have been well-nigh starved and sometimes of a truth should die for lack of sustenance had not poore women of the country, knowing my Lord's demayne always to his wives, brought me to my great window, in the night, such meat and drink as they had, and gave me for the love of God; for money have I none wherewith to pay them, nor yet have had of my Lord, these four years, save four groats.'

It wasn't for this behavior to his wife that Lord Hungerford was brought to the scaffold; but for high treason against his rival Bluebeard, the King. But I'm sure you'll rejoice to know that the happy widow soon married again, got a good husband, became the mother of six children, and lived well on toward the middle of Queen Elizabeth's long reign. I'm sure you'll find castle and chapel well worth a stop, especially as they are on your direct way to Bradford-on-Avon, for which you continue west about a mile, and then turn north to Bradford.

Bradford has a Saxon church built early in the eighth century, which is unquestionably the oldest unaltered church in England. It has a very ancient bridge, with a curious structure on it, 'all a bridge could be asked to be by the most exacting tourist,' Mr. Howells declared. It has an old tithe barn of the fifteenth century, which used, in the ages of faith, to bulge with those fruits of their toil which 'the neighboring churls,' as Howells said, 'used to pay into it for the comfort of the clergy here, and the good of their own souls hereafter.' And Bradford also has, in Kingston House (or 'The Hall,' as it is more commonly called), a mansion, built about 1600, from the design of Giovanni of Padua, so beautiful that a model of it was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, as the finest example of Elizabethan architecture.

From Bradford, turn west to Limpley Stoke, and there

north toward Bath (five miles) entering by the New Warminster Road.

What hotel you may have chosen, I cannot guess. Nearly every one who goes to Bath has been strongly urged, by some friend who has been there, to patronize the hotel which gave that friend such satisfaction. I'm sure that Bath abounds in comfortable and delightful hotels. I know that the Empire is one of the nicest hotels I ever stopped at; and I cannot imagine myself going to Bath and trying any other. But if some one has told you the same of the Grand Pump Room or the Spa or the Pulteney, I'm sure you'll never wish to quarrel with his judgment.

The Spa is the first to which you come on your way into town by the New Warminster Road; just before reaching Sydney Gardens, you 'double back' on North Road to the Spa. For a brief stay, though, you'd find it rather remote from the centre of interest.

Leading citywards from the Sydney Gardens is Great Pulteney Street with the Pulteney Hotel on your right-hand side of it as you approach the Avon. And just after you have crossed the river, you find the Empire, in a fine, open situation, and close to the Abbey Church. While, if you seek the Grand Pump Room, you shall reach it by following the north side of the Abbey Church through Cheap Street to Stall Street, and turning south for a few doors.

Your mileage to-day has not run much over fifty miles; but how long you may have lingered here and there I cannot guess. So I don't know how much daylight or how much energy you may have left. But if you must get to London before nightfall to-morrow, you will see little of Bath unless you make the most of this afternoon.

Perhaps you'd like to celebrate your arrival in Bath by *taking* a bath in the hot, healing waters which have been flowing here continuously for more centuries than any one

dare estimate. I cannot promise you any physical results from a single immersion that you might not get in a bath-tub anywhere; but I should think there could hardly fail to be a special mental satisfaction in feeling one's self cleansed and refreshed at such a storied source.

I dare say you know the traditions about these springs: How, five and thirty centuries ago, Lud Hudibras, descended from Æneas, swayed the sceptre of Britain, and had a son, Bladud, who was 'a prince of the highest expectations, the darling of his parents, and the delight of the court.' And how poor young Bladud became a leper, and, shut out from society, could aspire to only the meanest employments — so he became a swineherd. And how his disease spread to his brute charges; and how instinct, or accident, led them into the muddy morass made by these bubbling hot springs, and they were cured of their leprosy. So he followed, and was cured of his. And how, years afterwards, he rigged himself a contrivance with which he expected to fly like a bird; but he was dashed to pieces, leaving his son, Lear, to reign in his stead. And Lear reigned sixty years — but most of us would never have heard of him if it hadn't been for Shakespeare.

That is tradition. But that the Romans thought well of these springs is most substantially attested.

Their Forum was in the space now lying between the Abbey Church and the Pump Room Hotel; so the Baths were close to the centre of Roman life in this important outpost of the Empire.

The sort of person to whom 'a bath's a bath' will not take the time and make the slight effort to bathe in the hot spring water which is now known to be radio-active; and which, if it hasn't cured all who came to it, has certainly been *tried* by a wonderfully distinguished company. But those of us who love the continuing human story; who like

to feel ourselves marching with the procession that makes history; who find a little chuckle when we step, however briefly, into the stride of the most-admired marchers — nothing could keep us from taking the nearest possible likeness to a Roman bath, here where the Romans bathed; nor from drinking the waters, in the Grand Pump Room; nor from visiting the Assembly Rooms, crowded with *bon vivants* of the eighteenth century.

If I had to forego something in Bath, I'd glimpse the Abbey Church only in passing, and spend my time on the Roman Bath. I'd make sure I had the view of Bath from Beechen Cliff, south of the city. And I'd have a drive about the lovely parks, squares, and crescents which make Bath one of the most attractive cities one encounters anywhere.

I think I'd arrange my drive thus:

West from the Pump Room, in Westgate Street, noting Number 39 Westgate Street, where Josiah Wedgwood lived, and glancing into Kingsmead Square — as I passed through — to Londonderry House, where Sheridan once lived; and 'squinting' down Charles Street, at Number 22 in which Gibbon, the historian of Rome's decline and fall, used to visit his stepmother.

As Kingsmead Street became New King Street, I'd keep a lookout for Number 19, where Herschel, the great astronomer, was living when he discovered the planet Uranus, in 1781. And as New King Street became Stanhope Street, I'd note Number 23, where Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) died, at the ripe age of eighty-eight — delightful Fanny! who grew up among 'lyons'; whose 'Journal' covered seventy-two eventful years; whose 'Evelina,' published when she was sixteen, both Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds sat up all night to read and of which Samuel Johnson said there were passages in it which might do honor to Richardson. Some accounts say

that she died in London; but the Bath historians insist that she died here; and concerning an event so recent, I do not see how the local authorities can be at fault.

I'd turn north, here, into Upper Bristol Road, and (still north) through Royal Victoria Park, the northern boundary of which is Weston Road which was the Via Julia, or Roman road. Royal Crescent and The Circus, and Assembly Rooms lie just to east of Victoria Park. The only strong reason for continuing farther north would be an interest in seeing Beckford House, in Lansdown Crescent, where the eccentric William Beckford, author of 'Vathek,' lived for twenty-two years after he was compelled to sell his fabulous Fonthill. Once, during those few years when I attended school without managing to get any education, I elected (when we were permitted to choose a subject for an 'essay') to write about Beckford and 'Vathek'—probably for the reason that there could have been few subjects on which I was less qualified. I remember how the pained and despairing teacher tried to persuade me to choose 'Silas Marner' instead; but I was not to be turned from my grand, gloomy, and peculiar purpose. But grappling with it against the teacher's advice was not a bad exercise. I was as determined to prove it interesting, as most of us were to resist the allure of the books that were thrust upon us as praiseworthy. And to this day, the slightest mention of Beckford will lead me into a bypath where his strange ghost lurks.

Supposing you to be pressed for time and not interested in Beckford, I suggest your continuing east when Weston Road changes its name to Crescent Lane, rounding the south side of Saint Andrew's Church into River Street, Number 3 in which was the home, in 1852, of Walter Savage Landor who lived in Bath for twenty years. Then, go back to the east end of the church, and down Upper Church

Street to the Royal Crescent. Next, east in Brock Street to The Circus. Gainsborough, at the height of his fame, lived at Number 24 The Circus. David Livingstone once stayed at Number 13; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, lived at Numbers 7 and 8 for nearly a decade.

The Assembly Rooms are just east of The Circus.

North of the Assembly Rooms is Bennet Street, in which Lady Nelson and Lord Nelson's father were living in 1802, while Horatio, I'm afraid, was spending his spare time with 'dear Lady Hamilton.'

South of the Assembly Rooms is Alfred Street where, at Number 2, Sir Thomas Lawrence lived when, in his extreme youth, he came to study portrait-painting in Bath. The youngster had many sitters by the time he was twelve; his first portrait of Mrs. Siddons was made when he was only thirteen.

Drive south, now, in Bartlett Street and Milsom Street, and on and on, without a turning, over Old Bridge, and up the winding Wells Road to the Bear Inn, then down to Holloway, where we shall find the winding lane, known as 'Prospect Place,' to Beechen Cliff, four hundred feet high, beneath which the beautiful city is outspread.

Then, by Calton Road and Lyncombe Hill to Calverton Street, and into Pulteney Road; and on, north, in this until it is called Sydney Place, at Number 4 in which Jane Austen lived for a time when she was not writing. 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Sense and Sensibility,' and 'Northanger Abbey' were all written before she was twenty-three, but none of them was published until she was past thirty-five. While she was living here, on Sydney Place, she sold 'Northanger Abbey' to a London publisher for ten pounds, but he had not the courage to publish it, and years later she bought it back from him. It never saw the light until after her death.

So it was a semi-shabby little Miss Nobody who lived here, from 1801 to 1805, arriving in 'a very neat chaise; it looked almost as well as a gentleman's, at least as a very shabby gentleman's'; and finding that 'the first view of Bath in fine weather does not answer my expectations.'

She wrote little while here. There isn't even so much as a single letter extant that is dated from this house.

For an after-dinner stroll, walk east of the Abbey to Terrace Walk, at Number 7 in which Sheridan is believed to have written at least part of 'The Rivals.'

Not far away is South Parade, at Number 6 in which Walter Scott lived for about a year when he was a little lame laddie of four to five, and his father wanted him to try 'the wells of Bladud' for his infirmity. They were without effect on the lameness; but the patient, recalling that stay when writing his 'Autobiography,' years later, said that he had a good time, and that here he learned to read 'at a day-school, kept by an old dame near our lodgings.' That was in 1762–63, soon after the death of Beau Nash; and I find few ghosts in all the throng of ghosts at Bath that I like better to meet than the little lame bairn on South Parade learning those letters he was later to weave with such wizardry.

Running north from South Parade to North Parade is Pierrepont Street, where Lord Chesterfield wrote many of the famous 'Letters' to his son. His house is now two, numbered 3a and 4.

Go through York Street, and up Stall Street to Westgate Street, and west in the latter (as you drove this afternoon) to Kingsmead Square. Just north of this square is Saw Close in which Beau Nash lived and died.

Richard Nash was born at Swansea in 1674. He went, in time, to Oxford, 'but his departure was so hurried that he had no time to bid the bursar farewell.' He tried the army,

but 'quickly doffed the red coat'; next, the law, and entered the Middle Temple, but didn't stay. At the age of thirty he had no means and no profession except that of a gambler.

One day a stage-coach rattled into Bath with Nash aboard; 'He had no learning, his wit was poor, and his purse was empty.' But he had a taste for pleasure, a considerable acquaintance with others of his sort, and when he saw the numbers who resorted to 'the wells of Bladud,' the amount of time they had on their hands, and the stupid, stodgy ways they employed it, he recognized his opportunity.

'By his direction a permanent subscription list was established for the maintenance of a band and for keeping the Pump Room clean and in order; a fund was raised for paving and lighting the streets; and, in spite of Corporation opposition, the suburbs were improved, and a handsome Assembly Room built, surrounded by gardens.'

In the Pump Room, Nash posted his Code of Rules, including such as:

'No gentleman shall give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlemen. N.B. — Unless he has none of his acquaintance.'

'Gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball show ill manners; and that none do so for the future, except such as respect nobody but themselves.'

'That all repeaters of lies and scandals be shunned by all company, except such as have been guilty of the same crime.'

For years, Nash, though an adventurer and gamester, reigned here like a king. Then, in a lawsuit to restrain the keepers of his gaming-houses from cheating him, it was revealed that while he appeared as the regulator of gambling he was none the less growing rich on its spoils. 'He lost both lawsuit and public esteem,' and in his old age (he

lived to be nearly eighty-seven) he was poor and friendless, eking out a drear existence on the grant of ten guineas a month allowed him by the Corporation. He was, however, given a public funeral in the Abbey.

A few steps up Barton Street, is Trim Street, from Number 5 in which General Wolfe started on the expedition against Quebec, which ended in his death in the hour of victory.

And also in Saw Close is the Theatre Royal.

Bath was the first provincial city in England to have a theatre royal (by royal patent), and this was granted in 1768 to John Palmer who ran the Bath Theatre conjointly with the Bristol Theatre; and it was while moving his company (which he did three times a week) from Bath to Bristol, in the 'specials' he retained for the purpose, that the idea of mail-coaches for the postal service struck him. On August 2, 1784, the first English mail-coaches were driven between London and Bristol under his auspices.

Palmer, who later became mayor of Bath and member of Parliament for the district, once a year made a tour of the principal country theatres, looking for new talent. His prompter had seen a woman act in Liverpool, a Mrs. Siddons who had recently failed disastrously at Drury Lane. Palmer saw her, and in 1778 engaged her for his theatre at Bath which was then, theatrically considered, 'a more select London.'

Mrs. Siddons was engaged to act on Thursday nights, at three pounds a week; but her popularity soon increased her labors.

'After the rehearsal at Bath,' she wrote, 'on a Monday morning, I had to go and act at Bristol on the evening of the same day; and reaching Bath again, after a drive of twelve miles, I was obliged to represent some fatiguing part there on the Tuesday evening.'

At Bath, she worked hard at the domestic cares of her family, studied her parts late at night, and made steady headway with her public. In 1782, Sheridan (moved by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who had seen Mrs. Siddons act at Bath) effected Mrs. Siddons's removal to Drury Lane, and that début we recalled in one of our London chapters. Her four years at Bath were among the most important of her career; and yet, for some unimaginable reason, no book about Bath that I have ever seen mentions her name. The whereabouts of her humble lodgings are unknown, but are thought to have been in what is now Somerset Street, off Southgate Street, just before you come to Old Bridge. Two of her children were born in Bath and baptized in the Abbey. Her youngest daughter went to school here. In 1804, William Siddons, amicably separated from his wife, came to Bath to spend his remaining days.

In 1808 Mrs. Siddons acted here — her last rôle in Bath was that of Mary, Queen of Scots.

And the *Bath Journal* for Monday, March 14, 1808, announced: 'Friday died at his Lodgings in this City William Siddons, esq: the very worthy and affectionate husband of the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons. Though long an invalid dissolution may be said to have been sudden as he had passed the preceding evening with a circle of friends in his usual social and pleasant manner.'

He was buried in Bath Abbey. 'Sally' survived 'Sid' for more than twenty-three years.

The Theatre Royal we now see was built many years after Mrs. Siddons's death, and, except in its name, has no association with her. But to me, Bath is very full of her — much more so, even, than of Sheridan, who has never yet become for me a familiar, realizable presence anywhere. He was nineteen when his family took up their residence in Bath, and he was in his twenty-second year when he eloped

with Miss Linley to France; but in those years he had got out of Bath that wherewith he was to make millions laugh in 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal.'

Just one mem'ry more: Dickens stayed at the Saracen's Head on Broad Street, in 1835, when here as a young reporter; and here he laid, as you know, some of the scenes of 'The Pickwick Papers.'

On your way back to London, if you will leave the main road at Corsham, six miles from Bath, and take the little road to Lacock, you will see an exceptionally picturesque village with many fine old houses, and a thirteenth-century abbey now converted into a most 'story-booky' residence. The foundress of this abbey was that heiress of the Earl of Salisbury who became the wife of William Longespée, the son of Henry II and Fair Rosamund. A vigorous lady she was, and for seven years served as sheriff of her county. Later, she took the habit at her convent here, and died here.

Now, on to Chippenham, and thence (perhaps) to Malmesbury (ten miles) to see the lovely abbey ruins there, and the Bell Hotel — or, straight on from Chippenham through Marlborough and Reading and Maidenhead, to London.

To do this westward-from-London circuit otherwise than by auto, I'd take train, or (time permitting) boat and train, for Oxford. Then, train to Gloucester, and spend two nights there, taking Tewkesbury and the Wye Valley from that base. From Gloucester to Bristol (if you like) for an hour or two, and on to Bath, where I'd make headquarters while 'doing' the surrounding country by motor-bus. If you wish to include North Devon, I'd suggest that you reach it by steamer from Bristol, and make Lynton your base there. Ilfracombe is a thoroughly typical seaside resort, a miniature Atlantic City; if you can bear that sort of thing, go there.

After North Devon, it is easy to reach Exeter, and come back to London by way of Sherborne and Salisbury, or Dorchester and Bournemouth.

Should you so incline, you might ship your 'grand baggage' to Southampton before leaving London on this trip; come across the south coast to Southampton; and make headquarters there for the sight-seeing described in our Chapter I, Part I; then sail for Caen, or Le Havre, or San Malo and Mont-Saint-Michel.

Landing at Liverpool (or at Glasgow) and coming to London from the north, then making this tour in the west and south en route to the Continent, would give you an excellent introduction to the west of England, and leave you to make acquaintance *next* time with the eastern counties, from Kent to Durham or beyond.

II

NORTH FROM LONDON TO THE ENGLISH LAKES

A MOTOR journey northward through the Shakespeare country and Derbyshire as far as the English Lakes and back through Durham, York, Lincoln, Boston, Peterborough, Ely, and Cambridge, may be made in eight days, providing one makes no sojourns at any point, but keeps pretty continuously moving; at a not-fatiguing pace, however. Adding a day to these eight will permit more than a glimpse of the Lakes. Adding four days will make it possible to stretch the trip to Carlisle, Ecclefechan, Dumfries, Ayr, and the near-by Burns country, Glasgow, the Trossachs trip. Edinburgh, Abbotsford, Melrose, and Dryburgh. If you want a day in the Lake Country, and a day or two at Gleneagles for golf, you should reckon on a fortnight from London back to London, travelling at the rate of about a hundred miles a day and stopping to glimpse the principal attractions en route.

In this chapter I shall outline (I can do scarcely more than that) a journey from London to the Lakes; and in the next, take you across to Durham, and down through York, Lincoln, Cambridge.

The first day's run will include Saint Albans, Sulgrave Manor, Banbury, and get you to Stratford for the late afternoon and the night, after about ninety-five miles of driving.

Saint Albans is twenty-one miles from London by road. You leave London by the Finchley Road, which you find by following Portman Street (out of Oxford Street, just east

of Marble Arch) north through Gloucester Place to Park Road; and on, past Hanover Gate of Regent's Park, to Saint John's Church, and Lord's Cricket Grounds, and out Wellington Road till it changes its name to Finchley Road and goes on through Golders Green to Barnet, and South Mimms, and Saint Albans.

If I could prevail upon you to get away by eight o'clock, you'd be out of London's far-flung environs before the traffic had begun to get thick, and would reach country road and good going well before nine o'clock and be at Saint Albans by nine-thirty.

I hope my urging about early starts doesn't irk you. I cannot in conscience withhold it if I'm to make my experience helpful to you. For in these days, when all the world's a-wing continuously, the traveller who does not enjoy going in processions must be an early riser, a clever planner, and reasonably flexible in the matter of habits, so that he can take advantage of the best conditions on his journey even at the cost of some rearrangement of his home-biding schedule.

Some one is always telling me that he or she can't get as much out of a given trip as I seem to get; but I find that it's because they won't make concessions at the right places, where concessions would triple the enjoyment of their undertaking; so they end by having concessions wrung from them where what's sacrificed perforce is the real profit of the venture.

This day's success depends very largely upon your getting to Sulgrave fairly early, ahead of the crowds, and to Stratford after the crowds have gone.

Saint Albans, named for the first Christian martyr in England, who was beheaded here, is the successor to Verulamium, which the Romans founded about 43 A.D. and which became an important town under their rule. You

enter the town by the London Road and keep straight on till your same street becomes High Street, and you have the old fifteenth-century belfry on your right, and the Cathedral on your left.

The Cathedral is impressive and, in many respects, very beautiful; but you have ahead of you cathedrals so much grander that if you must slight something at Saint Albans I'd say: Take but a brief glance at the Cathedral (mind that you glance *inside*, though, as well as outside!) and then leave your car and go through the Abbey Gatehouse and along the path that leads to the Ver. By the bridge, you'll find the little Fighting Cock Inn, one of the oldest inhabited houses in England.

Perhaps you won't have time to take the walk along the river-bank to Saint Michael's Church, or to explore the site of the old Roman town. But don't fail to visit Saint Michael's Church, where Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount Saint Albans, is buried. This you reach, on your way to Sulgrave, by following George Street (in which you parked, outside the Abbey Gatehouse) as it becomes Fishpool Street and then Saint Michael Street. Ask at Number 37 Saint Michael Street for the key to the little old church.

Then, back in that street to the first turning, and up through that to Verulam Road, and on toward Dunstable, twelve and one half miles away, where, in the Lady Chapel of Dunstable Priory, Cranmer pronounced sentence of divorce against Catherine of Aragon on May 23, 1533, declaring that her 'marriage was null and void, and never had been good' — Henry having been for four months past the husband of Anne Boleyn, and the ceremonies attendant upon Anne's coronation being then under way at the Tower of London. Catherine was living, then, at Ampthill, twelve miles north of Dunstable.

Some five miles southwest of Dunstable (and not on your route) is Ivinghoe which gave Scott his title for 'Ivanhoe.'

At Hockliffe, four miles beyond Dunstable, a road (which you do not take) runs due north to Woburn, where, in the midst of a deer-park twelve miles in circumference, is Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. You turn west, at Fenny Stratford, toward Bletchley and Buckingham. But if you kept on, toward Towcester, you'd come, in seven miles, to Stony Stratford, where little Edward V, on his way to London to assume his dead father's crown, was taken into the terrible custody of his uncle, Richard of Gloucester.

There is nothing in Buckingham to detain you; but three miles north of the quaint old town is Stow Park, the magnificent seat of the Temples, Dukes of Buckingham, whose title became extinct in 1889. The Comte de Paris, Bourbon heir to the French throne, died here in 1894. The celebrated gardens are shown to persons bearing credentials of membership in the English-Speaking Union.

Go on to Brackley (seven miles) and thence (six miles) to Sulgrave, where Lawrence Washington lived, who was a prosperous wool-stapler and twice mayor of Northampton. He bought this house in 1539 (between his two terms of office as mayor) and seems to have intended — Mr. James Muirhead says, in 'American Shrines on British Soil' — 'to make the house a larger and more dignified example of an English Manor, but no evidence exists as to how far his plans were carried out.' Here the Washingtons remained till early in the seventeenth century, when financial reverses obliged Lawrence's son, Robert, to dispose of Sulgrave Manor and move to a much humbler type of house at Little Brington, about fifteen miles north of Sulgrave. The old manor, which had been a property of Saint Andrew's Priory in Northampton, fell from its dignity and became an

ordinary farmhouse. But in 1914, to commemorate a century of peace between Great Britain and the United States, the British Peace Centenary Committee purchased it, along with ten acres of land, and handed it over to the Sulgrave Institution which exists 'to bring together in a closer community of interest those societies, associations and individuals that are engaged in any work which tends towards an understanding of Anglo-Saxon-Celtic culture, laws and related institutions,' and which 'purposes to maintain Sulgrave Manor, in the future, as a place of pilgrimage for all Americans visiting England, and an active centre of work for the furtherance of Anglo-American friendship.'

And towards this splendid end, the Institution was either supremely fortunate or supremely wise (or both) in securing the service as caretaker of Mr. F. Carter, who seems to me to be one of the most effective agents for Anglo-American friendship and understanding whom I have ever encountered.

Sulgrave Manor, judiciously restored and refurnished and gradually filling with interesting and valuable souvenirs of the Washingtons in England and in America, is a place of the deepest appeal and of the utmost charm. No American visitor to England should miss seeing it, or deny himself the privilege of contributing something towards the maintenance of the Sulgrave Institution.

Across the road from the Manor House you will find a charming little cottage tea-room where you may lunch most satisfactorily. And you won't, of course, leave this vicinity without visiting the church at Sulgrave village where a number of the Washingtons lie buried.

If you are ready to leave Sulgrave soon after luncheon I'd suggest your taking the road west from Banbury to Shipston and Chipping-Camden (if you didn't come

through the latter place en route from Liverpool, as suggested in our Chapter IV of Part I) and then loafing along up to Stratford so as not to reach there before five o'clock, by which time most of the excursionists have left.

To reach Stratford and find it like a swarming circus-lot is a bitter experience indeed. I had thought that I should never go again to Stratford. But last June, in the interests of this book, I revisited it and found that it can still — at times — be charming. The way to ensure seeing it so that you will enjoy the experience and cherish the memory is to be there late in one day and early in the next.

You may like to stop at the Shakespeare Hotel, on Chapel Street; but I think the Red Horse on Bridge Street is less 'staged.' The Red Horse was Washington Irving's hostelry in Stratford, and his armchair and poker are reverently preserved there. Whether you come into town from Banbury or from Chipping-Camden, you enter Bridge Street after you have crossed the Avon; and the hotel is on your right.

Now, to-morrow must be a very full day — not so far to go, as so much to see — and I advise your seeing what you can of the Stratford 'sights' this afternoon. Then, in the morning, before starting for Warwick and Kenilworth, you may see the little town before the excursionists have begun to arrive or even the overnight visitors to bestir themselves outdoors, and carry away with you an impression you'll like to remember.

Forty years after Shakespeare's death, Sir William Dugdale wrote a monumental work on the antiquities of Warwickshire, and in *concluding* his notice of Stratford, he wrote: 'One thing more, in reference to this ancient town, is observable, that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous poet, Will Shakespeare.'

Shakespeare was 'one thing more' at the tail-end of

Stratford's claims to notice, then; but, though Dugdale in describing Trinity Church mentions Shakespeare's monument, he does not say anything about where the 'late famous poet' was born, or lived, or died. And when Stratford was again 'written up' (as we say) twenty-six years later, Shakespeare was never mentioned at all. By the end of the seventeenth century, however, Shakespeare's grave had begun to be visited by reverent wayfarers through Stratford. But, so late as 1751, when Horace Walpole explored Stratford, nobody yielded him any information as to where the poet might have been born. It was not until a dozen years or so later that the growing popularity of Stratford as a Shakespeare shrine made it necessary to identify the poet with more localities in his home town; and as the house called 'New Place' (successor of the one in which Shakespeare died), which 'brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town,' was pulled down in 1759 by its irritable owner, 'to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants,' it behooved those Stratford inhabitants to find another 'attraction'; so they settled upon the Henley Street house as 'the birthplace.'

The truth is, that while John Shakespeare, father of the poet, owned both of the adjoining cottages in Henley Street now shown as 'the birthplace,' he did not acquire the western one, containing 'the room where Shakespeare was born,' till his son Will was eleven years old; and while he owned the eastern cottage eight years before William's birth, it is by no means certain that he lived there then.

The poet may have been born in Henley Street, or he may have been born in a house, long since demolished, known as the 'Brook House.'

What is certain about the Henley Street house is that John Shakespeare and his family lived there in 1575 and

that this property remained in the possession of his descendants till 1806. This, then, was the poet's boyhood home; and surely that makes it venerable above most buildings! Sir Sidney Lee thinks that, although 'much of the Elizabethan timber and stone-work survives,' we must go to the cellar for 'the only portion which remains as it was at the date of the poet's birth.'

I suggest that you make your visit to the Henley Street house immediately after registering at your hotel and setting forth to saunter. (And I hope that you know Henry James's story of 'The Birthplace,' even though you may prefer to be, like Washington Irving, 'of easy faith in such matters, and willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing.')

Bridge Street ends, a few steps beyond the Red Horse, at High Street, and there Henley Street begins.

At the corner of Bridge Street and High Street is the house where Shakespeare's younger daughter, Judith (Hamnet's twin), lived for many years with her husband, Thomas Quiney, who was a vintner.

Turn up Henley Street, and you have the 'birthplace' on your right. I think they accept sixpences there till sundown. *After* sundown, when you're taking your after-dinner stroll, you will probably go back there, and watch to see John Shakespeare's boy issue forth for a night's merriment with those companions who boded no good for him.

When you leave the Henley Street house, go down Meek Street, almost opposite it, to the Memorial Fountain erected by Mr. George W. Childs (if you care to see it); or, return in Henley Street to High Street, and there, within a very few feet, you have all of Stratford that you have come to see, except Trinity Church and Shottery, which you can see in the morning before leaving. Although, if it's not too late on a fine afternoon, with the promise of a

good sunset. I'd leave High Street till later, and get out to the church. Drive out — not because it's a considerable distance to walk, but so that, if conditions favor your doing it, you may go on to Shottery in the twilight.

We'll speak of High Street (continued as Chapel Street) now; because, whether you give particular attention to it now or later, you will doubtless drive through it en route to or from the church or Shottery.

And, first, what of this town before John Shakespeare's lad made it a Mecca of the western world? Just an old market town, of no outstanding consequence. A very few of its citizens made their merits known to the world outside Stratford; some of them were personages indeed — Chancellors of the realm, and an Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Mayor of London; but we should never have heard of them, nor of Stratford, if the wool-stapler's boy from Henley Street hadn't set the world on fire.

On your right, as you go down High Street, is the Harvard House, now the property of Harvard University. It was built in 1596 (the year in which Shakespeare lost his only son, and just before he bought New Place, across the way) by Thomas Rogers, whose daughter Catherine was married in April, 1605, in Trinity Church, to Robert Harvard, of Southwark, where their son John was born not far from the Globe Theatre. (See our London Chapter II.)

On the other side of the street, at the corner of Church Street and Chapel Lane, is the timbered Guild Chapel, a fourteenth-century edifice (in part), and adjoining it, on Church Street, is the Guildhall, still more ancient, where John Shakespeare's lad probably went to school and where he not improbably saw strolling players act and caught the fever to go vagabonding with them.

Across Chapel Lane from the Guild Chapel is the site of New Place, Shakespeare's last home.

The house that Shakespeare bought here in 1597 was the 'great house' of Stratford, which had been the residence of Sir Hugh Clopton, the wealthy mercer who became Lord Mayor of London in 1491. It was in a ruinous condition when Shakespeare acquired and rebuilt it; and this, mind you, was only eleven years after he had run off to London a penniless adventurer. Shakespeare left New Place to his elder daughter, Susannah Hall; but the Cloptons seem to have acquired it again, for Mr. Henry C. Shelley, in his 'Shakespeare and Stratford,' says that Sir John Clopton pulled down, in or about the year 1700, the house in which Shakespeare died and replaced it with a more modern building as a kind of wedding gift to his son Hugh. So that the house the irritable clergyman, the Reverend Francis Gastrell, destroyed, 'to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants,' was not even so nearly veritable as the 'birthplace' — but would have served even better as an 'attraction'!

I don't like to be cynical about anything; and least of all about anything that touches Shakespeare. But I think most pilgrims to Stratford (not trippers or picnickers, but pilgrims) feel much the same about its sixpenny-madness, and the circus-y air of it all. I'm not sure that I don't resent most of all the Shakespeare Memorial, that architectural monstrosity which looks as if it had been built from plans that failed of acceptance for some East End 'People's Palace' in London. It is at the foot of Chapel Lane, and is such an eyesore that I can't bear to think of it. And as for seeing a Shakespeare play there! I'd ten thousand times rather see one in the 'Old Vic' Theatre on Waterloo Road, South London, not far from where the 'Globe' stood, and where one sees Shakespeare played more nearly (I believe) as he would wish to see it done than anywhere else in the world.

However, let my aversions keep no one from 'tackling' the Memorial! Nor from contributing one or more sixpences for admission to the Nash house, next door to New Place, which belonged to Shakespeare's granddaughter. I don't even mind whether you call it veneration or humor which may direct you to seek out the late Miss Marie Corelli's house where she played against Shakespeare, not for sixpences, but for gapes and publicity.

Church Street seems to turn a corner, just beyond the Guildhall, and then to change its name to Old Town. If you follow this, toward the Avon, and then turn south again, you'll come to Holy Trinity. Not even here is there escape from hands outstretched for sixpences. But I pray you not to let that irritate you. For if you get here at a time favorable for such emotion as you yearn to pour out like a libation to Shakespeare's memory, Holy Trinity will reward you gloriously for your journey to Stratford, and make you forgive the 'side-show' business of Stratford town.

Do you recall Hawthorne's description of it? 'The appearance of the church is most venerable and beautiful, standing amid a great green shadow of lime-trees, above rises the spire, while the Gothic battlements and buttresses and vast arched windows are obscurely seen through the boughs. The Avon loiters past the churchyard, an exceedingly sluggish river, which might seem to have been considering which way it should flow ever since Shakespeare left off paddling in it and gathering the large forget-me-nots that grow among its flags and water-weeds.'

Longfellow, too, saw the boy Shakespeare here:

> I see him by thy shallow edge
> Wading knee-deep amid the sedge;
> And led in thought, as if thy stream
> Were the swift river of a dream.
>
> He wonders whitherward it flows;
> And fain would follow where it goes,

To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore:
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

Indeed, Holy Trinity churchyard is, I think, no inappropriate place to recall with grateful pride some of those American pilgrims to this place who brought such reverence, such appreciation, and such high ability to utter what they felt, that the memory of their visits here is not the least-hallowing of all those that make Stratford a shrine, not for Shakespeare's sake alone, but for the continuing train come here to venerate him. What outstanding qualities of mind and soul they brought — those earlier worshippers from overseas! I would that we did them more credit, or that our proportion of reverent, comprehending travellers were greater, now, instead of less. However —! It is not so much the nasal American flapper's 'jazz' remarks on Shakespeare that make Stratford sometimes repellent, now, as it is the English factory 'ands out for a bus-ride and a cheerful (beerfull) 'olid'y; these, and the side-show business of Stratford itself.

If all the jazz-products and the beerfull celebrants have gone, you will find the hoary church, the lime-trees, the murmuring Avon, even the chirping small birds and the cawing, sailing rooks that Washington Irving noted, still nobly aloof from the rest of the catchpenny show.

There was a church here when William the Conqueror ordered the Domesday Book made to give him a reckoning of all he had acquired; and it is believed that parts of the pre-Norman edifice are incorporated in the existing building. At any rate, it was ages old when Shakespeare was laid to rest in it, on the 25th of April, 1616.

He was buried in the chancel because, eleven years before his death, he had purchased a thirty-one years' lease of the tithes of Stratford, and that investment made him a lay-rector of the church and entitled him to burial in the chancel.

A long and not uninteresting chapter might be written about the doggerel lines above his resting-place, and all the discussion they have evoked as to whether he did or did not compose them; and if he did, *why*. Perhaps it was to cheat Anne of sepulture beside him. But I think the theory of Henry Shelley is the most interesting of any, and the most dignified.

'That he possessed,' Mr. Shelley says, 'in an accentuated form the sentiment of repulsion excited by the fleshless relics of humanity is no outrageous inference from those passages in "Romeo and Juliet" and in "Hamlet" which describe the horrors of the charnel-house and the grave. Juliet's fear of the vault, "to whose foul mouth no wholesome air breathes in," and her vision of Tybalt "festering in the shroud"; and Romeo's imprecation on the "detestable maw" and "womb of death"; and Hamlet's shuddering ejections as the gravediggers plied their gruesome occupation, his "Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em," and his "And smelt so; pah!" do suggest on Shakespeare's behalf an abhorrence of the sights of the charnel-house which may have created a consuming desire that his own bones should be allowed to rest in peace.'

As you stand above his dust (I hope it may be your great good fortune to be unobtruded on in your revery) which of the countless tributes paid him do you wish to recall? There are so many that are superbly fine!

I wonder if to you, as to me, Frank Harris has made Shakespeare more realizable than any other writer on him has? I wonder if the closing paragraphs of 'The Man

Shakespeare' may not be those you will most gladly have in mind in this half-hour to which you've probably looked forward, all your life?

'If we can no longer worship Shakespeare,' Harris says, 'it is impossible not to honour him, impossible not to love him. All men found him gentle and witty, gay and generous. He was always willing to touch up this man's play or write in an act for that one. He never said a bitter or cruel word about any man. Compare him with Dante or even with Goethe, and you shall find him vastly superior to either of them in loving-kindness. He was more contemptuously treated in life than even Dante, and yet he never fell away to bitterness as Dante did; he complained, it is true; but he never allowed his fairness to be warped; he was of the noblest intellectual temper.

'It is impossible not to honour him, for the truth is he had more virtue in him than any other son of man. "By their fruits ye shall know them." He produced more masterpieces than any other writer, and the finest sayings in the world's literature are his. Think of it: Goethe was perfectly equipped; he had a magnificent mind and body and temperament; he was born in the better middle classes; he was well off; splendidly handsome; thoroughly educated; his genius was recognized on all hands when he was in his teens; and it was developed by travel and princely patronage. Yet what did Goethe do in proof of his advantages? "Faust" is the only play he ever wrote than can rank at all with a dozen of Shakespeare's. Poor Shakespeare brought drama further in the sixteenth century than even Goethe at full strain could bring it in the nineteenth. I find Shakespeare of surpassing virtue.... Harvest after harvest Shakespeare brought forth of astounding quality. Yet he was never strong, and he died at fifty-two, and the last six years of his life were wasted with weakness and ill-health.

No braver spirit has ever lived. After "Hamlet" and "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Lear" and "Timon" he broke down; yet as soon as he struggled back to sanity, he came to the collar again and dug "The Winter's Tale" out of himself, and "Cymbeline," and seeing they were not his best, took breath, and brought forth "The Tempest" — another masterpiece, though written with a heart of lead and with the death-sweat dank on his forehead. Think of it; the noblest autumn fruit ever produced; all kindly-sweet and warm, bathed so to speak in love's golden sunshine; his last word to men:

> The rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance. . . .

And then the master of many styles, including the simple, wins to a childlike simplicity, and touches the source of tears.

> . . . We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

. . . By a curious irony of fate Jesus was sent to the Jews, the most unworldly soul to the most material of peoples, and Shakespeare to Englishmen, the most gentle sensuous charmer to a masculine, rude race. It may be well for us to learn what infinite virtue lay in that frail, sensual singer . . . in a dull, half-conscious way Englishmen are beginning dimly to realize that the biggest thing they have done in the world yet is to produce Shakespeare. When I think of his paltry education, his limiting circumstances, the scanty appreciation of his contemporaries, his indifferent health, and recall his stupendous achievement, I am fain to apply to him, as most appropriate, the words he gave to his *alter ego*, Antony, Antony who, like himself, was world-worn and passion-weary:

> A rarer spirit never
> Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
> Some faults to make us men.'

If you have had a few minutes of quiet revery above his dust, you have been richly rewarded for your pilgrimage to Stratford. And if, when you come out into the churchyard, beneath the lovely lime trees, the sun is slanting its last long shafts of deepening gold athwart your path, and the tiny choristers are chirruping their vespers above your head, not so noisily but that you can hear what the Avon murmurs on its way past this spot which has set its name high on the scroll of far-famed rivers — then must you feel transfigured indeed.

This would, if the sunset promises to be fine, be the ideal time to go to Shottery, about a mile west, to see Anne Hathaway's cottage. I don't know how late they accept shillings for admission; but in any case you could see the exterior, the garden, and picture John Shakespeare's handsome lad tramping along Shottery Road or cutting across fields to lounge in Anne's kitchen and bask in her praise.

College Lane, beside Holy Trinity Church, will lead you, through Sanctus Street, to Evesham Road; and a few feet up the latter road, to your left, Shottery Road begins. And, should it be too late for Shottery, now, you will find it very lovely in the morning — around nine o'clock.

After dinner, stroll along the bridge by which you entered Stratford, and which is close beside your hotel. It is the bridge that Sir Hugh Clopton builded as a benefaction; and over it runs the London road down which, if the twilight be favorable to resolving shapes, you may see Will Shakespeare running off from Anne and their three babies and the poor opinion in which he was held at Stratford, to London town, probably with Burbage and Heminge and their little company of Lord Leicester's Players.

It is eight miles to Warwick, and the Castle may not be entered before ten o'clock; but the Church of Saint Mary can, and I suggest that you reach Warwick so as to see the

church, and glimpse Lord Leicester's Hospital, before ten. Because, this is the way your second day should work out:

Warwick, and Kenilworth in the morning, and Coventry for luncheon — only eighteen and a half miles of 'going,' all told, but a good deal of lingering. Then, nearly eighty miles of travelling in the afternoon, with one considerable stop (at Lichfield) in order to spend your second night at the Peacock Inn, Rowsley, in the Duke of Rutland's domain, close to Haddon Hall and to Chatsworth.

When you make your next visit to Warwickshire, you may spend a day or more among the Shakespeare villages around Stratford. But unless you are a special student of Shakespeare, I would not advise attempting to see any of them now, except Shottery; because there is so much beyond here that will, I think, give you greater return for your limited time — greater variety to think about when you are home again.

You enter Warwick by the Stratford Road and West Street, passing beneath the twelfth-century West Gate, just inside which, on your left, is the Leicester Hospital. These fine old timbered buildings, in part of Henry VI's time, once belonged to a religious guild in which were four priests endowed to say Mass for Richard II and his wife; Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and his wife; and for Edward III and the Black Prince. After the dissolution of religious houses, the Corporation held this property until Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, obtained possession and established a hospital for twelve old soldiers, or other needy men, of the vicinity. These were to wear (and still do on occasions wear!) 'gowns of blew cloth, with a ragged staff embroidered on the right sleeve,' and were not to go into town except so attired. Be sure to enter the quadrangle, and to see the brothers' quarters, and whatever else is 'see-able.'

Drive along High Street to Church Street, and turn up to Saint Mary's Church, to see the chancel tomb of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and the wonderful Beauchamp Chapel which is a better place than the Castle, I think, to set ourselves straight regarding those three or four Earls of Warwick whom we can hope to differentiate from the great number who have borne that title during eight centuries.

The Thomas Beauchamp [Beecham] whose tomb is in the chancel was the eleventh earl; he was Marshal of England, fought at Crécy and Poitiers, was one of the original Knights of the Garter, and was married to Catherine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March — Queen Isabella's paramour.

Richard Beauchamp, for whom the Beauchamp Chapel was built, was grandson of the foregoing. He was the Warwick who fought at Shrewsbury; who went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was victorious in a tournament at Verona; who was warrior, counsellor, diplomatist under Henry V, and was appointed governor of the little Henry VI; who superintended the trial of Jeanne d'Arc and there made, not so much a vindictive reprisal on a captured enemy as (he thought) a terrible example of an unlettered, untrained peasant girl who presumed to lead armies as only great feudal lords were supposed to do, and whose success in doing it threatened the whole social fabric of the world which Richard Beauchamp thought the only safe and sane world possible for gentlemen to live in. Not he, however, but his son-in-law, was 'The Last of the Barons' that Bulwer-Lytton wrote about. He died in Normandy, eight years after Jeanne d'Arc, and was brought home to Warwick for burial; and the splendid tomb erected for him is considered one of the masterpieces of fifteenth-century art in England.

His son did not live long after him; and the earldom passed then to the husband of Richard's daughter, Anne. This new earl was Richard Neville, eldest son of the Earl of Salisbury; he it was who came to be called 'the king-maker'; who fought first for York and then for Lancaster in the Wars of the Roses; who married one of his daughters to the Duke of Clarence (Edward IV's brother, of the malmsey butt, and the Tewkesbury tomb) and the other (Anne) to the Lancastrian heir.

Richard Beauchamp's elder daughter married John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury; and it was on account of his descent from her that John Dudley was created Earl of Warwick — John, who became Duke of Northumberland and perished on Tower Hill for his part in putting Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Two of his sons bore the title of Earl of Warwick; and then, in 1590, it became extinct; and when it was revived, it was in favor of another race; it has been held by the Grevilles since 1759.

John Dudley lies, as you know, in Saint Peter ad Vincula, next Tower Green; he and Somerset, between Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard; and Guildford Dudley lies there, too. John Dudley's duchess, who was Lady Jane Grey's overbearing mother-in-law, rests in the old church at Chelsea. And here are buried Ambrose Dudley, the second of their sons to bear the Warwick title, and the one with whom it became extinct in the Beauchamp line; and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with his countess (his second or third wife), who was the mother of Elizabeth's young favorite, the Earl of Essex. The quaint little figure on another monument is that of their baby son, 'the noble impe' who was Baron of Denbigh (remember Denbigh, in North Wales?) and 'a child of great parentage but of far greater hope and towardness,' although he was not yet four when he died.

When you leave Saint Mary's, return to High Street, which here becomes Jury Street, and at the end of Jury Street turn down Castle Hill to the Castle Lodge. At Number 7 Mill Street, close by, you get your tickets of admission to the Castle. They are two shillings each.

Sir Walter Scott called Warwick Castle 'the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which yet remains to us uninjured by time.'

Certainly it is superbly beautiful and romance-full, and most wonderfully satisfying to see. Whether the occupants (I believe it is often leased — sometimes to families who must feel strangely transplanted there) endure us for our two shillingses, or whether it is *noblesse oblige* which makes them open this historic dwelling to continuous processions of gapers, I'm sure we are grateful for the opportunity, and ever mindful that this is a home and not a museum we're tramping through. And if our shillings go toward the upkeep of this property in any appreciable degree, I, for one, hold it a high privilege to pay them, and would willingly give much more in order that Warwick Castle may be visited by me and by others.

There are other places in England where a certain standard of life has been maintained unbroken for thirty generations; but there are few where the architectural evidences tell the story of that stirring continuity so impressively as they do here.

What ghosts walk here! And not only what tales but what *a tale* they tell — what a story, still continuing, they illustrate!

There rides Earl Thomas Beauchamp forth to fight at Crécy for the French crown as Edward III's inheritance; here comes his son Thomas, home from imprisonment in the Beauchamp Tower in London's fortress, where he had been restrained for his opposition to Richard II. Boling-

broke (now Henry IV) released him and restored his forfeited estates — so his young son Richard is, not unnaturally, ardently loyal to that monarch, and to his son, and grandson; and in defence of their throne and the social order they believe to be its foundation he will not flinch in ordering the fire lighted to burn Jeanne d'Arc. Here is his son-in-law, 'the king-maker,' fighting now against the grandson of Bolingbroke, and now for him; now taking Henry VI prisoner, at Northampton; and now Henry's rival, Edward IV, comes here, Warwick's prisoner. He passes — that man who made and unmade kings, then 'stopped a hole to keep the wind away.' And that poor daughter of his whom Richard III forced to be his queen; and her nephew and niece, Clarence's son and daughter, who played about here as children and saw no shadow of the scaffolds that loomed ahead for both. (The girl, Margaret, was that Countess of Salisbury whose white head Henry VIII sent to the block; and the boy was Edward Plantagenet, Yorkist heir to the crown, whom Henry VII sent to the scaffold on Tower Hill in the last days of 1499.) And that little son of Richard III's, whose brief life closed so mysteriously. And John Dudley's brood. And the 'noble impe,' who would have been Earl of Warwick, doubtless, as well as Earl of Leicester, because his uncle Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, had no other heir.

They press all about us here — they who have played their important and usually tragic parts in England's drama. They pass, and pass, and others come, and England goes on working out her destiny, and Warwick Castle continues to be a stately home. Its Countess as I write is an ardent advocate of the most democratic movements of her day. Thinking of this, here in Richard Beauchamp's Castle, gives me food for much reflection.

As we go through the Castle conducted by a guide and

caretaker, you need no explanations from me as to what there is to see. The guides are not always, in any place, mindful to nudge us when ghosts are passing (perhaps, being so accustomed to the ghosts, they forget how unused to them we are); so I venture to offer a hint or two. The present Earl of Warwick you are little likely to encounter. But the Beauchamps and the Nevilles and the Dudleys are always 'at home' to callers.

When you leave the Castle, drive straight on down Castle Hill to the Avon, and onto the bridge, whence the view of the Castle is breath-takingly magnificent.

Then retrace your way to the Lodge; and I think that if I were you I'd drive along Castle Lane, all the way back to West Gate, and then up through Market Street and Market Place to Priory Road and along the latter to Coventry Road. Guy's Cliffe is a mile from Warwick, on this road, and Kenilworth is five miles.

The picturesque gabled house here, as you leave Warwick, is known as Saint John's Hospital, which is what it was for some four hundred years; but the house we see was built as a dwelling by a subject of Queen Elizabeth.

The grounds of Guy's Cliffe are romantically lovely but I doubt if you can see them unless you have written for permission. The house is interesting, because Sarah Siddons lived here as a companion when she was young 'Sally' Kemble; before she married 'Sid'; but we're not invited to meet her there. I have to admit that 'Guy' doesn't *intrigue* me — as we say nowadays.

You will be disappointed in the town of Kenilworth, many parts of which now look like the newest garden city of western Long Island. That is to say, you will be disappointed if you thought to find here such a 'castle town' as Berkeley or Arundel, sleeping in feudal dependence in the shadow of its castle walls. But I'm sure you will be

deeply interested — here, as elsewhere on your journey northward through the chief industrial section of England — to see the attractive homes which are now being built by the thousands for the industrial workers. England has, now as always, grave problems in hand; we hear a great deal about unemployment, and the deplorable dole, and 'grousing' about this and that. Every once in a while I hear somebody solemnly say that England has played her last trump — that she's 'through'! Well — ! You look about you, on this journey, and see what you think. And Kenilworth is a good place to begin this particular looking and thinking. Moreover, you're in a fitting frame of mind for it, just come from Richard Beauchamp's feudal stronghold.

Kenilworth is but five and a half miles from Coventry. And since this century began, Coventry has been making enormous strides as a manufacturing centre, and her population has doubled — or thereabouts.

One lovely evening last June it happened that, about six o'clock, I was going over the road from Coventry to Kenilworth. I didn't know there were so many bicycles in the entire world as there seemed to be on that road, just then. (Coventry is a great bicycle- and motor-manufacturing city.) And the riders of all those 'bikes' were men and young women, boys and girls, who work in Coventry factories and live in those up-to-the-minute, spick-and-span red-brick houses in Kenilworth, with the prettiest sort of gardens in front and behind, and radio antennæ on 'most every other roof, and rosy children playing in the wide, spotless streets. Maybe England is a nation in decline; but there must be an awful lot of very well-pleased citizens who'll hate to see her go!

Kenilworth Castle saw much history during five centuries; but hardly anybody cares to recall, there, other than

the story Sir Walter Scott told — the most poignant part of which, by the way, had no relation in fact to Kenilworth. But I think you'll like to remember that Kenilworth belonged to brave Simon de Montfort who was killed at the battle of Evesham; and that it was here, where he was being held a prisoner, that Edward II surrendered his crown, sceptre, orb, and other insignia of royal authority, to be used by his son and successor. Deeply pathetic is the picture of that scene left us by Edward's faithful servant; of Edward, 'gowned in black,' entering the presence-chamber to confront his obdurate subjects, and how he 'sank down in a deep swoon, and lay stretched upon the earth as one dead.'

And now for Amy Robsart! Scott, the wizard, with the tears of her sympathizers has kept the ivy green on the tower he ascribed to her. But Amy was dead three years before her husband acquired Kenilworth, and six years before his first entertainment there in honor of Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Sir John Robsart, of Norfolk, and she was heiress to a fortune sufficiently large to attract John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who arranged a marriage, when she was eighteen, between her and his nineteen-year-old son Sir John Robert Dudley. The wedding took place on June 4, 1550, and little King Edward VI, who was present, entered *this* in his 'journal': 'Sir Robert Dudley, third surviving son of the Earl of Warwick, was married this day to Sir John Robsart's daughter, after which marriage there were certain gentlemen on horseback that did strive who should first carry away a goose's head that was hanged alive on two cross-posts.' The day before (June 3d) Sir Robert's eldest brother John (soon to assume the title of Warwick when his father assumed that of Northumberland) was married to the Lady Ann Seymour, eldest daughter of the Protector whom John Dudley had ousted and got sent to

the Tower. The latter wedding took place in the royal palace of Sheen; and wherever the former occurred, it was certainly not in Devonshire, and clandestinely accomplished, as Scott chose to relate the story.

What Robert and Amy thought of each other in the early years of their marriage, we don't know. But when he was imprisoned in the Tower, along with his father and brothers, at the end of his little sister-in-law's nine days' reign, Amy visited him, and did what she could to get him out. Robert was condemned to death on June 22, 1554, following his father's execution exactly ten months before; but was pardoned and released by Queen Mary in October, along with his brothers John, Ambrose, and Henry. Guildford had perished in February, just before his wife, Jane.

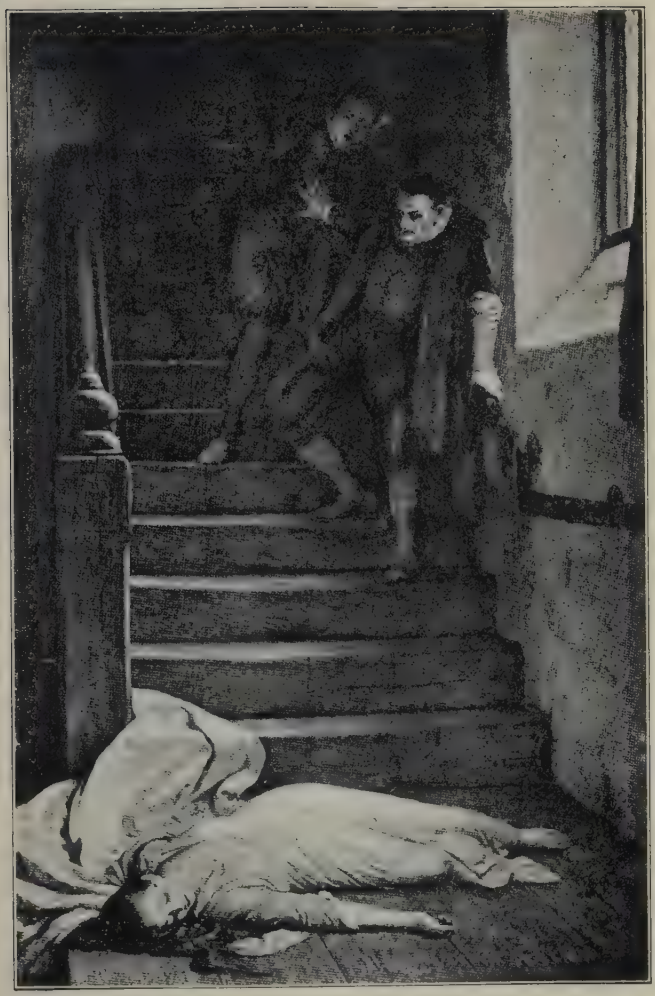
Queen Mary not only pardoned Robert Dudley, but made him master of the ordnance, and kept him a good deal at court. And for some reason, Amy lived apart from him — not unfriendly, but living her own life, as we say, while he lived his.

Robert was tall, remarkably handsome; elegant and ingratiating. Elizabeth seems to have singled him out for her favor almost from the moment of her accession. There was talk that she was in love with him, and would wed him were he free. Amy was said to be suffering from a cancer.

In September, 1560, some twenty months after Elizabeth came to the throne, Amy was found dead, of a broken neck, at the foot of the stairs in a house at Cumnor Place, near Oxford, which an agent of Robert's had rented for him.

It was not, however, until three years later that Elizabeth gave Kenilworth Castle to Robert Dudley; and the year following that, she created him Earl of Leicester.

The very magnificent entertainment Leicester gave at Kenilworth for Elizabeth, the one described in Scott's novel, was on the occasion of her fourth stay there, in 1575,



THE DEATH OF AMY ROBSART
By William Frederick Yeames

when Amy had been dead fifteen years. During those years Leicester had contracted an alliance of some sort (kept secret from the Queen) with the dowager Baroness of Sheffield, by whom he had a son. But if it was a marriage, they both became bigamists; for in 1577 Robert married (still secretly) the Countess of Essex, and my Lady Sheffield thereupon sought and found another mate.

Walter Scott knew all this doubtless far better than we do. But, being impressed (in 1815) with the possibilities of a romance about Kenilworth Castle in 'the spacious days of great Elizabeth,' and wanting an element of suspense and pathos, he simply juggled dates a bit — and perchance wrote truer history thereby; certainly wrote imperishable romance.

When you leave Kenilworth for Coventry (five and a half miles) keep a lookout for signs marked 'Stoneleigh' if you have time for a glimpse of the magnificent residence known as Stoneleigh Abbey, set in the loveliest park imaginable.

The road to Coventry is one of the most beautiful in Warwickshire, a broad, delightful avenue, splendidly shaded and with a sweep of grass on either side.

As you enter Coventry, by the Warwick Road, keep straight on until that road becomes Hertford Street, for your King's Head Hotel is at the end of Hertford Street, on your left, where Smithford Street crosses it. But as you go, look (on your right, in Cheylesmore Street) for the remains of Cheylesmore Manor house from which Lady Godiva is reputed to have set out on her ride, naked, through the town. And remember that George Eliot (Marian Evans) went to a boarding-school at Number 29 Warwick Road.

The three famous spires of Coventry are those of the Cathedral, Christ Church, and Holy Trinity, where 'Sally'

and 'Sid' were married on November 25, 1773 (Sarah Kemble and William Siddons).

You are doubtless ready for luncheon, and wish to get to the King's Head without delay. The 'peeping Tom' who looks out of a window at the King's Head is a Henry VII soldier in fantastic armor; and it requires a credulous adaptability to associate him with the citizen of Coventry who peeped at Lady Godiva and was struck blind for his impertinence.

Do you recall how Tennyson introduces his poem on Godiva?

> I waited for the train at Coventry:
> I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
> To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
> The city's ancient legend into this: —

(Had you, perchance, the great good fortune to grow up in almost daily companionship with that Household Edition of Tennyson's Poems which Houghton Mifflin Company publish, with the lovely old 'pre-Raphaelite' illustrations? And do you recall the picture of Lady Godiva above the lines:

> Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
> Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt?

How full of her is Coventry!)

Ellen Terry was born here, but the town has not many associations with that radiant, lovely creature who has added so much sunshine to a grateful old world.

In her 'Story of My Life' she says that she was unable, when appealed to, to say in which house on Market Street she was born. And 'the dispute was settled in a rather curious way. On one side of the narrow street a haberdasher's shop bore the inscription, "Birthplace of Ellen Terry." On the other, an eating-house declared itself to be "the original birthplace." . . . I have lately heard that one

of the birthplaces has retired from the competition, and that the haberdasher has the field to himself.'

This is the George Eliot country, here and hereabouts. I would that we were leisurely folk who might explore it in detail. But we're not! We must see Ford's Hospital, back of the Queen's Hotel on Hertford Street, because it is one of the finest old Tudor buildings in England. And we must see Saint Mary's Hall, on the other side of High Street, erected about 1394. In Smithfield Street, near our King's Head Hotel, are some barracks which stand on the site of the Black Bull Inn where the Mayor of Coventry gave a banquet for Henry VII after the battle of Bosworth, and where Mary, Queen of Scots, was kept a prisoner for months in 1569.

But you've a good many miles to travel to-day, and great loveliness ahead of you. I hope you can leave Coventry by half-past two because you've twenty-six and a half miles to go, to Lichfield, and you should be there by four o'clock. Your way leads through Tamworth, an ancient town on the boundary between Warwickshire and Staffordshire, where you may be tempted to stop and see the castle which was 'elevated' by Alfred the Great's daughter, and which later belonged to the Marmions, the King's Champions. But I wouldn't stop, if I were you. The castle is sadly 'museumized' now, and the stiff climb to it takes more time than it is worth. I'd get on, to Lichfield — seven and a half miles beyond; following the road that Johnson and Garrick took when they set out for London to make their fortunes.

As you enter Lichfield and leave the railway station, you drive along Saint John Street, with the quaint old Saint John's Hospital (1495) on your left, and the old Grammar School, where Addison, Johnson, and Garrick were pupils, on your right. Continue straight on to Market Street, and turn into it to visit Dr. Johnson's birthplace,

which I think you will find an eminently satisfactory sort of memorial to a great man — everything about it quiet, dignified, and favoring reflection. There's a statue of Boswell outside, too. And you'll have nothing to distract you if you're pondering whether Johnson was as good a talker as 'Bozzy' made him out to be, or whether Johnson's fame in these days when few read his writings is not owing to that matchless biography.

If the light is still strong and fairly high (alas! if it should be a tearful day), you may have time for a cup of tea at the George or the Swan, on Bird Street, en route to the Cathedral.

I'm not going to attempt to say anything about the Cathedral. To begin is perilous when there is such need for soon leaving off. But, after all, what is there that needs be said?

I have read condescending comment on Lichfield Cathedral, written as if charm and picture-prettiness were almost criminal in a bishop's seat. Perhaps they are. But who thinks of bishops at Lichfield? Not I! See it mirrored in Minster Pool; rejoice in the rich rosiness of it against the delicate English sky; gasp with delight at that first glimpse you get from within the door opening upon its right aisle; let your soul soar toward the spire tips, and sing like a lark because the world is so beautiful. And then go on your way, and dream of Lichfield Cathedral, ever afterward.

Derby is twenty-four miles, by Burton-upon-Trent; and the distance to Rowsley is about as much more. If you go to Stafford, it is eighteen miles, and then fifteen more into the heart of the Potteries — the 'Five Towns' of Arnold Bennett's stories. Should these towns and their industry invite you, I'd spend this night at Stafford, Izaak Walton's birthplace; perhaps at the Swan Hotel, where George Borrow was ostler, a hundred years ago. See the Potteries in

the morning, lunch at Buxton, go up through the Derbyshire Peak district, and into West Riding and the Brontë country around Haworth. In this event you could spend your third night of the trip at the Devonshire Arms in Skipton, or at the Devonshire Arms beside Bolton Abbey in the lovely Wharfedale Valley.

Rowsley is the place for a night's stop if you are bent upon Haddon Hall and Chatsworth. Whereas, if you yearn to see Byron's resting-place, at Hucknall, and glimpse Newstead Abbey, you would go from Derby to Mansfield, twenty-two and a half miles, and see Hucknall and Newstead en route to Mansfield, where you will find the Swan a pleasant place to stay. The Dukeries are no longer open to the public as frequently as of yore and it is hardly worth while going to their vicinity especially to see them; but Mansfield is still a good point of departure for driving in Sherwood Forest.

Supposing you to be bound for Rowsley (pronounced *Roseley*), you will drive straight across Derby (*Darby*) from south to north. You enter by Burton Road; take Abbey Street to Curzon Street, remembering that Kedleston, the seat of the Curzons, is about four miles northwest of Derby. Curzon Street ends at Friar Gate, in which is Saint Warburgh's Church wherein Samuel Johnson was married to 'Tetty'; turn left in Friar Gate to Ford Street, follow the latter after it becomes Saint Helen's Street, to King Street (the Derby School stands here, founded in 1160), and up King Street as it becomes Duffield Road, toward Matlock. The tower of All Saints' Church, of which Derby is very proud, soars above the dust of 'Bess of Hardwick' who built the earlier mansion at Chatsworth, the one in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was five times imprisoned. And that there might be nothing left to chance when her epitaph was composed for posterity, Bess (who was ninety

when she finished her eventful career) herself attended to its inscription on the tomb she meant to occupy.

Your road from Derby to Matlock closely hugs the river Derwent which makes so much beauty as it flows. This is the Florence Nightingale country; her home, Lea Hurst, is off to your right as you approach Cromford where Arkwright established the first cotton-mill in Derbyshire.

I recommend a stop at Matlock Bath (Royal Hotel) for dinner. If you have not written to the Peacock at Rowsley, I hope you telephoned from Derby (from the Royal Hotel on Victoria Street, a minute's drive to your right as you leave Curzon Street). Assured of your lodging there, you may take your time about arriving; it is only five and a half miles, through Darley Dale, from Matlock Bath, and you could get there for dinner, but I incline to believe you'll dine rather better at the Royal. I don't know. Certainly dining is not what brings us here — though it has to be done.

There is another route from Derby that you should know about. It leads straight out Friar Gate on the Ashbourne Road to Ashbourne (thirteen miles), from which you may enter Dovedale, the beautiful valley that Izaak Walton loved. You can't drive through the dale; but you could dine at the Green Man, Ashbourne, send the car on to Tissington, and have a twilight stroll through Dovedale, then drive fourteen miles to Rowsley to sleep at a quaint little old inn, or four miles farther to Buxton where there are big, modern hotels a-plenty in the most alpine of British spas, standing one thousand feet above sea-level; here, if you stop at the hotel known as 'The Hall' you will lodge on the site where Mary, Queen of Scots, four times sought, and found, relief from her ailments during her long captivity. She is said to have scratched with a diamond on a window-pane, here, two Latin lines which, translated, read:

> Buxton, farewell! No more, perhaps, my feet
> Thy famous tepid streams shall ever greet.

The Palace is the most elegant hotel at Buxton. And the Crescent Hotel was formerly the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire who (in 1780 and thereabouts) did so much to make Buxton rival Bath; the fine dining-room here is one of the sights of the town.

The Peacock at Rowsley is a picturesque but simple little place, built in 1652, with an exquisite garden. People are always asking me for the addresses of 'little inns'; and my feeling about the Peacock is that climbing the stairs to bed there, candle in hand, toward the end of a long June twilight, the Derwent murm'ring my lullaby, and leaning out of the most delightful of casement windows in the early freshness of a dewy morning, thrilling with the beauty of the garden below me, make the memory of that experience one to be treasured long.

So — ! You are either at Rowsley or at Buxton on the morning of your third day; and my suggestion for your objective on that day is Ripon, with the delightful Spa Hotel for overnight and glorious Fountains Abbey in the early morning. This means only some seventy-eight miles of driving; and most of it is, unavoidably, through industrial towns and districts where you will not be tempted to loiter or to stop. So you may linger in the vicinity of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth until noon, lunch at Sheffield (in a restaurant, with some little chance to change from the unvarying hotel fare), 'tea' at Harrogate, and even make an eight-mile détour from Ripley to Knaresborough and back, without reaching Ripon too late to rest and dress for dinner.

I'd go first to Bakewell, about four miles from Rowsley, or twelve from Buxton, and see the tomb of 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' and of her father, 'the King of the

Peak.' These are in the church at Bakewell. By the time you've seen them, and got to Haddon Hall (which you passed on your way to Bakewell, if you came from Rowsley) you may be able to enter; ten o'clock is the hour for opening, and as you can't see the mansion at Chatsworth before eleven (if at all!) there is not much reason for trying silver and persuasion to effect an earlier entrance — except that the excursionists who swarm hereabouts are sure to be on your heels before you leave.

What shall I say, here, of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth that may be of most service to you as your eyes feast on their splendors and your ears are filled with the caretakers' explanations?

Haddon Hall stands on ground granted by William the Conqueror to one of his bastards, William Peveril — 'Peveril of the Peak' — and was builded through many centuries; but most of what we see belongs to the sixteenth century when the Vernons acquired it. The story about Dorothy Vernon's elopement with the Earl of Rutland's son, John Manners, seems to have developed some three centuries after the marriage, which was a regularly solemnized union, we're told. Apparently, romantic-looking places must needs have a 'stock story' of the sort that easily appeals to visitors. You, probably, can weave for your own delight a score of possible romances with such settings as Haddon Hall and this Peak country. Perhaps what you'd most like for your weaving is a few 'threads' about the Mannerses and Rutlands. They're Plantagenets. Did you know that? The title of Earl of Rutland used to be borne by members of the House of York; the first earl was grandson of Edward III, and nephew to the Black Prince, and John o' Gaunt. The father of Edward IV and Richard III called himself Earl of Rutland; his daughter Anne had also a daughter Anne, cousin to the little Princes in the

Tower, and she married George Manners and had a son named Thomas, a great favorite with Henry VIII, who granted him Belvoir Castle, in Leicestershire (which I hope you'll see on your southward way), and created him Earl of Rutland. Thus the Mannerses became Rutlands; and Thomas's second son, John, acquired Haddon Hall by his marriage with Dorothy, heiress of George Vernon, whose family had lived here for many centuries.

When the seventh Earl of Rutland died without issue, a descendant of John and Dorothy came into the title and Belvoir (pronounced 'Beever') Castle passed into his possession. In the next generation, Queen Anne created the ninth Earl of Rutland first Duke of that name. He lived in great state at Haddon Hall, with sevenscore servants, and kept open house here for twelve days at Christmas; but even in his lifetime this lovely place began to be abandoned in favor of Belvoir, and for over two hundred years Haddon Hall has been uninhabited, but kept up as a show-place by the Dukes of Rutland. The gardens are among the most famous in England; and scarcely anywhere does one see an ancient apartment as fine as the Long Gallery which Dorothy's John built, or the Great Hall where her Vernon ancestors kept mediæval state.

Chatsworth was also part of William Peveril's grant from his father, the Conqueror; and when it became separate from his other holdings in this district, or who held it next, I don't know. But just as Bloody Mary's short reign was drawing to a close, this property, with an old manor-house on it, was acquired by Sir William Cavendish — who died almost immediately thereafter. William was a younger brother of George Cavendish, gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, faithful to him through his disgrace, and in his closest confidence. He wrote a biography of Wolsey, which could not be printed then, but seems to have been privately

circulated in manuscript and in this form to have fallen into Shakespeare's hands, who made such use of it in his 'Henry VIII' that some critics have said Shakespeare 'merely put Cavendish's language into verse.' This is not true; but the book (which was printed in 1641 and was then supposed to be by William Cavendish) is one of the earliest great biographies in English, and is a vivid but not 'colored' record of events tremendously important in the history of England and of the Reformation.

William was knighted just before Henry VIII's death; and when he was well past forty he married Bess of Hardwick. Bess had been married at fourteen, and widowed soon after. Heiress to a large fortune in her own right, and careful in her first marriage settlement (as in her three later ones) to secure to herself and her heirs the fortune she was marrying, Bess was a very wealthy widow as well as a very young one — and attractive, too. But she somehow succeeded in remaining single for some fifteen years, and was thirty-one when she wedded Sir William Cavendish. They had six children, one of whom became founder of the ducal family of Newcastle; another ancestress of the Dukes of Kingston; another, sister-in-law to Mary, Queen of Scots; and another, Countess of Shrewsbury.

All these lads and lassies were little folk, under seven years of age, when their father died. He had begun the building of Chatsworth (not the present mansion, but its predecessor) and Bess carried it to completion. She was a Derby lass herself, and here in her own glorious Peak country she purposed to rear her brood. William had grown rich on the spoils of monasteries, so Bess had no lack of pence. Nevertheless, when she learned that Sir William Saint Lo, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, had a rich estate in Gloucestershire, she married him, and made another of her ante-nuptial contracts whereby she was to

get his whole property in the event of his death. How careful she was of this William's health, history does not say. But when he died, she was the richest subject of Queen Elizabeth, with an income equivalent to several million dollars to-day. She was, withal, still good-looking; but even without that, she probably would not have lacked suitors. Queen Elizabeth approved Bess's fourth choice, George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom Bess made her usual good bargain before the deed, and further 'cinched' the Earl's undisposable goods by marrying two of her children to two of his by a former marriage. This was a very scrappy union of the 'off-again-on-again variety' about which a not-too-nice gossipy volume might be written. Shrewsbury was Mary Stuart's custodian, or jailer, for about fifteen years, beginning soon after his marriage to Bess. Part of that time he kept Mary at Chatsworth, and again at Wingfield (near Matlock) or at Tutbury (near Derby) or at Sheffield. So this was more than any other the land of her captivity — this Derbyshire; and for some of us she haunts it almost as much as she does parts of Scotland. If you were a fortunate youngster (as *I* was) who sprawled spellbound over Charlotte Yonge's 'Unknown to History,' not for one reading but for many, you will be thrilled to know yourself here in the midst of its scenes; in the countryside that Anthony Babington was bred in — that gallant youth who gave his life in Mary's cause.

Bess accused her husband of a fruitful love intrigue with Mary, but was obliged publicly to retract the charge. And Mary, being very, very 'mad' at Bess, sat down and wrote Queen Elizabeth a letter into which she put all the disrespectful 'dirt' that Bess had told about her sovereign in many a dish of gossip. Some prudent person (probably Burghley) withheld this letter from its destination — else

yet by mortal folk. Of an evening, too, in winter, one sees the clouds gathering over the uplands of Middleton Moor, like goblins making their way toward some monstrous ark.'

From Grindelford to Hathersage, near which lies one of the scenes of 'Jane Eyre,' while in its churchyard is a grave believed to be that of Robin Hood's 'Little John' who is claimed as a native of Hathersage.

From Hathersage you may turn west to Castleton, where are the ruins of Peveril's castle; and sundry caverns, mines, and other trippers' delights.

The Derbyshire 'Peak' is no peak at all, but a ridge, four miles long, all rented as grouse-moors. You may circle about it by driving from Hathersage through Castleton to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and thence up through Hayfield to Glossop, and from Glossop to Sheffield. But this is a long détour, and to a hurrying traveller might easily seem disappointing. I do think that an impression of the bleak Yorkshire moors is an important part of your panoramic view of England; but you have two later sections of this journey which will give you that. And it would, therefore, be my suggestion that you turn east at Hathersage and then north to Sheffield.

You will find Sheffield with more street-names — Norfolk Street and Lane and Row, and Arundel Street and Lane, and Howard Street, etc. — commemorating the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, who became the chief landowners here in the seventeenth century, than those which commemorate the Talbots of Shrewsbury who were lords here for more than two centuries.

The approach to the 'English Pittsburgh' from the west, as you come, is delightful. I dare say your first port of call will be for luncheon; and this you may like to take at Judson's Torino Restaurant in Surrey Street, which runs along the north side of the Town Hall. And on your left as

you go up Fargate and into High Street, after lunch, is the Cathedral, with the fine Shrewsbury Chapel wherein Bess's lord lies, and was lying for a good many years before Bess built her own tomb at Derby.

There's nothing left of the castle wherein he kept Queen Mary; but southeast of the city are some fragments of his Manor Lodge to which he occasionally transferred his royal captive.

I doubt, though, if you will wish to linger at Sheffield except for lunch. What you see of the city in transit through it will probably seem enough. And as you follow your north road to 'bleak, black Barnsley,' and beyond, you'll have your fill of industrial centres.

About a mile south of Wakefield, to which you're coming, was fought (in 1460) that battle of Wakefield in which Richard, Duke of York, was defeated and slain by the Lancastrians under Margaret of Anjou; and by her orders his severed head, mockingly crowned with paper, was sent to his city of York to be exposed over one of the city gates. This was about ten and a half years before Tewkesbury, where Richard of York's son, Edward, delivered the final defeat to Margaret's house and hopes.

Nine miles north of Wakefield is Leeds, the greatest cloth market in the world; and fifteen miles farther north is Harrogate, a fashionable spa with what are said to be the finest bath pavilions in Europe. This would be a pleasant stop for tea (at the Majestic Hotel, on Ripon Road) — but you may prefer going four miles farther to Knaresborough, for the delightful view from the bridge, the quaint old town, its memories of 'Mother Shipton,' the prophetess, and Eugene Aram.

From Knaresborough into Ripon, by way of Ripley, is eleven and a half miles. Keep straight ahead as you enter Ripon by the Harrogate road, till you come to Westgate,

and then turn west into Park Street and the charming haven called the Spa Hotel.

After dinner, be sure to stroll into the market-place (at the foot of Westgate) and hear the 'wakeman's,' or mayor's, horn-blower, picturesquely attired, blow four prodigious blasts from his great ancient horn, and then depart to repeat these in front of the wakeman's house. The ancient law was: 'If any one after horn-blowing was robbed on the gateside within the town, the wakeman was bound to make his loss good, if it was proved that he and his servants did not do their duty of watching in the night-time.' Suppose we had such a law now!

I shall be called heretical, or some other scathing name, I know, if I suggest to you that in a glut of cathedrals, such as this journey is likely to seem to you unless you're careful, Ripon is one that can be missed. Nevertheless, I'm going to say it. And, having put myself thus recklessly beyond the pale, I may as well go on and say that I think the fleeting 'glimpser' need not strain to do any sight-seeing in Ripon. I'd have him luxuriate in a good night's rest, and save all his capacity for Fountains Abbey, in the morning.

This third day should not have been a tiring one, with only about fourscore miles of going, and practically no sight-seeing, save as you went, with the exceptions of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth.

The plan for your fourth day is: Fountains Abbey, *early*, while it is 'all yours'; then back to Harrogate, and west to Bolton Abbey, not just for the abbey ruins, but for lovely Wharfedale valley. Then Skipton (from where a détour of some twenty-five miles all told will take you, if you wish, to Haworth Rectory, the Brontës' home) and on to Windermere — about ninety miles, if you don't make the Haworth détour. From Windermere to Keswick is some twenty

miles; and I urge that you make it either after dinner (if the day be long and fine) or after a very early breakfast (no more than tea, perhaps), before anybody else is on the wing.

A shorter route to the Lakes, from Ripon, is by way of Masham and Middleham and Sedbergh, which cuts the distance to Windermere by some twenty miles, but is, I think, much less interesting.

Now, about Fountains Abbey and its setting I am not going to attempt to say anything except that, seen under favorable conditions, I think it is one of the most exquisite spots on earth; one of those places where the soul of each beholder is plumbed for the depth of its responsiveness to sheer beauty. I don't know that anything else matters, at Fountains, except the transcendent loveliness. 'Beauty like hers is genius,' Dante Rossetti said of Elizabeth Siddall's. What, then, shall one say of beauty like this, save that it is Inspiration?

From Fountains Abbey, which lies west of Ripon some four miles, it is (if you don't care to return to Harrogate) seven miles farther to Pateley Bridge and thence ten miles to Linton, from which point you may descend the valley of the Wharfe to Bolton Priory, where, beside those lovely ruins and the Priory church still in use, there is Bolton Hall, another residence of the Duke of Devonshire — mostly modern, but incorporating an old gatehouse of the Priory.

There's an inn at Bolton (the Devonshire Arms) where you may lunch. But if the day is fine, a picnic lunch brought from Ripon and eaten somewhere in the neighborhood of the 'Stepping Stones' would be an idyllic experience.

Skipton is the capital of the limestone district called Craven, which contains some of the wildest and most

picturesque scenery in Yorkshire. Skipton Castle claims to be the birthplace of Fair Rosamond; certainly it belonged to her family, the Cliffords. About two miles from there is Stonegappe where Charlotte Brontë as governess gathered the impressions she used in 'Jane Eyre' for 'Gateshead Hall.'

I thought I was never going to the English Lakes again — that they had become too 'Coney-Islandish'; if you can conceive a region of heavenly beauty descended to such base uses. Or, no! 'base' is not the word. No one can regret that thousands of other persons seek and enjoy sylvan solitudes. No one can deplore that this district, like the Peak district, is within easy reach of the congested manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Only — ! Where thousands of people are making holiday, there is not much possible escape from 'the haunts of men'; not much solitude and silence in which to seek communion with the spirits of those who have sung the loveliness they found here to an enraptured world.

But last June I went again. I dined at Rigg's Hotel at Bowness-on-Windermere, as early as I could get dinner; and as soon thereafter as possible, I started for Keswick [Kezick] near the head of Derwentwater. On that daylight-saving June day, it was still twilight at nearly eleven o'clock. And for about three hours of sunset and afterglow we loitered through the unearthly loveliness which was almost uninvaded save by ourselves.

The next morning, before anybody else was astir, I was up and a-wing, traversing the whole length of Ullswater before the dew was done glistening on the grass. It was 'all ecstasy and deep delight.' And with all my heart I commend it to you if you want to find the loveliness the poets celebrated.

Of course, I'd like nothing better than to linger for pages

on pages, recalling those who came here to invite their souls, and to live cheaply and wholesomely while they poured out their song. But if we begin, how shall we ever leave off? You may, of course, linger and see many of their homes and haunts and resting-places. But I doubt if then you'll come away with so precious a sense of fellowship with them as you'll have if you give yourself a few hours of Lakeland silence and solitude.

III

SOUTH FROM KESWICK TO LONDON

From Keswick (Keswick Hotel) you may drive east to Troutbeck Station, and then down to Ullswater and along the border of that lovely lake almost to Penrith. Or, omitting Ullswater, you may go by direct road from Keswick to Penrith — seventeen miles.

From Penrith your route lies through Appleby, the little county town of Westmorland, and Brough, to Barnard Castle, fifty-five miles from Keswick.

Here you may lunch at the King's Head where Dickens stayed in 1838 when he was investigating the conditions of those Yorkshire schools which he was to 'show up' in 'Nicholas Nickleby.' He had brought a letter from a Mr. Smithson, a London solicitor who had a Yorkshire connection, which said that the bearer was the friend of a widow who didn't know what to do with her little boy, 'and if the recipient of the letter could inform me of a school in his neighborhood, the writer would be very much obliged.'

The farmer (near Bowes, four miles from here) to whom this was addressed was not at home when Dickens called, but hastened to find the bearer of the letter and entreat him to advise the widow not to send her boy to any of the wretched schools 'while there's a harse to hoold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in!'

The school, at Bowes, which Dickens visited, and described as 'Dotheboys Hall,' was by no means the worst of its sort, and no little resentment was felt there when Dickens's disclosures set the country agog as only the young author of 'Pickwick' could do. So, as you pass through Bowes, don't ask about Dotheboys Hall.

But when you are at the King's Head, I'm sure you'll love to think of Dickens there — only twenty-six years old, looking much as the lovely Maclise portrait shows him, but burning to set free from harsh conditions little boys who must be suffering as he himself had suffered such a very little while ago.

It was from a little watchmaker's shop nearly opposite the King's Head that Dickens got his idea for 'Master Humphrey's Clock.'

Through the yard of the inn you may reach the ruins of Barnard Castle, founded early in the twelfth century and given by Edward I to one of the early Beauchamp Earls of Warwick, with whose descendant, Anne Neville, Richard III's unwilling Queen, it passed to the Crown.

It is the principal scene of Sir Walter Scott's narrative poem, 'Rokeby.' Rokeby Park, the home of Scott's friend John Morritt, is about three miles southeast of Barnard Castle, close to that 'Meeting of the Greta and the Tees' which Scott described, and Turner painted.

Scott visited Morritt at Rokeby in 1809 and 'was so delighted,' Lockhart says, 'by the scenery and so interested with his host's traditionary anecdotes of the Cavaliers of the Rokeby lineage, that he resolved on connecting a poem with these fair landscapes.'

When he got under way with the poem, two or three years later, and had bargained for its publication, he wrote to Morritt for some details about the Valley of the Tees. Morritt invited him to come for another visit, but Scott thought he must hurry the thing through.

So Morritt wrote him: 'I hope you will not be obliged to write in a hurry. If you want a few hundreds independent of these booksellers, . . . I happen at this moment to have five or six for which I have no sort of demand: — so rather than be obliged to spur Pegasus beyond the power of pull-

as you do, by South Road and Church Street, you swing out of the latter into New Elvet, and just before coming to Elvet Bridge (completed in 1228, and still retaining a few old bridge-houses, here, on your right) you double back on Old Elvet to your hostelry.

When you start out to walk, take New Elvet and Church Street back as far as Saint Oswald's Church, and follow the path through the Churchyard, across the 'Banks' or gardens, whence there is the most celebrated view of the Cathedral. Then, down to Prebend's Bridge; and from the far end of this, climb to the Cathedral.

Practically all that you have come to see in Durham is on that high peninsula which the river Wear so nearly surrounds.

'The picture,' Mrs. Van Rensselaer says, 'made by Durham's rocky pedestal and rock-like church and castle is as interesting to the mind as to the eye, for it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with ecclesiastical grandeur which was unique in the Kingdom of England.' And she thought 'there can be nothing else in England, or in all the world, quite like' the walk I have suggested to you.

Also, there is no other place in England where we can so well understand what a great monastery looked like in pre-Reformation days.

The old Castle of the prince-bishops of Durham is now used for Durham University.

Staindrop is six miles from Barnard Castle on the road to Durham. And if you ask in the office of the Barnard estate for permission to visit Raby Castle, I'm almost sure it will be given you, as Lord Barnard is exceedingly courteous and gracious in this regard — as, I doubt not, in others.

There are few places among all those I've visited as a sight-seer these many years, which have left on me a deeper

RABY CASTLE

From a print published in 1791

impression, contributed to by many things, than Raby Castle.

It was just before luncheon, one day when I asked leave to see the castle and a very kind housekeeper conducted me through. In the old baronial kitchen, located in the lower part of a tower said to date back to William the Conqueror's time (and looking it!), the cook and her assistants were preparing luncheon. Close by, in what may have been a *salle des gardes* and is now the servants' dining-hall, table was set for the present 'retainers.' Upstairs, in the magnificent dining-room, a lordly table, contracted to its smallest possible dimensions, was spread for two, and looked like a speck on a large map and almost as if those who were coming might need guide and compass to find their food in this apartment constructed for such splendid feasts as must follow the Hunt Balls given in the Barons' Hall, whereinto the scarlet-coated huntsmen ride, whilst their ladies regard them from the superb double staircase and balconies.

In one of the drawing-rooms, the housekeeper showed me the framed photograph of the young heir to all this storied splendor, who laid down his life for his country and her allies and their cause in the Great War; she told me that it is his younger brother who is the present lord and father of the babies whose nurses were just bringing them in, across the moat, when I left.

There was so much, of the present, of the near-past, and of remote antiquity when this was the king-maker's castle, which blended in an exquisite impression of England's continuing story, that I would I were a poet to do it justice. I am, however, a most grateful and appreciative pilgrim. Everything about Raby Castle seemed friendly and fine, even the lovely deer in the park. I have seldom spent an hour I love better to recall.

If you go to Staindrop, but are not going to Durham, you

can take a small road thence through Winston to Greta Bridge, and visit Rokeby; then turn off a little way before you reach Scotch Corner (which is ten miles from Greta Bridge) and go south about five miles to Richmond whence Henry VII derived his early title of Earl of Richmond. I don't know that I'd go far out of my way to see Richmond; but when it can be seen en route, I'd certainly have a mental snap-shot of it — if only to recall what a 'handy' possession of the crown it became: Henry VIII gave it, and the title that went with it, to his illegitimate son (whom we met at Anne Boleyn's trial and execution), and Charles II did the same for one of his bastards by the Duchess of Portsmouth.

A mile southeast of Richmond, beside the foaming river Swale, are the picturesque ruins of Easby Abbey. And from Richmond you may traverse a part of Swalesdale, the deepest and wildest of the Yorkshire River valleys. Wensleydale is a little farther west. You may have glimpses of both dales by taking the road out of Richmond, past Easby Abbey to Catterick Bridge (five miles), and then south (seven miles) to Leeming Lane, and across (west) through Bedale and Patrick Brompton, to Leyburn, where you are near the beginning of Wensleydale. This is a lovely district; and whether you care for abbey ruins as such, or not, I'm sure you'll be glad if you turn south at Patrick Brompton and seek out the remains of Jervaulx (pronounced 'Jarvis') Abbey, which lie amid pastoral beauty that I love to recall.

Bolton Castle, one of the first English prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots, is near Redmire, about five miles west of Leyburn; and nearer Leyburn is the Queen's Gap, where Mary is said to have been stopped when she was attempting escape from Bolton Castle. About two and a half miles south of Leyburn is the town of Middleham, with the ruins

of a great castle of Warwick the king-maker and through his daughter inherited by Richard III. This castle figures in 'The Last of the Barons' — a book which is an invaluable introduction to personages whose ghosts confront you pretty much all over England.

In the event of this being a fine afternoon, I'm sure you'll be enchanted with an unhurried 'prowl' about this section, and will look back upon to-day (Ullswater, and Teesdale, and Raby Castle, and hereabouts) as one of the most delightful on your journeyings. And your road from Middleham to York takes you through Ripon (twenty miles) where you could have another night at the Spa Hotel, and go twenty-four miles into York in the morning; or keep on (eleven and a half miles farther) to Harrogate, spend the night there, and go (twenty miles) across to York, past Marston Moor. Another alternative from Richmond, in the event of weather unfavorable for dales, is to come straight down the Northallerton road to York, about fifty miles.

If you *knew*, on your northward way, that you were going to chart your return by Wensleydale and Ripon, you might make your third night's stop at Harrogate, and leave Ripon and Fountains Abbey for the southward journey. This would give you more time in the southern Lake district, so you could see Coniston.

Supposing you to be en route from Middleham to or through Ripon, let me remind you not to miss Tanfield, one of the most picturesque of villages where part of the Marmions' castle still stands, and some of the Marmions lie in the church.

Wherever you spend your fifth night, I trust you will reach York by 10 A.M. next day. For your distance between York and Lincoln is over seventy miles by the most direct and least interesting route, and you must leave im-

mediately after luncheon (at the Royal Station Hotel) in order to reach Lincoln well before sunset and dinner-time.

Coming from Ripon or Harrogate, you enter York by the Holgate road, swing into Blossom Street, and find yourself approaching Micklegate Bar, the most imposing and important of York's four great gateways; and if you wish, you may see Hotspur's head exposed there, after the battle of Shrewsbury, or Richard of York's after the battle of Wakefield.

The walls and old gates of York are sure to share with the Cathedral your interest and your time here. The complete circuit of the walls (about three miles) may be too much of a walk for you; but I hope you'll 'pace the battlements' for at least a part of their extent.

I believe that I'd 'do' the walls first, so as to get into the spirit of the mediæval town.

Turn, left, in Queen Street, *before* passing through Micklegate Bar, and park your car near the Royal Station Hotel, or leave it in the hotel garage.

Then, sally forth in Station Road, still outside the walls, toward the river Ouse, which flows through the very heart of the ancient city; cross the river by the Lendal Bridge. It is my impression that the wall may be gained by steps close to the north side of Lendal Bridge, but I may not remember correctly. Perhaps you have to go to Bootham Bar; in that case, I'd go into the Museum Gardens — on your left, as you go up toward Museum Street from the bridge — and see how beautifully York has enshrined some of the memorials of her very long past — and then, on emerging, take Saint Leonard's Place, leading out from Museum Street at your left, to Bootham Bar guarding the main approach from the north. The booths of the chapmen or peddlers which used to be set up outside this gate, gave it its name. Here, certainly, one may mount to the battle-

mented walk on the wall; and between this gate and Monk Bar one gets, in about ten minutes, the finest views obtainable from any part of the circumvallation.

Descending from the wall at Monk Bar, you will find yourself close to the Cathedral you've been circling. Come down Deangate to Minster Yard, and you have before you the south transept door, entering through which, with the glorious Five Sisters window facing you at the end of the north transept, you have one of the big moments of a lifetime.

There are good vergers in York Minster, high above the average, and I shall not attempt, here, to encroach upon their province of detailed description.

No ghosts walk the long aisles of York for me. I don't know why — but they don't. I try to think I'm present at the marriage of Philippa of Hainault and Edward III — but I know I'm not. I try to think about Archbishop Scrope preaching here against Henry IV who had not scrupled to use perjury and murder to get his cousin's throne: 'Such deeds,' the courageous Primate cries, 'should not be wrought by men who govern England'; I try to feel what shudders must have run through the scared worshippers here when they knew that their Archbishop was riding, in a blood-colored garment, mounted on a sorry nag, to a field south of the castle, there to have his head struck off by the executioner.

I try — but nothing happens; not a thing. I'm in a cathedral unspeakably magnificent and awe-inspiring. I am very, very glad to be there. But, compared with such thronging ghosts as I meet at Canterbury, or at Winchester, York yields me no company.

With you it may be quite otherwise.

Not to have York in one's gallery of remembrance, seems to me a big omission. We need it, frequently, for a

background, in our reading. I think that stretch of city wall between Bootham Bar and Monk Bar is one of the finest things in England and not often surpassed, anywhere. I believe I'd revisit York any time, for another hour or two in the Museum Gardens, with their ever-mellowing ruins of Roman and mediæval structures. I'm not sure but that the Shambles is the most picturesque old street in Britain.

But York is very impersonal, to me, and I may as well admit it. I can't say that I'd be in any way likely to 'feel' Hadrian here, nor Septimius Severus (who died and lies buried here) nor Constantius Chlorus. I don't know that it matters so much whether Constantine the Great was born here, as some contend; but I'd like to feel that it was here, in this far outpost of the Empire, that he put on the purple — as the window in the Guildhall shows. No soldier of the famous Sixth Legion jostles me, however, as I seek out the site of the imperial palace and try to think of Rome's rulers here.

I'm sorry I can't do better for you as a guide. But I doubt if you need, or want, a guide in York.

Don't miss Stonegate (running southwest from the Cathedral's south transept door) and its seductive antique-shops.

And mind that you take to the road again by two o'clock.

If the garage-man at the hotel can assure you that the motor-ferry between Hull and New Holland is in operation, you might like that route to Lincoln. Its principal attraction is that it includes Beverley, which has the magnificent Beverley Minster, with the superb Percy Tomb and Chapel, and Saint Mary's Church, one of the loveliest in England. To the enthusiast on architecture, Beverley is a Mecca indeed. But the attractions of the other route are likely to weigh heavier with most travellers.

That other route leads out of York by Queen Street, past Micklegate Bar (where you entered) and along Nunnery Lane, skirting the southern reaches of the city wall to Fishergate Bar, and out through that into Fishergate, toward Selby — fourteen miles — where there is a great Abbey Church in one window of which appears the Washington arms whence we probably derived our 'Stars and Stripes.' Henry I, first of William the Conqueror's sons born on English soil, was born at Selby not many months after Matilda's coronation at Winchester and the first appearance in England of a Marmion, King's Champion.

The road leads thence to Doncaster — which is, I'm afraid, my idea of 'no place to go,' or even to go through, if it can be avoided. Perhaps I'm unduly 'peeved' at Doncaster because it seems to me that I'm always having to go by way of it to some place or other that I'm bent on; and because I've frequently 'landed' there about meal time, and haven't liked the meals, nor the surroundings in which they were eaten, nor been compensated by anything in Doncaster.

Should you be eager to visit Epworth, where Samuel, the father of John and Charles Wesley, was rector for thirty-nine years, and lies buried under the tombstone from which his son preached, you must take a small road out of Selby through Camblesforth, Snaith and Thorne, and turn south before you come to Althorpe. Then, down to Gainsborough, and over to Lincoln — seventeen miles.

The road of richer interest to the majority, however, runs from Selby through Doncaster and thence to Worksop. This is somewhat 'roundabout,' but full of reasons therefor. Worksop lies at the north of the Dukeries, as Mansfield does to the south of them. And if you did not come so far east as this on your northward way from Derby, you may have a glimpse of Sherwood Forest, of Hardwick Hall.

You can't get to the latter in time to enter it; but you might be permitted to drive in the park close enough to get a look at the mansion, which also belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. And just north of it is Bolsover Castle, built by Peveril of the Peak and rebuilt by Bess of Hardwick's son Sir Charles Cavendish.

These will, however, add greatly to your mileage and delay your arrival at Lincoln; and as it is doubtful what you might be permitted to see of them, I don't recommend that détour except to those who are not obliged to hurry — those thrice-fortunate persons who can grant themselves another day en route to Lincoln, and spend it hereabouts, visiting Hardwick Hall, Newstead Abbey, Byron's grave in Hucknall Torkard, Southwell, Newark, and the Dukeries. In that case, I'd spend the night at Mansfield, at the Swan.

Supposing you to be on a schedule which requires you to reach Lincoln to-night (your sixth night out from London), you may take the drive south from Worksop through the Dukeries to Budby and Ollerton; then to Wellow and down to Southwell, to pause a few moments at Ye Olde Saracen's Head where Charles I surrendered to the Scots Commissioners who were to 'sell' him to his rebellious subjects at a 'price so much higher than my Saviour's'; and to note the noble Minster where, in 1861, was baptized a little boy who was to become Field Marshal Viscount Allenby. From Southwell to Newark-upon-Trent, where King John died, is six miles; and thence you have a straight run of sixteen more miles into Lincoln.

Should your day be a short one, with an early twilight (as in the fall of the year) you could not do any of this loitering, but must press on from Doncaster to Lincoln (thirty-eight and a half miles) as expeditiously as possible. I'd do it by way of Bawtry to Gainsborough and Marton and Sax-

ilby. And as you go through Bawtry, inquire your way to the villages of Austerfield (north) and Scrooby (south).

Scrooby is a sleepy little village, near the Great North Road, where, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, a man named William Brewster was bailiff of the manor, which belonged to the Archbishop of York, and also the local 'Post,' who supplied relays of horses on the post road. About the year 1602, his son William (who had been to Cambridge) began to feel himself a Dissenter or Separatist from the ritual of the old gray church, and assembled in his own house (which you may see) those neighbors who inclined to dissent with him. In 1607 he and some of them attempted to escape *via* Boston to Holland, for greater freedom of worship, were caught and imprisoned (as we shall recall at Boston), but succeeded in getting away, a year later, sailing from Hull or near there; and at Leyden he was chosen ruling elder of the congregation, which office he continued to hold at Plymouth, Massachusetts, until his death, at the age of seventy-eight. He was a direct ancestor of John Howard Paine (author of 'Home, Sweet Home'), President Zachary Taylor, Henry W. Longfellow, and General Grant.

From Austerfield, just over the border, in Yorkshire, came William Bradford, who as a boy of seventeen worshipped with Brewster's Separatists at Scrooby, shared their attempt to escape and their capture and imprisonment at Boston, succeeded in getting away with them to Leyden, and sailed in the Mayflower. In 1621 he was elected (he being scarce past thirty) Governor of Plymouth Colony, an office which he held, with brief intervals, to the end of his life. In the church at Austerfield is a tablet recording that the present south aisle was built in 1897 by the Society of Mayflower Descendants and other citizens of the United States in memory of Governor William Bradford 'the first American citizen of the English race who bore rule

by the free choice of his brethren.' And in the vestry hangs a copy of the resolution of thanks sent by the Society of Mayflower Descendants to Archbishop Temple and Bishop Mandell Creighton for the return to America of the manuscript of Bradford's 'History of Plimouth Plantation,' popularly (but erroneously) known as the 'Log of the Mayflower.' This disappeared from Boston, Massachusetts, during the Revolution, and came to light in 1855 in the library of Fulham Palace, residence of the Bishop of London. It was there because, until 1776, New England was included in the diocese of London, and as Bradford's 'History' contained records of births, marriages, and deaths, it was deemed a part of the diocesan register. In 1897 it was restored to Boston, where it is now on view in the State House.

Gainsborough is the 'Saint Ogg's' of 'The Mill on the Floss'; and in its Old Hall, rebuilt about 1480, Henry VIII was entertained in 1541 and met Catherine Parr, probably for the first time.

From there to Lincoln it is seventeen miles, and I think you can see the Cathedral most of the way. You enter Lincoln by the Carholme Road, turn (left) into Gas Street, then (right) into Newland and Guildhall, till you come to High Street and the Saracen's Head, a very comfortable hotel. There is, however, the White Hart, near the Cathedral, which I think you may like better; to reach it, cross High Street, continue through Saltergate to Broadgate, and climb by Lindum Road and Pottergate, to Eastgate and through that (left) to Bailgate and the White Hart.

If I tell you that the most glancing thought of Lincoln sends thrills tingling through me, I suppose I ought to go on and tell you why. And I can't. I can tell you a dozen reasons, but not THE reason. Cities are like other 'per-

sonalities': the more they appeal to and satisfy us, the harder it becomes to define our feeling for them.

Sometimes I incline to think that the warmth of my feeling for Lincoln may have something to do with an elderly gentleman who found me wandering, at dusk one evening, about the cathedral precincts, and stopped to inquire if I were a stranger.

'Have you,' he asked, 'seen Newport Arch?'

I had just come from that ancient gateway of the Roman city wall, and told him so.

'Well,' said he, 'I wonder if you know that it has a needle's eye?'

I didn't.

'I didn't either,' he admitted, 'till I took a gentleman to see it who has spent most of his life in Palestine. And he told me that in ancient times, when the city gates closed for the night, late arrivals had to stay outside till morning — that is, the camels and drivers did, but there was a small opening through which a man might pass, to reach an inn. The camels with their burdens had to wait the tax-collector, in the morning. It was no use trying to squeeze them through the small wicket called the needle's eye — they couldn't get in.'

Now, how well-informed my kindly old gentleman's informant was, I cannot say. What chiefly mattered to me was the incident, and the pictures each recollection of it evokes: the immensity of darkening sky over and about us; the stupendous bulk and awe-inspiring grandeur of the cathedral dwarfing us and all our plans and hopes and fears until we seemed about as consequential as midges at the end of their one-day existence; around the corner, William the Conqueror's castle; higher up, in the Bailgate, those circles in the roadway, marking where the pillars of a splendid basilica stood that was gone, all gone to dust,

doubtless, before the Norman conqueror came. Very, very transitory and insignificant, I felt. And then — out of the scented dusk following a brief shower, came an elderly gentleman on his familiar evening stroll; a short interlude of courtesy to a wayfarer — a picture of nightfall at an eastern city gate, and One (perhaps) watching the efforts of a camel to follow his master within; then a parting of the ways between the wayfarer and the hospitable native. But he will always fill Eastgate with his kindly presence, for me; he will always remind me how warm a glow may be kindled by a flash of simple friendliness. Perhaps he was only a firefly in the firmament against which the towers of Lincoln are thrust, beneath which her Angel Choir soars; but he lighted a taper for me, and while it burns, it will illumine Lincoln for me.

Another picture I have, also of vast shadows and pin-pricks of light: there was choir-practice in the Cathedral, and a small door stood open. I slipped in. Far, far off, in the half-lighted stalls, the choir was singing as from another sphere. The rest of the immense interior was majestically dim. A verger with a lantern hovered about, waiting to close the door and leave the sanctuary to its ghosts. He waved to me, and I advanced into the mystery. And then, till choir practice was over, he walked about with me, flashing that lantern now on this loveliness and now on that, as he murmured his litany in its praise.

I couldn't help feeling that Lincoln was glad I had come and wanted me to enjoy her. No! Lincoln had no suspicion that I was 'going to put her in a book.' What's another book or two to Lincoln? I was just one of her daily band of pilgrims. I found graciousness on her majestic heights; and I'm sure it dwells there.

If you choose the White Hart Hotel, you are almost within arm's reach of nearly everything in Lincoln you

have come to see, and can stroll about in the dusk after you have had your dinner. But the very thing that makes the White Hart so convenient, robs you of one toilsome but interesting experience that accentuates the feeling of Lincoln as a place high-enthroned; and that is the arduous ascent of Steep Hill, where you clutch at a hand-rail as you climb this dizzy old street to the heights whereon are the Castle, the Cathedral, and the Roman wall and gate. However, if you don't mind climbing, you can do this before you leave town.

On this evening of your arrival, you may step across to the castle gateway, and see if you are in time to enter. It is open till sunset, and the view from Observation Tower will richly reward you for the ascent.

Up the hill is Newport Arch, through which the Roman road called the Ermine Street runs northward almost in a straight line to the Humber; they call that now the 'Riseholme Road.' The arch is probably, as we see it, some seven and a half feet less in height than it was as the Romans knew it; the accretions at its bases have attained that depth in eighteen centuries.

It is reckoned that the basilica which stood where we see the circles in the roadway, was two hundred and seventy-seven feet long — or sixty-two feet longer than the nave of the present Cathedral. Opposite this immense building stood, it is believed, the Forum.

These things you can see in the gloaming — these, and the Cathedral precincts, with the unspeakably grand bulk of the Minster standing up against the sky as if it felt the very stars its peers. You can even descend Steep Hill and the Strait, and see the house of Aaron the Jew who was one of the chief money-lenders of the time of Henry II. When Aaron died, his property was forfeited to the Crown. Lower down, on the Strait, is what is called the Jew's

House, once occupied by a Jewess who was hanged, about 1284, for debasing coin. This was just before Edward I ordered all the Jews in England, sixteen thousand in number, to leave the Kingdom before All Saints' Day. And it was four hundred and fifty years before the laws of England again permitted the Jews to live in that country.

Then, in the morning, you can give yourself up to enjoyment of the Cathedral, where you will find vergers who are so well-informed that their explanation of the architectural glories is most edifying.

I cannot write about the Cathedral. The very thought of trying to, paralyzes me with awe. But I know that I have seldom seen any handiwork of man which so made me feel that God may sometimes be a little proud of some of his creatures, as the Angel Choir of Lincoln.

Atop the last column but one on the north side of this Choir is the famous 'Lincoln Imp' — a brass image of which, in door-knocker or paper-weight or other utility, you'll doubtless bear away with you from Lincoln to your home.

And after you've seen the Cathedral, and remounted your gasoline Pegasus, you may descend as you came up, and see the Stonebow (at the corner of High Street and Guildhall) where the Guildhall is housed above an arch that spans the highway as preceding arches spanned it back to Roman times. See High Bridge not only from its own level, but from the 'Glory Hole' behind it.

Then —! Should this be Monday, Thursday, or Saturday, and you desirous of seeing Belvoir Castle for which the Earls of Rutland deserted Haddon Hall, you point the nose of Pegasus toward Grantham (twenty-four and a half miles) where there is one of the very few mediæval inns remaining in England — the 'Angel' — seven miles southwest of which the Castle lies. In that event, you'd go on by Freckingham and Donnington to Boston.

Otherwise, take the shortest road to Boston (thirty-four and a half miles) by way of Sleaford, or, turn, left, just before you reach Saint Mary-le-Wigford's Church, on High Street, Lincoln, to Melville Street, and follow the road from there to Branston and Woodhall Spa; here (at Woodhall) you may turn south for Tattershall Castle and continue on to Lincoln; or you may go further east, to Horncastle, noted for its annual horse-fair, in August, which Borrow describes in 'Romany Rye.' Two miles south of Horncastle is Scrivelsby Court, the seat of the Dymokes who, since Richard II was crowned, in 1377, have held the office of King's Champion. This manor was inherited by Richard II's champion, Sir John Dymoke, through his wife who was descended from one of the last of the Marmions; and with it he and his heirs inherited the privilege of being the king's challenger at his coronation. One of them 'challenged' for Richard III, Henry VII and Henry VIII; and though the last monarch for whom a Dymoke rode into Westminster Hall, at the coronation banquet, armed to defend the new sovereign's title, was George IV, a Dymoke bore the standard of England in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of Edward VII and — I think — George V.

About six miles east of Horncastle is Somersby, Tennyson's birthplace. If you go that far before turning south toward Boston you will not see Tattershall. My suggestion is that you turn south at Woodhall Spa, twenty miles from Lincoln, for Tattershall, which is about four miles. Tattershall Castle, built in 1440 by the Lord High Treasurer to Henry VI, has lately, along with Bodiam Castle in Sussex, been willed to the nation by Earl Curzon. It is perhaps the finest example in England of the so-called 'tower-house' or fortified dwelling, and marks the era of transition when residences, while they must still be strongholds, had begun to furnish comfort as well as security. It belonged for a

long time to the Earls of Lincoln who, since 1572, have been descended from that Lord Clinton whose wife, Elizabeth Blount, was the mother of Henry VIII's illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond. In 1768 the ninth Earl of Lincoln in this line succeeded his uncle as Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyne, and since then the title of Earl of Lincoln has been the courtesy title of the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son.

In this Tattershall Castle there lived, when the third Earl of Lincoln had his home here, the Lady Arabella, his daughter, who married the Reverend Isaac Johnson and came to 'Plimouth Plantation' with him, but died soon after landing. It was of her that Cotton Mather said that she left an earthly paradise for a wilderness, and then the wilderness for Paradise, 'taking New England on her way to heaven.'

Then, twelve miles to Boston, where your first preoccupation will probably be luncheon at the Peacock.

'Way back in 654 a Saxon monk, Botolf, often called 'the Saint of seafaring men,' founded a monastery here; and Boston is a contraction of Botolf's ton (or town).

Saint Botolph's Town! Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
So that thereof no vestige now remains;
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere,
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.

Saint Botolph's Town! Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard;
So may that sacred name forever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power
That lies concentrated in a single word.

You'll want Longfellow's lines, to repeat in 'Saint Botolph's Town,' so I'm giving them to you. And of course

SAINT BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON

From a print published in 1795

you'll visit Saint Botolph's Church, and seek out all the points of vantage for viewing its truly magnificent tower whose 'chiming bells' (thirty-six of them cast at Louvain) are heard for miles of sea and leagues of land, as the tower itself is the mariners' landmark. As for the beacon that used to glow in that exquisite 'lantern' atop the tower, there is — as you doubtless know — a tradition that it ceased to burn when John Cotton, who was vicar here for twenty-one years, left, in 1633, to go to America where he was 'teacher' at the First Church of Boston, Massachusetts, till his death. The new town was not named by him, but had borne the name of Boston for three years before he came to it.

> The lantern of Saint Botolph's ceased to burn
> When from the portals of that church he came
> To be a burning and a shining light
> Here in the wilderness.

In 1855, a chapel in Saint Botolph's Church, which had been serving as a lumber-room and fire-engine house, was restored, chiefly through the help of three Americans then living in London — George Peabody, Joshua Bates, and Russell Sturgis — and named Cotton Chapel. While a lovely stone tracery of an ancient window in Saint Botolph's Church now adorns the Clarendon Street side of Trinity Church Cloister in Boston, Massachusetts, and near by it (on the Huntington Avenue side of the Boston Library delivery-room) stands a section of the railing from the Guildhall of old Boston before which Brewster and Bradford and others of the Pilgrim Fathers were tried, in 1607, for trying to escape to Holland.

You will visit the Guildhall, of course. And across the way from Saint Botolph's Church, you will doubtless buy some beautiful photographs of it in the oldest house in Boston. Perhaps the very courteous proprietor (who takes

these lovely pictures) will do for you as he did for me: when I expressed interest in his venerable shop, he said, 'If you'll step into the yard, I'll show you something much older.' And there he pointed out to me a stone hand-mill of the Saxon period, which he said was called a *temes*. A brisk grinder, revolving his *temes* rapidly would sometimes, he said, set his meal on fire. So, of a lazy one, it came to be said that he would 'never set the temes' (not Thames!) on fire.

Near the church is a statue of Herbert Ingram, founder of the *Illustrated London News*, who, with his eldest son, was drowned in Lake Michigan, while on a visit to America in 1860.

Boston is a famous wool town, as it has been for many centuries. Its Sheep Fair, in May, brings buyers from far and near, so that sometimes forty thousand sheep change hands in three hours; and rams and ewes from the famous Lincolnshire breeds have been known to fetch fabulous prices.

Lincolnshire, which is next to Yorkshire the largest English county, is one of the principal agricultural sections of England, nearly nine tenths of its area being under cultivation, producing much grain, especially barley. Both cattle and sheep are raised in large numbers, and the county is also famous for a fine breed of horses.

It is a pity, when leaving Boston, not to be making for King's Lynn, the Norfolk Broads, Norwich, and thence to Ipswich. But that delightful part of England is, I think, for those who have seen the main or more central parts that we have dealt with here. When we come to do that later book on England exclusive of London, we shall have space for Norfolk and Suffolk, for Cornwall, and for many things we have had to omit here.

Your objective in leaving Boston is, doubtless, Peterborough, which is about thirty-five and a half miles by the

shortest route. But before starting for it, you may wish to consider what lies between you and London, to-morrow evening, and to decide how you will apportion the time.

Peterborough is not the most attractive place in the world to spend the night. The railway hotel, the Great Northern, is comfortable, but entirely uninteresting; the others are less comfortable, and no more interesting. I once spent a night there, a good many years ago, when there was an 'affair' of some sort going on in the Dean's garden to which wayfarers were admitted — for a small price; and I found it very pleasant. But Peterborough is a dull little town for the visitor; and if you finish your inspection of the cathedral by five o'clock or so (as you would, going direct from Boston soon after luncheon) you might be quite bored before bedtime.

Ely is pleasanter for a night's stop, I think. And, of course, most travellers would prefer Cambridge to either. Cambridge is ninety miles from Boston by way of Peterborough and Ely. You can shorten the distance by sixteen miles or so, if you miss Peterborough; and by twenty miles if you miss Ely.

From Cambridge it is but fifty-one miles in to London.

Now, there is no reason to go to either Peterborough or Ely unless you wish to see two of the loveliest of English cathedrals. If you feel 'fed up on churches,' I think you should make for Cambridge for to-night's stop and have a long morning and till mid-afternoon there to-morrow.

There are those, however, who — on reviewing their English visit — feel that they would have missed almost anything rather than Ely; not because they are students of architecture, but for its sheer beauty. Peterborough you can at least glimpse even if you are hurrying through; and I believe that you cannot help being glad you saw it, even though you may have 'Gothic indigestion.'

From Boston your way (however you go) lies through Spalding (sixteen miles) in the heart of the Fen District which was formed by the silting up the Wash, as the neighboring bay is called in which King John lost his crown. The Fen District is some seventy miles long and about half as broad, and as early as Roman times attempts to drain it seem to have been made; but not until the seventeenth century was any real reclamation effected. This drained and silt-enriched soil is very fertile; and huge quantities of bulbs are grown around Spalding, in this part of Lincolnshire which is called Holland and which owes much to the genius of the Dutch engineer, Cornelius Vermuyden, employed in James the First's time, by the Earl of Bedford; this earl spent vast sums in this work and was rewarded by a grant of forty-three thousand acres of the reclaimed lands.

A few miles west of Spalding is Bourne, where Charles Frederick Worth was born, in 1825, and whence he was sent to London to be an apprentice in the establishment of Swan and Edgar, which you doubtless patronized, in Piccadilly Circus. Thence he went, when he was twenty-one, to Paris, where he worked for twelve years in a wholesale silk house. Then, in partnership with a Swede named Dobergh he began business as a dressmaker, won the patronage of Empress Eugénie, and became 'the vogue.' During the Franco-Prussian War he turned his house into a military hospital. Then his partner retired, and under the Third Republic Worth and his two sons — naturalized Frenchmen — employed twelve hundred hands, set the taste and ordained the fashions of Paris, and extended their sway 'all over the civilized and much of the uncivilized world.' He died in 1895. Hereward the Wake, that romantic figure sometimes called 'the last of the English,' lived at Bourne at or before the Norman Conquest which he so strenuously resisted; and so did one — Robert Manning — who is cred-

ited with having 'given the English language its present shape'; and Bourne was the birthplace of Lord Burghley, Earl of Exeter, the 'Lord of Burleigh' of Tennyson's poem.

Bourne is, however, off your course. Your route lies to Deeping Gate (seven miles east of Stamford, a delightful old town which I hope you won't have to slight when next you're hereabouts) and thence (nine miles) into Peterborough. Saunterers should, however, take the road east to Crowland (eight miles) and thence (nine miles) to Peterborough. At Crowland (or Croyland) are the strikingly beautiful remains of an abbey church, and a most curious triangular bridge dating from 1350.

In Peterborough Cathedral rests, after a life full of suffering and bitter injustice, that daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, Catherine of Aragon, repudiated wife of Henry VIII. She was laid here in 1536. And a little more than fifty years later, the mutilated body of Mary, Queen of Scots, was brought here from Fotheringhay. Here she lay for twenty-five years; then her son, James I, caused her remains to be removed to Westminster. Old Will Scarlett, who buried them both, has his portrait and the familiar lines accompanying it, on the west wall of the church, to the left of the central door.

> You see Old Scarlett's picture stand on hie
> But at your feete there doth his body lye
> His gravestone doth his age and death time show
> His office by theis tokens you may know
> Second to none for strength and sturdye limm
> A scarebabe mighty voice with visage grim
> Hee had interd two queenes within this place
> And this towne's house holders in his lives space
> Twice over. But at length his own turn came
> What he for others did for him the same
> Was done. No doubt his soule doth live for aye
> In heaven. Tho here his body clad in clay.

In the far-from-lovely Goss china which flaunts souvenir attractions in every place you go, and which you have

probably resisted without effort, so far, you will find a very tiny cream pitcher, at Peterborough, with Scarlett's picture on, and these lines. It is just the size pitcher that *very* young persons delight to pour from, at special tea-parties which are rewards of goodness. And what stories are called for when that pitcher is used! How close we seem, as we handle that wee thing, to the events Will Scarlett knew!

Even though I did not think Peterborough one of the most beautiful of cathedrals; even though I were not irresistibly attracted to it as the burial-place of these two queens, I would always be profoundly grateful to have been there and bought that little pitcher, and to have brought mem'ries and pitcher safe across the sea to get out, on Sunday evenings, while the logs snap and crackle in the big chimney and be entreated: 'Tell about it! tell about it!'

Such a very little bit of a visible, tangible thing serves to link us, in these young minds we love, with great personages and places and ideas! With that pitcher in our hands, and Peterborough in my memory, I am almost — to them — as one who saw Scarlett at his labors. And isn't it for such results as this, quite as much as for our own 'accumulation,' that we travel?

Architects find fault with the famous, the thrilling façade of Peterborough. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says that one who does not feel distressed by its conflict between pictorial charm and structural significance 'should confess, in all humility, that architecture is not the art he was born to love. What he really loves are such things as appeal to the pictorial sense, to the imaginative faculty, and to the emotional chord.'

And in all humility I confess 'that's me!' (I refuse to say 'that's *I*'!)

But even Mrs. Van Rensselaer was 'glad this daring, illogical piece of work was built,' if only to show us how well

for Gothic art it was that most builders resisted the temptation to be 'illogically grand.'

There are some compensations in being a simple soul to whom architecture is 'frozen music' which can be emotionally enjoyed without being intellectually analyzed. I like to learn, every year, a little more about architecture; but when I feel myself approaching that point where Peterborough Cathedral is bound to 'distress' me, I shall not go there any more. I'll keep my emotional memories undisturbed. Last summer I went back — very, very carefully! — to Peterborough, to see if I were beginning to be distressed. And I wasn't! My 'poetic sense' was livelier than ever. I may even be going backwards!

Catherine of Aragon died early in January, 1536, a few days after she wrote King Henry that 'mine eyes desire you above all things,' and a few days before Anne Boleyn's jealous rage of Jane Seymour brought on premature travail, caused the death of her infant son, and started her on the way to Tower Green.

Henry called her, in his orders for her funeral, 'the right excellent princess our dearest sister the lady Katherine, relict of our natural brother Arthur, of famous memory, deceased,' and declared his intention 'to have her body interred according to her honor and estate.' He put on mourning for his 'dearest sister,' and shed some tears for her. And it was said to be for her sake that he caused the abbey-church of Peterborough to be spared, in the general destruction of monasteries, and made it a cathedral, its abbot the first bishop of the see.

Before that, this was called the 'Golden Borough' because, the Pope having decreed that any 'islander' who might be prevented from visiting Saint Peter's at Rome could gain the same indulgence by visiting Saint Peter's at Peter's Borough, the place was thronged with pilgrims

all of whom, even if of royal blood, put off their shoes beneath the western gateway of the close.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, twelve miles from here, on February 8, 1587; but she was not buried until August. All those months her body, embalmed and encased in a lead coffin, lay in a locked and guarded room at Fotheringhay. And when it was brought here for burial, it arrived at two o'clock in the morning and was secretly interred.

Now, should you be bound for Ely, you go south from the Cathedral on Broad Bridge Street, cross the river, pass the station, and take Fletton Road, 'first on the left'; then, at Fletton, just south of Peterborough, take the route for March and Ely — thirty-eight miles. And when you've come to Ely, by Witchford Road, turn north in Cambridge Road to Saint Mary's Street, which ends at Lynn Road, close beside the Lamb, which is next door to the Bell; and whichever one you choose I'm sure you'll be glad you came.

As for the Cathedral — ! Having confessed myself swayed by my 'pictorial sense, imaginative faculty, and emotional chord' in the matter of cathedrals, I feel even more timid than ever about making remarks on them.

Suppose I don't try to do anything but admit to you that Ely makes me very worshipful, and somehow very happy, and *quite* emotional; and that I sometimes wear a Celtic cross of blazing topazes, an exquisite piece of old English jewelry which was given me, in London, by a dear little friend whom I had taken to Ely and who expressed her everlasting joy in the recollection of Ely by sending me this treasure. I suspect she's emotional, too.

Then, Cambridge, sixteen miles nearer London. If you left Boston at two, and Peterborough at four-thirty, you could see Ely before it closes, dine, and slip on down to Cambridge to sleep — if you wanted to.

Whether you do this, or merely 'put up' there for a half-day, to-morrow you'll probably want to go to a hotel. And as you come in from Ely, by Chesterton Road, and turn into Bridge Street, the first hotel you come to is the Lion, in Petty Cury, behind the Post Office and close to the Town Hall. If you take Saint John's Street where it branches off from Bridge Street opposite Holy Sepulchre Church, and follow it, past Saint John's College and Trinity College and Caius College and on down King's Parade, you'll come, presently, to the Bull, in Trumpington Street. Whereas, if you keep straight on down Bridge Street, through all its successive changes of name, you'll come to the University Arms, on Regent Street which has, I think, the pleasantest situation, though it is a little far from the centre of things.

Cambridge is, of course, hard to hurry through. But if you must take only the 'high spots,' you may glimpse them by starting at Saint John's College, founded by Henry VII's mother (who also founded Christ's College) and penetrating every opening that looks as if it invited you, between that college and Pembroke — especially every lane and gateway that leads from this street to the river, where are the justly famous 'Backs.'

Next to Saint John's College is Trinity, founded by Henry VIII whose statue is on the inner side of its Great Gateway leading into its picturesque Great Court, where Tennyson and Hallam and Thackeray and Macaulay and Byron were among the predecessors of the young men you'll doubtless meet crossing the Court to-day. Caius College (pronounced 'Keys') is preëminently the medical college of Cambridge.

King's College and its glorious Chapel, you must certainly see.

Just to enumerate the colleges is small use, for your guide-book does all that. And to stop for reminiscence, I

do not dare — since to begin, is to be lost. And our book is already so long that I must bring it to a close.

I heartily hope the weather favors you, so that you may come away from Cambridge with your mem'ry full of lovely pictures of its mellow old buildings, green swards, charming river, all bathed in golden sunshine.

And then — ! I wonder if, on your way back to London, you'll have some such experience as I had the last time I covered that road! We left Cambridge about six-thirty, I think, on a long, golden-bright Sunday afternoon, and reached London just before nine. The roads were Sunday-crowded. And just ahead of us was a car which a gentleman was driving, his chauffeur beside him.

All the way to Regent's Park, London (he turned off at Hanover Gate), we followed close behind that driver. He was making good time, but driving skilfully, never missing a fair advantage in getting ahead, never taking an unfair one. He observed strictly every rule of the road; he was courteous as well as scrupulous. But he kept his pace and his place, and made it easy for us to come after him.

I was not saying much; and my friend, who was driving, and beside whom I sat, was busy with his job. Our other friends, in the back seat, were quiet, too. We each thought the others given up to reflection on the beautiful day we had enjoyed together.

When our unseen pace-maker turned off, the friend beside me said: 'Could anybody tell you much about that man?'

And then it transpired that we had all been watching him and thinking much the same about him.

I've thought of him, very, very often, since. He has come to symbolize for me, in a way, the English gentleman — the sort of man who's bred against these mellowed, lovely backgrounds we've been admiring, educated in places like

Eton and Cambridge, and who goes on his way in life as that man went on his way to London, taking all that's the fair reward of his skill, breaking no rules, forgetting no courtesies, but keeping his place and making the road easier for those who come behind him.

THE END

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